

The book cover features a central photograph of Jon Pertwee, the third Doctor, leaning forward with his arms crossed. He is wearing a blue denim jacket over a light blue shirt. In front of him is a blue TARDIS console with a 'POLICE BOX' sign at the top. To the left of the console is a small model of the Dalek City, and to the right is a red Dalek. The background is a collage of various faces, including the Doctor's. The title 'DOCTOR WHO' is in a white box at the top, and the subtitle 'JON PERTWEE'S FINAL MEMOIR' is in a black box below the title. The authors' names are in a white box at the bottom.

**DOCTOR
WHO**

I AM THE DOCTOR

JON PERTWEE'S FINAL MEMOIR

JON PERTWEE
& David J Howe

In 1970, the BBC's popular science-fiction series *Doctor Who* began its second decade with a radical new direction and a fresh, dynamic incarnation of the Doctor. For five years, Jon Pertwee *was* the Doctor in the ongoing fight against evil and injustice.

Doctor Who gave Jon Pertwee, already a successful radio, stage and film actor, the opportunity to expand his extensive repertoire to include television and he delighted audiences world-wide with his portrayal of the Doctor as a dashing, debonnaire man of action.

In the year before his death in May 1996, Jon Pertwee had been working with *Doctor Who* historian David J Howe to present for the first time anywhere in print an appreciation of *Doctor Who* from the viewpoint of its leading actor. The stories, the monsters, the companions, the locations and the guest stars are all recalled in this entertaining and informative trip back through time, told in Jon Pertwee's inimitable style.

I AM THE DOCTOR is fully illustrated with over one hundred colour and black-and-white photographs, many of them never before published, and features reminiscences about *The Navy Lark* and *Worzel Gummidge* as well as an overview of Jon's entire career. Including anecdotes and memories from others who appeared in and worked on *Doctor Who* in the early seventies, *I AM THE DOCTOR* is guaranteed to entertain and delight fans of Jon Pertwee whatever their age.

UK: £16.99

USA: \$24.95

TV tie-in



Jon Pertwee was involved in the entertainment industry for over five decades, working in just about every medium: vaudeville, stage, film, television, radio, video, audio-cassette, music releases, circus performing, one-man shows, advertisements, after-dinner speaking, cabaret...the list is almost endless. He died from a heart attack on 20 May 1996, just twelve days after completing work on the manuscript for this book.



David J Howe is one of the world's foremost experts on *Doctor Who*. He is the author of the best-selling

Doctor Who book *Timeframe: The Illustrated History* as well as co-author of many other acclaimed books about the series and is in constant demand to write and talk about the programme. He is married with two children and lives in Surrey.



I AM THE
DOCTOR





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JON PERTWEE'S FINAL MEMOIR



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& David J Howe



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DEDICATION

Especially for Stuart Money

But also for
Andrew Beech
and
Gordon Roxburgh

And for all those fans sent scurrying behind the sofa.

OTHER DOCTOR WHO TITLES BY DAVID J HOWE

Timeframe: The Illustrated History

with Stephen James Walker and Mark Stammers:

The Sixties

The Seventies

The Eighties

The Handbook: The First Doctor

The Handbook: The Fourth Doctor

The Handbook: The Sixth Doctor

with Stephen James Walker:

The Handbook: The Third Doctor

The Handbook: The Fifth Doctor

with Mark Stammers:

Companions

with David B. Wake:

Drabble Who

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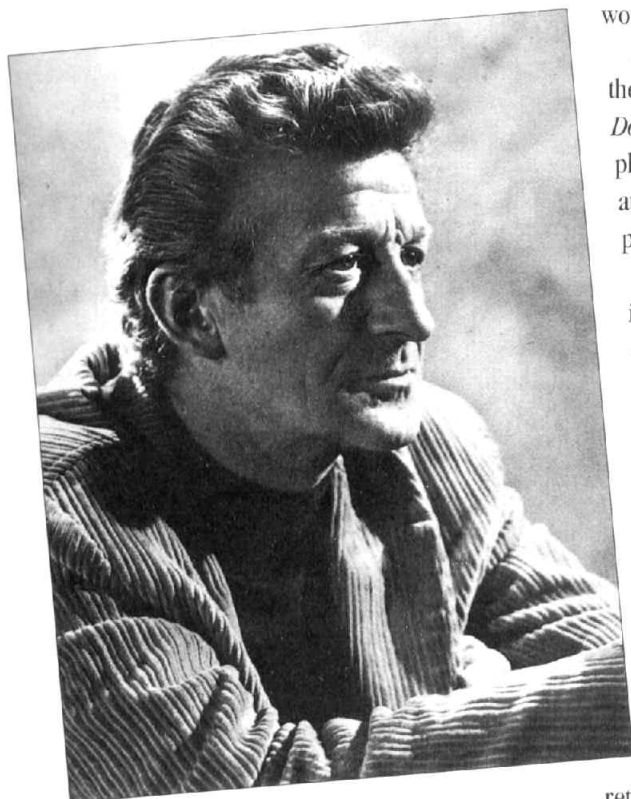
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AUTHOR'S NOTE

When I started writing this book with Jon Pertwee, I was excited and thrilled at the prospect of being able to work alongside an actor whom I had admired for many years. Not only had Jon's unique interpretation of the Doctor been an essential part of my formative years, but the man's charisma and enthusiasm for everything he did could only be admired. I first met Jon in person at the first ever *Doctor Who* convention in 1977, and since then I have seen and met him many times. I had always felt it a shame that his autobiography, *Moon Boots and Dinner Suits*, first published in 1984, only went up to the end of his war-time experiences and, like many other fans, looked forward to when he would find the time to write about *Doctor Who* and his varied career since the war.



After many years of waiting, and with several books of my own under my belt, it was the researching of the article on Jon's life that can be found in my co-written book *Doctor Who: The Seventies* that made me want to find out more for myself. I therefore plucked up courage to approach Jon about collaborating on a second volume of memoirs at an event held in 1994 at Longleat House in Wiltshire. To my surprise, amazement and pleasure, Jon was very keen on the idea and agreed almost on the spot.

For the past year I have been meeting with Jon on an almost weekly basis, talking about his life and work, watching all his *Doctor Who* stories – a very strange experience when you are watching Jon in action on the screen while he is sitting opposite you – and working with him on the text of the book you hold in front of you now. Jon was always a pleasure to work with and I came to look forward to the time I spent with him. Jon would chide me at my lack of knowledge of apparently famous music hall stars who had lived and died before I was even born, and I would impress him in turn with my knowledge of the many film and television shows he had worked on, jogging his memory about actors, actresses and locations to uncover yet more nuggets of information and anecdotes told as only Jon knew how.

On 8 May I went to see Jon to gain approval for the book's cover photograph. He was in good spirits and seemed in good health. He was looking forward to heading off to America on the coming Sunday, and promised to ring me on his return to see how things were going.

On 20 May 1996, just twelve days after that meeting, Jon suffered a heart attack while on holiday, and died in his sleep.

Words cannot adequately express the loss that I feel. I know that this feeling has echoed around the world and that Jon's legions of fans, young and old, believe as I do, that they have lost someone very special to them, whether they had met him or not.

Jon *was* special. He made the impossible seem possible and he packed more living into one lifetime than anyone else I have ever known.

We all miss you, Jon.

David J Howe
24 May 1996

INTRODUCTION

I suppose that if you were a common-or-garden goldfish and had been born (or hatched?) in a goldfish-bowl it wouldn't be too disconcerting to have people staring at you while you were munching your ants' eggs. But, even for an out-of-the-ordinary human being like Jon, to have a coach-load of sightseers – whether they were on a special trip or just happened to be passing I don't know – staring and pointing at you as you sat under a Welsh tree (we were shooting *The Green Death*) with your caterer's lunch precariously balanced on your knee, as if you were the prize exhibit in a travelling menagerie ... no, this sentence is already far too long. You'll have to finish it for yourself.

But it was on that occasion that I was struck forcibly by the realisation of the power that people like me – producers and directors – have to change people's lives. As Jon tells you in this book, I wasn't the one to introduce him to the good Doctor, but for five years I was only too pleased to encourage him to identify himself in the public mind with his twin ego; and they've been super-glued together now for over a quarter of a century.

Of course, Jon was already well known; but it was rather as a comedian and a voice on the radio. To be the star of a popular series like *Doctor Who* year after year after year was a different affair altogether.

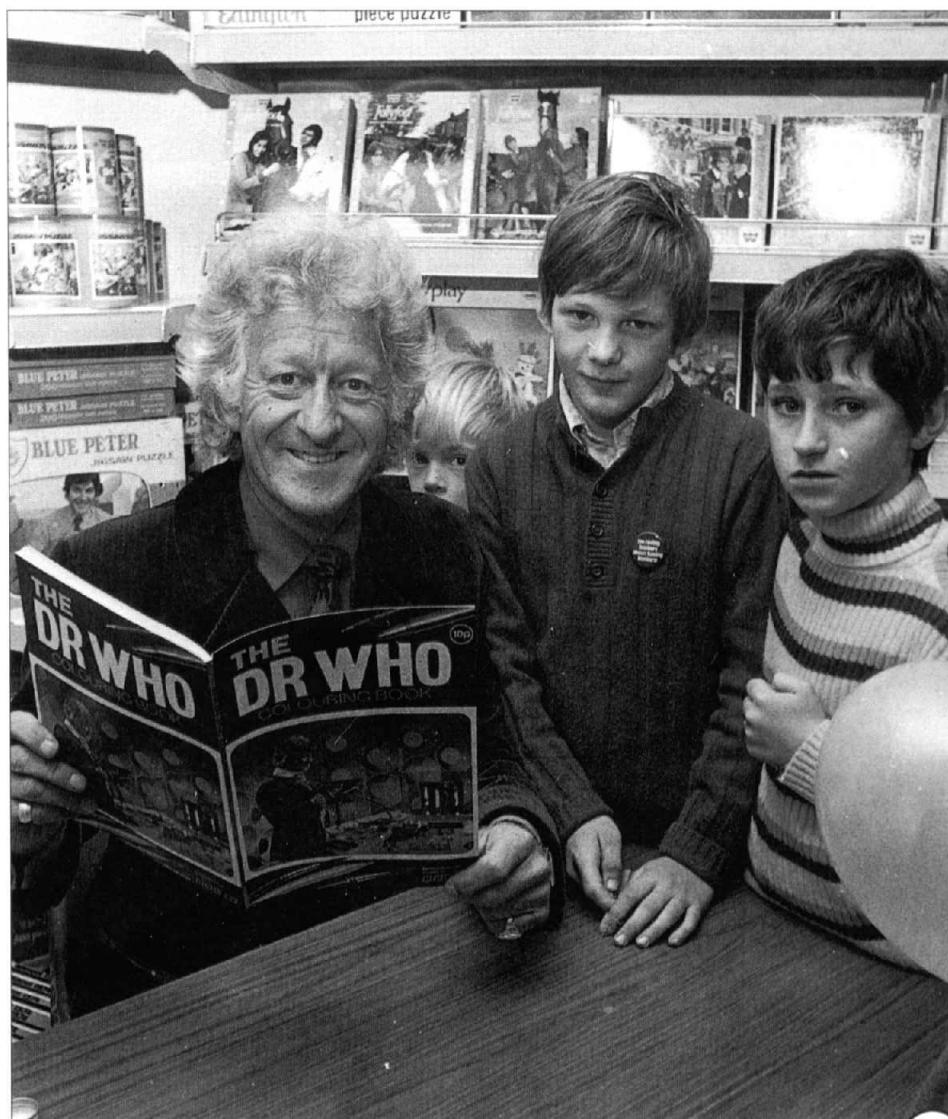
He'd taken on a heavy responsibility. He was to a large extent 'carrying the show' and if it had turned out to be a failure he could easily have found himself carrying the can as well.

It was of course a great success. So who could have blamed him if he'd started to think of himself as a somewhat grander animal than the rest; if he'd started to make demands, throw his weight about a bit, lord it over the other actors – especially the bit-part players and the extras. In our business, we've seen it happen so often.

But as I said, Jon was out-of-the-ordinary. Yes, he had a star personality – the essential unconscious self-regard, which was reflected back to him by his fans (including many of his friends and colleagues) – but it was mixed with an acute awareness of the feelings of others, no doubt deriving from his own early uncertain days.

The position of star fitted him like his

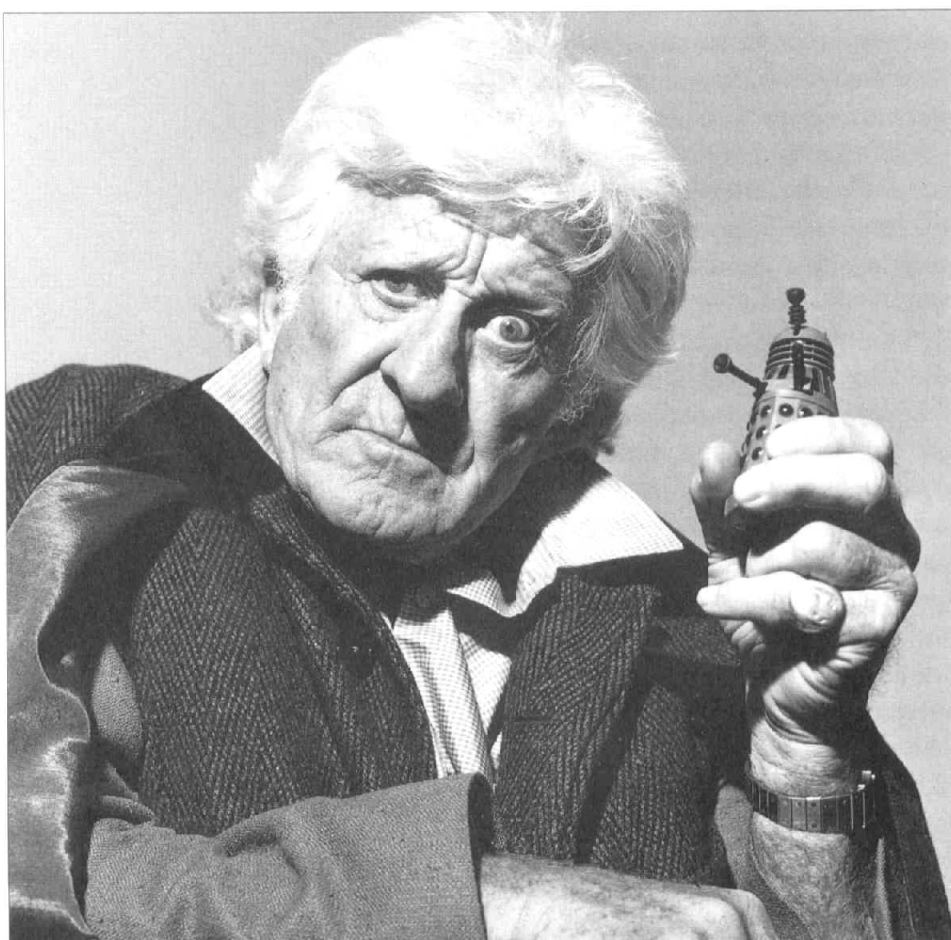
Jon with young fans at a book signing circa 1973.





Above: On Thursday 6 August 1987, Jon arrives at the Virgin Megastore in London to sign copies of the new *Doctor Who* BBC video release of *Death to the Daleks*. Several old friends are there to greet him ...

Right: Jon brings one of the Doctor's arch enemies down to size.



Doctor Who cloak and he used the power (that word again) which it gave him to be a true leading man of the company. He would go out of his way to make the guest artists welcome, treating the actor who only had two words to say – or none at all – with as much courtesy and warmth as the feature players. His sense of fun, which would always include the entire cast in its pranks, welded the company together to an extent not often seen in the transient world of television. Jon has sometimes talked of 'his producer' taking a dim view of his games. Not I. The work was always done and done happily by all. As Noel Coward, in the film *In Which We Serve*, famously said, 'A happy ship is an efficient ship.'

It was a good five years, amongst the best of my life. Working with Terrance Dicks, who has remained my closest friend (I was eating fish and chips with him only two days ago), I was able to indulge myself in helping to create a world which included many of my own preoccupations. The persona of the Doctor during this time inevitably included a lot of Jon himself, which fitted very well with the idea that Terrance and I had of the sort of programme we wanted to make.

The Doctor has always been on the side of the angels, cutting through the pompous hypocrisy of the corrupt establishment. Some of his other incarnations have been much more openly anarchic. I wouldn't quarrel with this. One of the strengths of the programme has been the variety of interpretation stemming from the idea of regeneration.

The Pertwee Doctor, however, seemingly more of an establishment figure than any of his alter egos, had an authority which had its basis in a more fundamental sense of the rightness of the world than a mere reflex contrariness. The sophistication of Jon's super-Edwardian gentleman, the connoisseur of fine wines and gourmet cooking, who had hob-nobbed with half the famous people of history, made an elegant contrast with the Zennish attitude which surfaced when a life, a world, a universe – or a principle – were at stake.

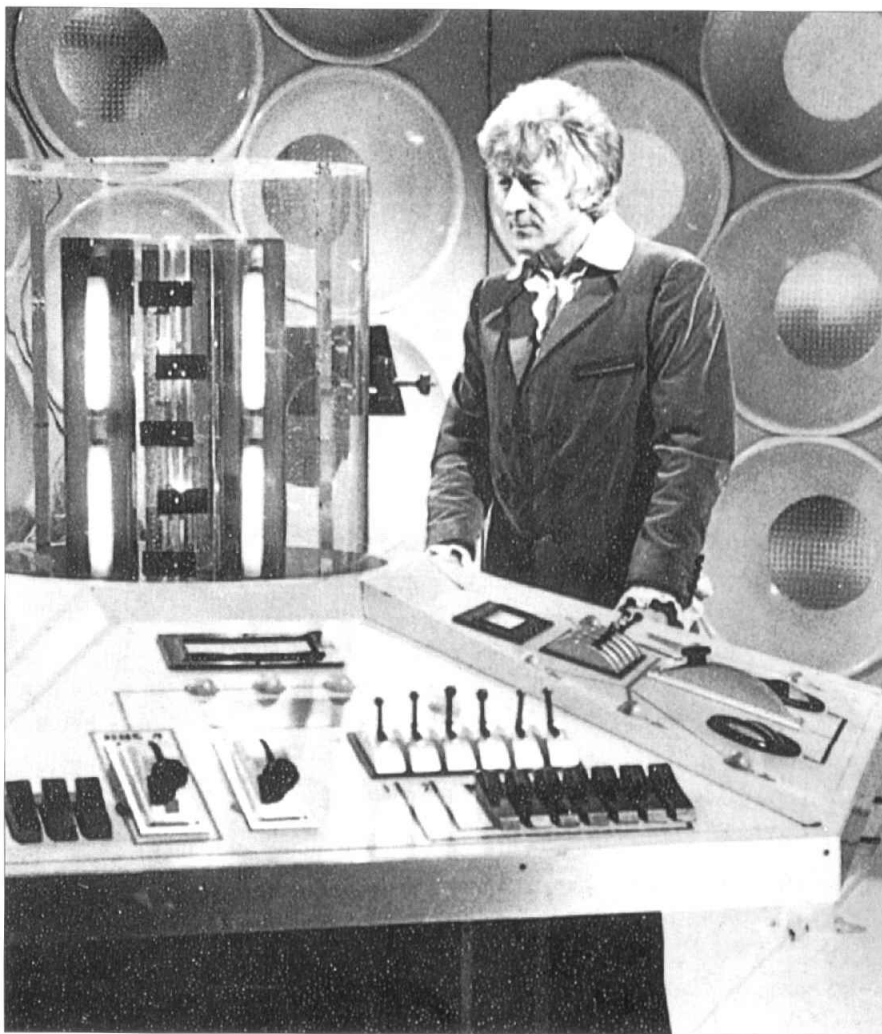
A larger-than-life character then, both on and off the screen; with a fund of stories which were also somewhat larger than life – but they had all happened to Jon. I remember another location lunchtime seeing him in the corner of a pub, surrounded by the bulk of the cast and crew, all listening, fascinated, to a flow of anecdote which was as good as a one man show.

I was once unlucky enough ... No, I'll re-phrase that. I was once stupid enough to fall off a stepladder while trying to reach over the bath to finish off a stint of DIY wallpapering. I broke two ribs.

'Mm. Very painful. I did the same once,' said Jon the next day.

'Fell off a ladder?'

'No. Broke a couple of ribs. Doing a bit of PR,' he answered. 'I fell off a camel. In Sloane Square.'



The Doctor at the TARDIS console. *Doctor Who: The Time Monster*.



Barry Letts

Barry Letts
Doctor Who Producer 1970 – 1974
April 1996



10, Downing Street,
Whitehall.

14th September 1931.

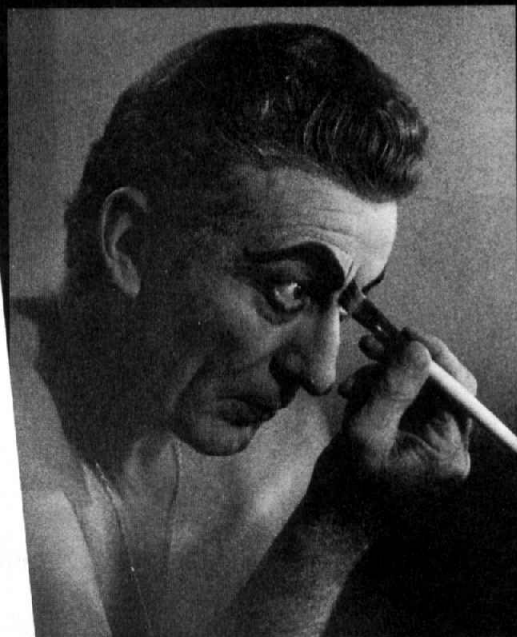
Dear Master John Pertwee,

The Prime Minister has asked me to tell you that he has received your letter of the 10th September, and to say how much he appreciates the kind thought which prompted you to send 2/6d. as a gift to the Exchequer.

Yours sincerely,

E. M. Watson

Master John Pertwee.



CHAPTER 1 SETTING THE SCENE

*'I was told by my father about my first entrance
as he was about to make his last exit.'*

With those words actor and entertainer Jon Pertwee began the first volume of his autobiography, memorably entitled *Moon Boots and Dinner Suits* and first published in 1984. Jon Pertwee's life was a plethora of entrances, on the stage, on television, on radio and in numerous other entertainment media. He was a talented actor, a raconteur, a singer, a gifted mimic and a charismatic and versatile performer.

Jon was one of the few artistes to have achieved star status in the world of entertainment while still young; and who have stayed there ever since. His incredible career spanned six decades and in that time he performed in every media that had been invented. From theatre to vaudeville, radio, television, circus, video, record, tape cassette and CD ROM. There are probably even some eight-track cartridges and Betamax videos with his work on somewhere.

Jon Pertwee knew everyone, had been everywhere and had stories about everything. There were seventy years of anecdotes and experiences stored up and waiting to bubble out in order to entertain an audience, for that was what Jon loved to do. He entertained.

Jon's career was marked by several high points, each roughly corresponding to a decade of his life. In the forties he was a noted radio performer, famed for his appearances in *Waterlogged Spa* with Eric Barker; *Up the Pole* with Jimmy Jewel and Ben Warriss; his own series, *Puffney Post Office*; and *The Navy Lark*, a show which was to run for nearly twenty years making it the longest running radio comedy series in the world until *The News Huddlines* recently overtook it. Starting in the late thirties through to the fifties he worked in film, theatre and appeared in numerous productions. The sixties saw him working extensively on the stage in starring roles both in London's West End and on New York's Broadway in plays such as *There's A Girl In My Soup*. In the seventies he conquered television, making the part of the Doctor his own in the BBC's long-running *Doctor Who* series, followed by four years presenting the popular quiz show *Whodunnit?* A scarecrow was the unlikely success story of the eighties. Willis Hall and Keith Waterhouse's re-working of Barbara Euphan-Todd's *Worzel Gummidge* was a monster hit, reaching many millions of viewers every week and entertaining a further generation of children. Finally, we arrive in the nineties, where, before his death, Jon continued to work in all the above fields, gaining excellent reviews, and enthralling audiences world-wide.

This book looks primarily at Jon's *Doctor Who* years, but before we launch into his own memories and anecdotes about his time with that series, it is worth exploring some of

*Opposite clockwise from top left: In his youth, Jon was a keen supporter of the government and, in 1931, sent some money to help the Exchequer out; inset: an early photograph of Jon (on right) with his brother Michael; Jon applies his make-up prior to a performance of *A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum*; Always a fan of motorbikes, Jon was the proud owner of the first ever Douglass Vesper in England; Jon in typical pose with BBC radio microphone; Appearing in cabaret in Nairobi; With his old friend Bill Maynard on a battleship in Hong Kong during the Korean War.*



Jon with his father, the playwright Roland Pertwee, circa 1930.



Above: Travelling in style. Jon in the Rolls Royce used by Lord Louis Mountbatten on his tour of the United States.

Above right: In 1983, Jon appeared as the painter Whistler in a BBC *Omnibus* programme.



Jon with his first wife, Jean Marsh, circa 1955.



the other high-points of his career. First, a few background details.

Jon was born John (after the apostle and disciple) Devon (after the county) Roland (after his father) Pertwee (an Anglicised version of the true family name, Perthuis de Laillevault) on 7 July 1919 in the Chelsea area of London. He was the second son of famous playwright, painter and actor Roland Pertwee, and his actress wife Avice – his writer brother Michael being three years his senior. The Pertwee family had a long connection with show business and the performing arts and it was at Wellington House preparatory school in Westgate-On-Sea in Kent, that Jon, as a small, rebellious child, was encouraged in this direction.

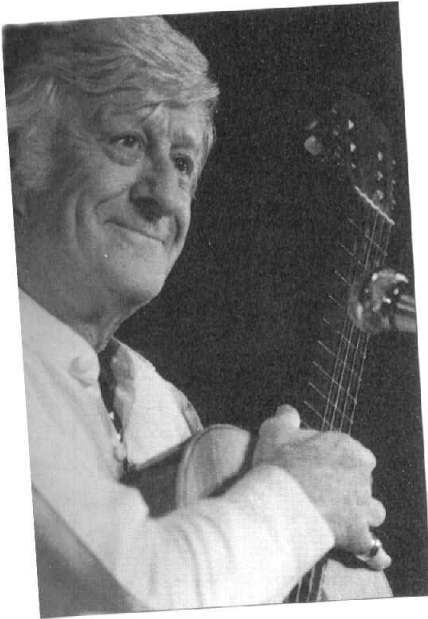
Later, at Frensham Heights co-educational school, Jon had his first taste of 'real' theatre with real women as the school staged productions of *Twelfth Night* and *Lady Precious Stream*. After leaving school, Jon auditioned for the Central School of Dramatic Arts, but despite the fact that his uncle, Guy, was a teacher there and a friend of the principal, he failed the audition dismally. Central's principal, Elsie Fogerty, who taught Laurence Olivier and who was married to Jon's cousin, Jill Esmond, predicted that he had no future in the theatre due to 'a deformed tooth formation' causing a sibilant 's'. Undaunted, in 1936 he promptly auditioned for, and was accepted by, the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art (RADA). There was no suggestion of nepotism here, even though his father was a governor.

His stay at RADA was brief, however, due to expulsion – he refused to be a wind in a Greek play. Some years later Jon met the great actor Charles Laughton who said, 'I understand that you were thrown out of RADA...' 'Yes, I was,' replied Jon. 'Splendid fellow,' said Laughton. 'You're bound to do well – so was I.'

Jon was subsequently able to secure a place in the final tour of the Arts League of Service Travelling Theatre, directed by Donald Wolfit. In 1937, he joined J. Baxter-Somerville's Repertory Players at the Springfield Theatre in Jersey, from where he was also expelled for pressing a raw oyster into the hand of the leading man, Peter Glenville – who went on to become a respected stage and film director – the son of actors Shaun Glenville and Dorothy Ward. Jon's behaviour was duly reported to Baxter-Somerville who flew out to Jersey to see what was going on. Baxter-Somerville witnessed one of Jon's later pranks involving a swinging potted aspidistra and acted promptly by firing him.

From Jersey, Jon joined, in 1937, the Rex Lesley-Smith repertory company and played on the West Pier in Brighton, performing twice nightly, twice a week, with matinees, for £3.50 a week. This was sufficient in those days to live in excellent digs, smoke five woodbines a day and run a motor cycle.

In late 1938 he returned to London to try to make his name in the West End. During 1938 and 1939 he obtained several small parts, including in *To Kill a Cat* (there was no suggestion



of nepousm here, either, even though the play was written by his father), at the Aldwych Theatre. Also in the cast of *To Kill a Cat* was a popular radio actor called John Salew. On one occasion Salew was unable to fulfil his radio commitments as he was filming, and so he sent Jon along in his place. The producer, American Jack Hayes-Hunter, was so impressed with the young Pertwee's audition that he decided to hire him for this role ... and in the future, to play all the parts previously played by Salew! A considerable embarrassment to his agent who happened to represent John Salew as well.

Not surprisingly, Salew never spoke to him again, but Jon had managed to break into commercial radio. He was earning two guineas a programme and sometimes working on recording up to twenty-five programmes a week. *Moon Boots and Dinner Suits* contains many stories of Jon's exploits throughout the thirties and forties and we do not intend to repeat them here.

In December 1945, Jon, being in the Navy himself, joined the cast of Lieutenant Eric Barker's *Mediterranean Merry-Go-Round*, which was to be renamed to *Waterlogged Spa* in 1948, and it was in this series that he was first able to indulge his flair for accents, playing numerous characters including the Norwegian Seaman Svenson, Wetherby Wett, Commander Highprice: 'Hush. Keep it dark!', Robin Fly, the schizophrenic efficiency expert, and, perhaps most famous of all, the Postman: 'What does it matter what you do as long as you tear 'em up?'

Although Jon had been appearing in films since 1936, he received star billing for the first time in 1953 with George Cole in *Will Any Gentleman...?* in which he met his first wife Jean Marsh. They were married in 1955 but their relationship seemed doomed to fail. Jon has commented that he didn't think he was ready for marriage at that time. 'Jean was a sweet girl,' he said, 'but she wanted a career and I wanted a family. She was in show business and I was in show business, so we seldom saw each other. And there's no business like show business for busting up a marriage, believe me. It hurt a lot when we

Above left: Jon pictured on stage during one of his many cabaret appearances.

Above right: Ever the sportsman, Jon taking part in a celebrity Water Circus at Ramsgate.

Below: On 13 August 1960 Jon is married to German dress designer Ingeborg Rhoesa.

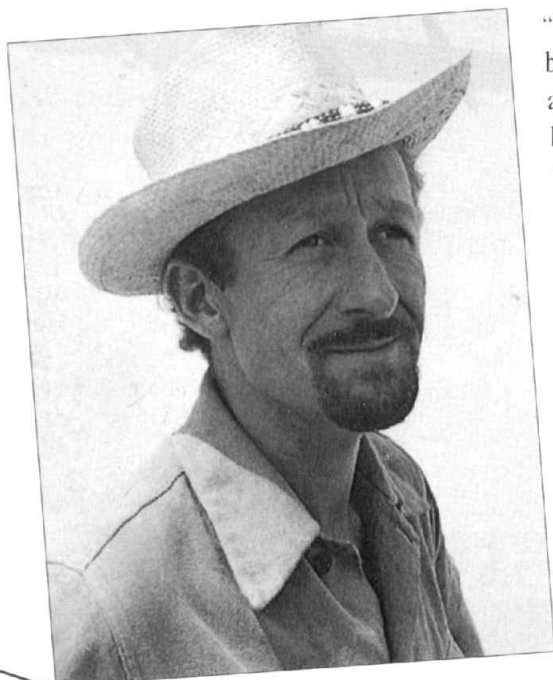




Above: Jon with Brian Reece (who played TV's PC49) and Richard Murdoch, taking part in celebrity racing at Goodwood.

Above right: Ingeborg and Jon at Billy Smart's Circus.

Below: Jon sported a moustache and beard when in Tahiti in 1951.



finally parted, and I had a nervous breakdown that somewhat threatened my career for a time. But I got over it and resigned myself once more to a bachelor life, though I always hankered for the affection and security of a home life.'

Jon's dreams were fulfilled when, on a skiing holiday to Kitzbühel in February 1958

he met Ingeborg Rhoesha, a young German dress designer, and immediately fell in love. Jon was eventually divorced from Jean Marsh in 1960 and married Ingeborg on 13 August the same year. He remained happily married to Ingeborg until his death in 1996, and the couple had two children: Sean, who is a popular and talented actor, and Dariel, who is also building a name for herself as an accomplished stage actress.

After Jon had spent some time working in radio, his agent decided that it would be a good idea if he toured the Music Halls. Jon therefore toured on the Moss-Empire circuit, the top variety circuit in the country. Because Jon spoke the Queen's English – unlike many of the other variety comedians who spoke in various regional accents – he decided to knock this aspect of himself. 'My act consisted of my coming down on a rope ladder from the flies saying "That's a bloody silly place to put a dressing room!". Alternatively I would be with my back to the audience ironing my trousers when the curtain opened. When I saw the audience I fell over the ironing board and pulled the curtains down on top of me and behind there would be people kissing, sitting smoking or coming out of the loo. I also used a pitchfork to pull a dummy of a mutinous musician in a dinner jacket out from the orchestra pit and fling him off stage. From this point onwards everything went wrong. The orchestra went on strike and wouldn't play a note when I tried to sing, or they would play loudly when I tried to talk. I used to fire a ping pong ball out into the auditorium with a pop gun and then go and try and get my ball back, fighting with people and pinching their chocolates along the way. This act went very well for many years and I played all the Number Ones.'

In 1958 Jon was asked by the BBC's Head of Light Entertainment if he had any ideas for a new radio comedy series in which he might be interested in starring. Out of these discussions came the idea of creating a war-time comedy series. There was an initial attempt by the BBC to make it based in the Air-Force, but Jon commented that as he had been in the Navy, that made far more sense, and in any case, as he said, 'A Navy man can traditionally get away with things that the other armed forces can't.'

So ultimately, *The Navy Lark* was born, was a great success, and ran for almost twenty years. It starred Jon, Leslie Phillips and originally Dennis Price, the characters played by the leads representing the brash (Pertwee), the suave (Price) and the naive (Phillips). Joining them as supporting players were Ronnie Barker, Michael Bates, Richard Caldicot, Heather Chasen, Judy Cornwell, Tenniel Evans and – replacing Dennis Price from the second season onwards – Stephen Murray. June Whitfield and Norma Ronald appeared as guests in a few seventies episodes. Jon's characters were the conniving CPO Pertwee, the incomprehensible Commander Wetherby, the schizophrenic Vice-Admirals Burwisher and Berkinshaw and – in the seventies – the evil oriental genius the 'Master'. The series hit 50 episodes at the end of 1960 and temporarily ended in 1962, being reformatted at the BBC's suggestion in 1963 as *The TV Lark*, with the same characters running a TV station. This was not a success, however, and after only ten episodes the characters rejoined the Navy!

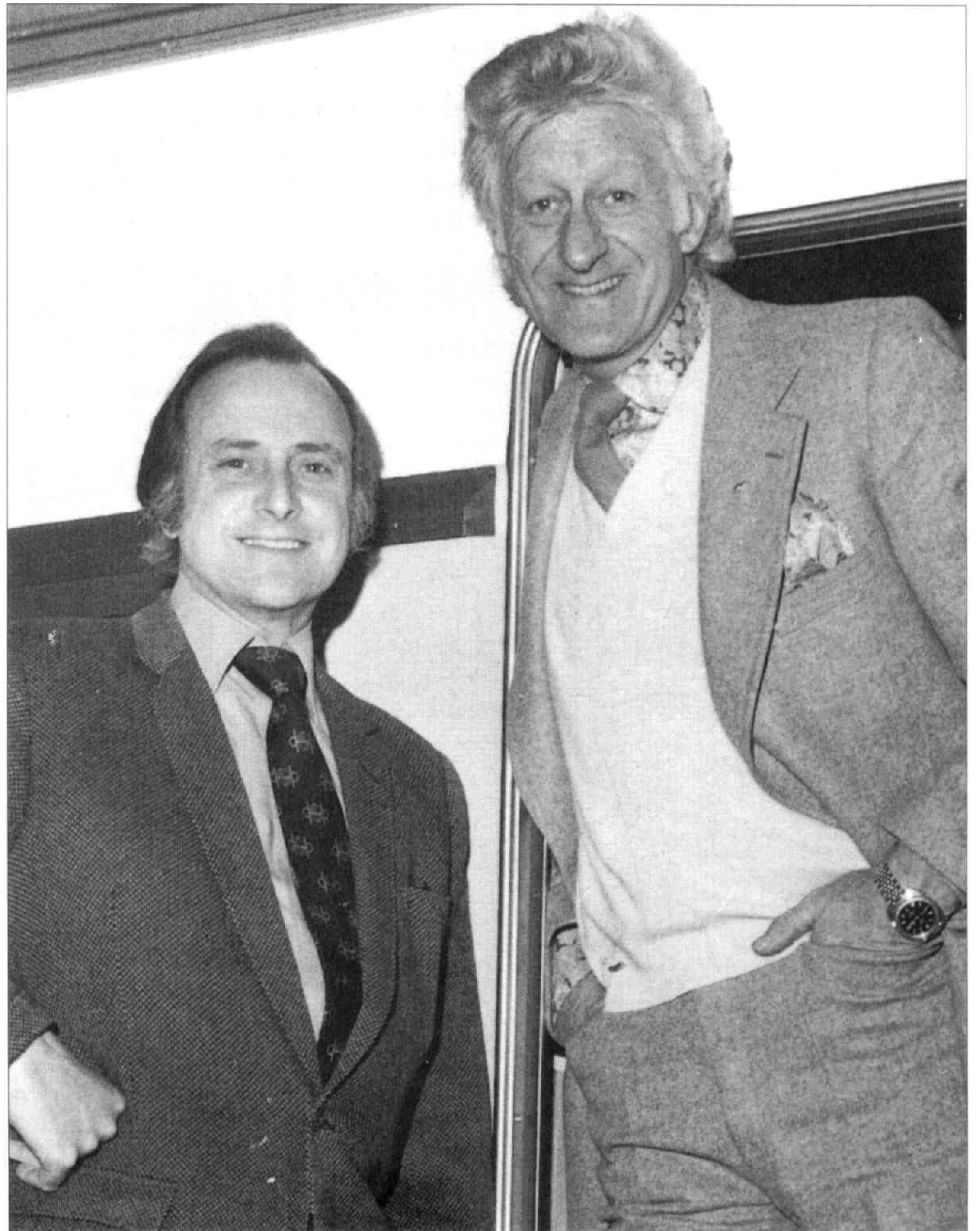
During the sixties, Jon continued his career in film and appeared in several productions of note, including three of the popular *Carry On* films produced by Peter Rogers. He played a soothsayer in *Carry On Cleo*, a Scottish scientist in *Carry On Screaming* and a blind and deaf sheriff in *Carry On Cowboy*. 'I used to appear in the *Carry On* films as a joke,' he explained. 'I slapped a whole lot of fungus on my face, wore thick glasses and spoke in outrageous accents, hoping that nobody would recognise me!'

In 1967, while appearing in the stage production of *There's A Girl In My Soup* on Broadway, Jon was approached about a part in a new television sitcom being developed by Jimmy Perry and David Croft. He turned it down, only later realising that the part was that of Captain Mainwaring in *Dad's Army*.

In 1970, after completing studio recording for the *Doctor Who* story *Inferno*, he played a bullish actor who was transformed into a vampire in Amicus Films' production *The House That Dripped Blood*.

Shortly after leaving *Doctor Who* in 1974, Jon hosted a quiz show called *Whodunnit?* for Thames TV. This involved a group of actors acting out a crime – with clue-dropping everywhere – while a panel of celebrities, including resident panellists Patrick Mower and Anouska Hempel (later replaced by Liza Goddard), attempted to guess 'whodunnit'. The show had already been running for one season with Edward Woodward as host, and Jon was asked to take over after making a successful appearance as a guest panellist.

'I thought it would be the best thing in the world to break down my image of Doctor Who,'



Jon with friend and colleague David Jacobs.

Below: A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum.

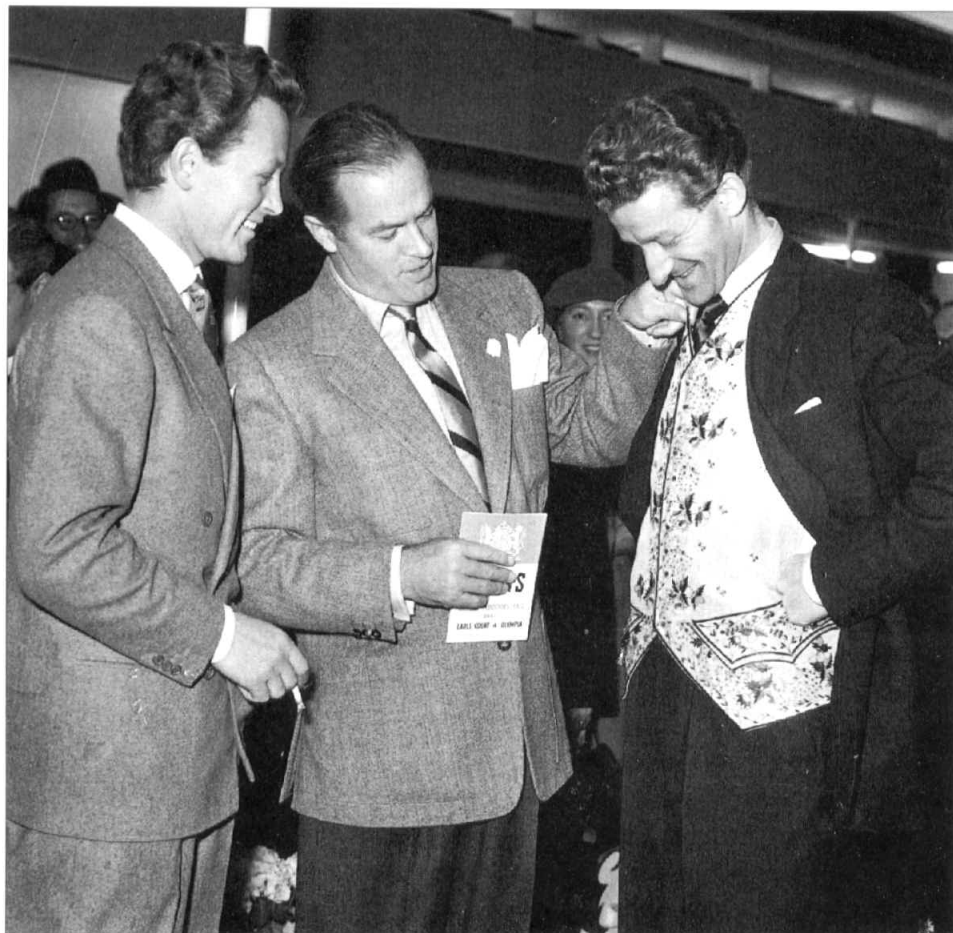


he explained in an interview at the time. 'Also it's fun doing a show which allows me to talk off the top of my head. It's really like being the conductor of an orchestra. You lead everyone into the programme and then sit back and let them get on with it.'

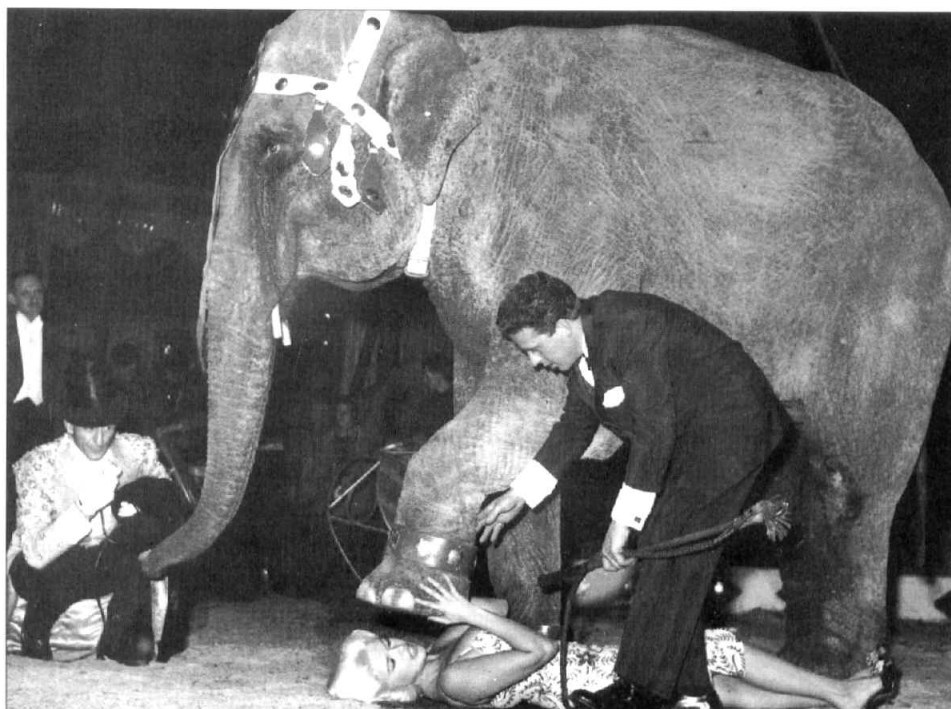
In the late seventies, Jon managed the enviable feat of bringing to the screen a series in which he was to enchant a whole new generation of children.

Worzel Gummidge came about after Willis Hall and Keith Waterhouse, the eventual writers of the series, asked Jon if he would like to play Worzel Gummidge as a similar character to his famous Postman character, in a proposed film they had written based on Barbara Euphan-Todd's books. The film did not go ahead due to distribution and financial problems and so Jon persuaded Willis and Keith to prepare a pilot script for a television series. After a long time spent trying to interest companies in the pilot, including the BBC who rejected it, Jon finally met with interest from Southern Television and the series went ahead.

The stories were based on the books but with many new touches, like the introduction of the Crowman who created the scarecrows, a character eventually played by Geoffrey Bayldon (who had played the wizard Catweazle in a series of the same name in the seventies). An idea introduced by Jon was the idea that Worzel could physically change his head as the various situations he



Above: In the fifties, Jon took his own waistcoat designs to the Earl's Court Exhibition. Here, his work is admired by fellow comedian Bob Hope and Jacques Sernas.



Right: During a stint as ringmaster of Billy Smart's Circus, Jon met Jayne Mansfield who here is trying not to be stepped on by an elephant.

got himself into dictating. 'I wanted there to be something like the TARDIS,' he explained, 'which could go forwards and backwards in time and thus increase the number of stories that could be told. The idea with the heads was that every time Worzel put on a new head, he became a different person.' The series proved phenomenally popular, as Jon had always believed it would be, running for several seasons over a ten year period and spawning several one-off specials.

Jon described Gummidge as 'an evil, wicked, but loveable chap. Of course he's a fantasy figure, but he sincerely believes in himself. That makes for sadness as well as laughter.' To play the part, Jon adopted a 'Zummerset' type voice which was uniquely his own, and when combined with the dialogue which included old-Elizabethan swear words like 'dang-me', 'bozzi macco' and 'bumswizzled', made for an all round and entertaining character.

Worzel Gummidge started transmission in February 1979 and after only a few episodes it was deemed to be a major success. Worzel was even named as TV personality of the year by the Variety Club in 1981. Jon was most pleased when this happened as he had staked a lot of his professional reputation on the part, and also because, for him, it proved a point with regards to the attitude of the BBC. 'I did five years as the Doctor in *Doctor Who*,' he explained at the time, 'and helped the show become popular with adults as well as children. Yet after I left I heard nothing from them. They offered me nothing. It seems so stupid to build somebody up like that and then not exploit them.'

Filming for *Worzel Gummidge* was not always a pleasant experience. For example the scene in which Worzel was first brought to life is a moment that Jon will never forget. 'It had to be shot in a thunderstorm and the weather on the day that we came to film was too fine, so we got the local fire brigade in to provide the water for a downpour. First of all I spent two hours having the make-up put on and then was covered from head to foot in mud. Then I was led to the post on which Worzel was to hang and the hoses were turned on. I was showered with ice cold water all afternoon – I couldn't even open my eyes to begin with. My first appearance as Worzel was very nearly my last as I was literally chilled to the bone. I also frightened thousands of children to death when I jerked to life and staggered off the pole.'

Worzel Gummidge came to an untimely end when Southern Television lost its franchise and its successor, Television South (TVS), which took over in January 1982, declined to take up the series. In total it had run to 31 episodes – including a one-off Christmas special in 1980 – called *A Cup O' Tea An' A Slice O' Cake* – the final episode airing on 12 December 1981. There had also been a stage musical version of the series which ran to much acclaim in 1981. Despite this set-back, Jon eventually managed to secure a co-production deal for further episodes to be made in New Zealand, to be called *Worzel Gummidge Down Under*. The new series ran from October 1987 until April 1989 before being cancelled once more.

Following the completion of *Worzel Gummidge Down Under*, Jon appeared in a 1985 stage

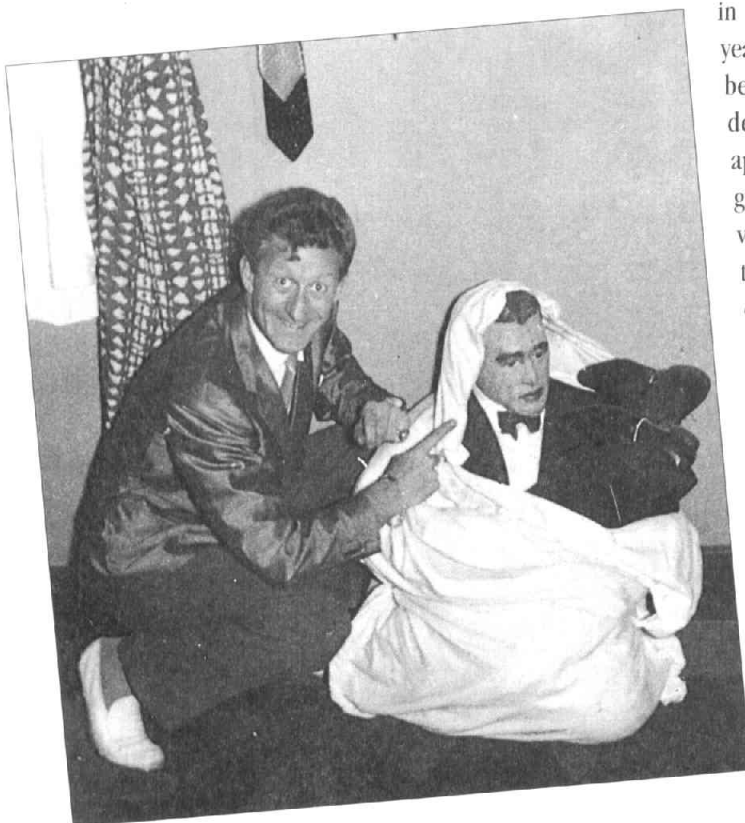


Jon and Ingeborg pictured in spring 1979.



In the 1965 film *I've Gotta Horse*, Jon played the manager of a costumiers, seen here being manhandled by Billy Fury and his mob.

Jon with the dummy musician he would hook out of the orchestra pit with a pitchfork during his music hall variety act in the fifties.



production of the children's cartoon series *SuperTed* (he had earlier provided the voice of Spotty Man for the award winning TV series) called *SuperTed And The Comet Of The Spooks*, and in 1992 and 1993 played Jacob Marley in *Scrooge – The Musical* with Anthony Newley.

In 1992 Jon was contacted about a role in a film about Christopher Columbus. 'I had been out,' he explained, 'and when I returned home, my wife relayed a message that my agent had telephoned to say that I had been offered a wonderful cameo role in *Columbus*. I was thrilled as this was a big film starring Gerard Depardieu, who I knew and who had appeared in a French production of *There's A Girl In My Soup*. They had promised that a script would arrive the following day and I couldn't wait. I was up,

early, and when the postman delivered it, I ripped open the package to find that the script was for *Carry On Columbus*. I have never been more disappointed in my life.'

With an incredibly successful career behind him, Jon's main philosophy on life was always simply to enjoy himself. 'My trouble has been that I have always paid more attention to enjoying myself than concentrating on my career. I've never wanted to be one of the big five of comedy show business, crying all the way to the bank with no time to enjoy the money they're stuffing away. I love beating it up in fast cars, go-kart and hydroplane racing, ski-ing, water ski-ing, underwater exploration, riding the wall of death on a motorbike ... you name it and I've done it and enjoyed it.'

Jon liked to spend his leisure time at his second home in Spain where he retreated for several months each year to enjoy the calm, the scenery and the watersports before returning to England and an almost constant demand for science fiction conventions, cabaret appearances, after-dinner speaking and numerous guest appearances on all manner of TV, radio and video productions. The week before his death, he was touring in two different productions, one an evening of music and comedy and the other, the current incarnation of his popular and successful one-man-show 'Who is Jon Pertwee?'. 'In this I talk about myself for an hour and a half,' he explained, 'which suits me fine, because, luckily, I'm my type.' He had also prepared a new show for Christmas 1996 which featured Raymond Briggs' *The Snowman*.

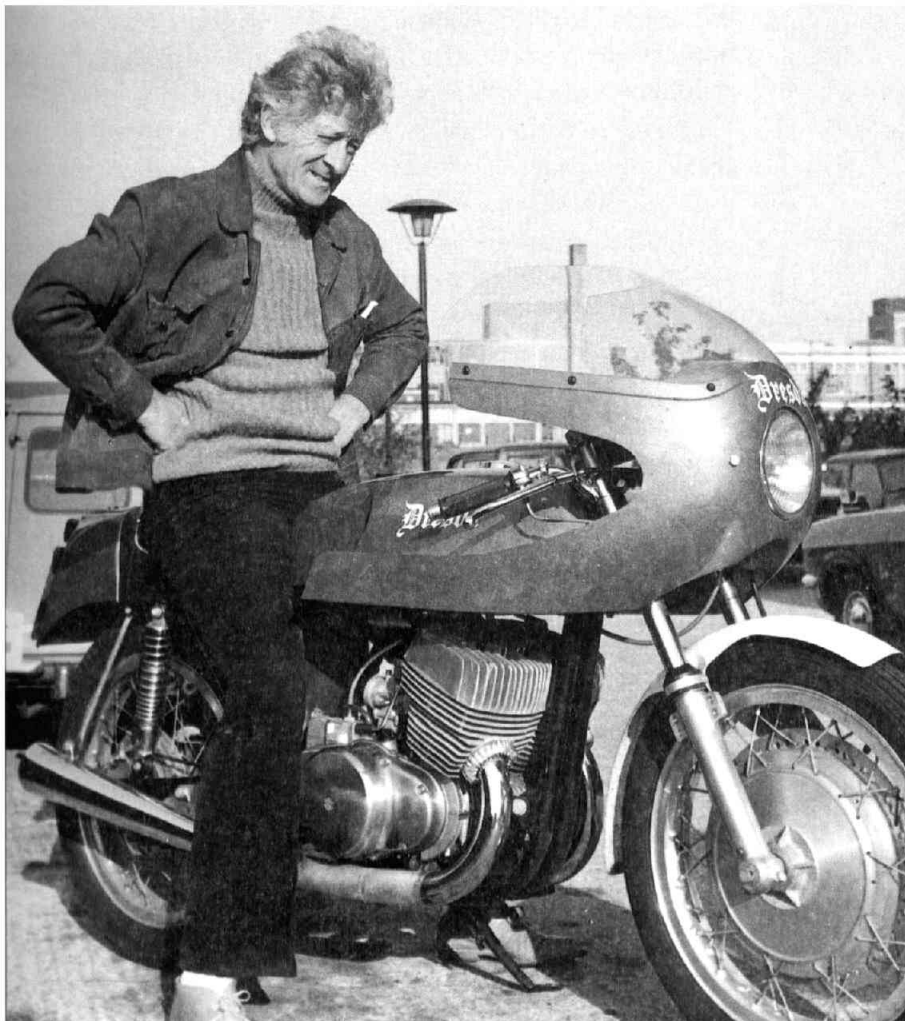
Jon was always heavily involved in charity work, including fund raising for the Grand Order of Water Rats – of which Jon was a member – Cancer Research, muscular dystrophy, P-Hab, Sage, the blind and Children in Need amongst many others. Jon also attended and read at Christmas concerts



and gave talks and made appearances for numerous charities over the years.

But now we must turn the clock back to 1969, when Jon was appearing to rave reviews in a production of the Donald Cotton play about Gilbert and Sullivan, *My Dear Gilbert*. It was while he was starring in this play, and at the same time appearing in the weekly instalments of *The Navy Lark*, that Tenniel Evans suggested that he might put himself up for the part of television's famous time traveller ...

Above: In 1953, Jon made a guest appearance on the front page of *TV Fun* comic.



Left: Jon with another of his beloved bikes.

'We cast Jon knowing that, being him, there would be humour. He couldn't do anything without seeing the quirky, funny side of it. We didn't want it to go over the top, though, so we were a bit nervous about casting somebody who was essentially a light entertainment man. It was Jon who said, "Look, I've got a reputation as a comedian, but I don't want to play it like that, I want to play it straight," and that clinched the deal for us.'
Derrick Sherwin talking about casting Jon as the Doctor with Stephen James Walker for *Doctor Who Magazine* number 166.



THE NAVY LARK



Above top: The naval shield of the ill-fated HMS *Troutbridge*.
Motto: Everybody down.

Above: Jon with Heather Chasen and Judy Cornwell.

The *Navy Lark* started with myself, Leslie Phillips and Dennis Price playing the three leads. Dennis was subsequently offered a job in the theatre in New York and, as he desperately wanted to do this, he left us. Unfortunately for him it all went wrong and so he came back and asked to return to *The Navy Lark*. He was, however, told that they were terribly sorry but they had found someone else to play his part – Stephen Murray.

We were also involved in negotiations with Herbert Wilcox – the film producer and husband of Anna Neagle – regarding a film version of the show. It was initially going to star the three leads from the radio version but Wilcox turned Dennis down flat, saying that he couldn't possibly employ him because he was gay. We said that this was ridiculous. Dennis had made many films playing army officers and this comment was grossly unjust. I told them so, but I don't think I did myself any favours because the next thing I knew, I too was off the picture and the producer used Ronnie Shiner instead, believing him to be a big draw, but due to considerable over-running he cost the company a pretty penny.

So Dennis and I lost our roles in the film. When it was released in October 1959, the reaction from the audience was: 'This is not *The Navy Lark*! Where's Pertwee, where's Murray, where's everyone else?' and the project ultimately bombed.

Initially, the cast consisted of the Sub-Lieutenant, played by Leslie, myself playing the Chief Petty Officer, with my sidekick A/B 'Fatso' Johnson played by Ronnie Barker and also Michael Bates who played all sorts of characters. Dennis played Lieutenant Price, and subsequently Stephen played Lieutenant Murray. There was Tenniel Evans playing Taffy Goldstein ('Starboard lookout speaking') and Heather Chasen as Wren Chasen. Richard Caldicott played Commander Povey and Heather also played Mrs Povey while Judy Cornwell appeared as Wren Cornwell for one season in 1961.

The show was recorded live at the Paris Studios in London and our studio audience was basically the same for nigh-on twenty years. There was a blind gentleman who used to sit in the front row of the stalls in a certain seat and one day he came in and sat down on someone's knee because someone else was sitting in his chair. 'Get off!' said the person in the seat. And the blind

fellow said, 'I'm not getting off. This is my seat.' 'What makes it your seat?' asked the person. 'Coz I've sat in it for the last eighteen years!' he replied.

Eventually we had to get the chap sitting in the seat moved, and gently explained that the blind gentleman was quite right and that he had always sat in that seat since the show's first playing.

When we rehearsed at the Paris we all used to sit in the same places while we ran through the script. I always sat in the front row of the stalls; Richard Caldicott sat to the left of me, next to the aisle; and he had the seat next to him down with all the Sunday papers on top; to the right of me was Stephen Murray; right behind us would be Ronnie Barker along with Tenniel Evans and Michael Bates; on the left-hand side of the block would be Lawrie Wyman – and later George Evans – the writers; and then behind him, three up, would be Leslie Phillips, by himself; and two behind him, in thick black glasses and suffering, would be Heather Chasen.

We all sat in those positions, automatically, for all those years. We would have our tea and buns, go into the studio, sit in our places and start rehearsing. One day, *sotto voce*, I said to everyone when we returned from a Summer break, 'sit in different places'.

So, I sat in Ronnie's place and he sat in mine. Leslie sat down the front and so on. Then Alistair Scott-Johnson, the producer, came in and said: 'Well, it's lovely to see you chaps again. I hope you had a great break and ... um ... you're all refreshed ... um ... er ...' he tried to

Right: Left-to-right, top: Alistair Scott-Johnson (Producer), Heather Chasen, April Walker, Richard Caldicott, Stephen Murray, Tenniel Evans. Front: Jon Pertwee, Leslie Phillips, Michael Bates.

carry on but eventually he just crumpled within himself. You could see what was going on in his mind. For years he had looked at us sitting in the same places every time we rehearsed, but this time he knew there was something terribly wrong, but he just couldn't put his finger on it. After a minute's spluttering confusion he suddenly twigged, stopped in mid-splutter and yelled, 'You miserable bastards. I thought I was going bonkers!' It was very funny.

Ronnie Barker eventually left in 1967. He had been very successful with his own shows and was having trouble fitting all the work in and so he reluctantly decided to pull out of the cast. I was talking with Alistair and he said, 'Who on Earth can we get to take over from Ronnie?'

I said, 'You get anyone else and I'll kill you!'

He said, 'Why? Who's going to do it then?'

'Who d'you think!' I said. 'Me, of course!'

I had been playing the CPO for so many years that I wanted to do something else. I suggested that we could write the Petty Officer down a little and bring in some new characters. That was when my other characters started to come in and increase in prominence; the burbling Admiral Burwash, Commander Weatherby, Admiral Berkinshaw and so on.

One of my characters was called 'the Master' and he was an oriental mastermind after Fu Manchu or Ming the Merciless from the old *Flash Gordon* serials. His voice was my impression of Beerbohm Tree who had been a very famous actor/manager.

HMS *Troutbridge*, the fictional ship on which most of *The Navy Lark* took place, was based on a ship captained by my cousin, James Pertwee, the son of Captain Guy Pertwee who had been Admiral 'Bubbles' James's secretary in Portsmouth. The Admiral enjoyed the nickname 'Bubbles' as in his earliest youth he had sat for the famous 'bubbles' portrait which was used as an advertisement for Pears soap. Guy befriended me in 1939 when he heard that there was a Pertwee in the barracks and when I joined the Navy, James was a midshipman. He eventually became the Captain of HMS *Troutbridge* and wrote to us at the BBC to give us all sorts of stories and funny situations that had happened to his crew – excuses they gave for being adrift and so on. These humorous factual stories were then fed into our scripts to lend reality to the raillery.

The Navy Lark, sadly, ended in 1976, simply because it had run its course. It had been phenomenally popular in its time and was repeated many times after we finished on the BBC's World Service. Now the BBC have started putting selected episodes out on audio tape and it is selling very well indeed. In fact, only recently, in the official charts, *Doctor Who and the Ghosts of N-Space* came straight in at number one, while further down the list was *The Navy Lark* – still pulling in the listeners after all those years.



Left to right (front row): Wren Chasen (Heather Chasen), Wren Cornwell (Judy Cornwell), (Centre row): Lt Murray, the No.1 (Stephen Murray), Captain Povey (Richard Caldicott), Sub Lt Phillips (Leslie Phillips), (Back row): A/B Johnson (Ronnie Barker), CPO Pertwee (Jon Pertwee), Lt Bates (Michael Bates) A/B Goldstein (Tenniel Evans).



CHAPTER 2

INTRODUCING...

When I look back over my career, it often astonishes me that *Doctor Who* seems to be the show that people remember with the most fondness. I can rarely go out in the street without someone coming up and talking to me, and the subject of conversation is, more often than not, *Doctor Who*. Occasionally someone will recognise me from *Worzel Gummidge* but for that part I was caked in make-up and it was not my face which was seen on television, but that of my good friend Mr Gummidge.

Although *Worzel Gummidge* was a phenomenal international hit, it has never enjoyed the same level of organised fandom that *Doctor Who* enjoys. Ever since I attended my first *Doctor Who* convention back in August 1977, I have been astonished that so many people will go along to listen and talk about the programme, share ideas and socialise.

It is hard to describe what it is like to walk out on a stage to be greeted with thunderous applause – which is the actor's bread and butter – and enough flash-guns to light Wembley Stadium several times over. Not only is the appreciation audible, but it is deeply felt, and many is the time that I have held back a gentle tear as I make my way to the couch or table where I am to be quizzed once more on my time with the programme.

It is hard not to be moved that so many people have come to see you, and to share in your memories of a programme that is dear to so many of our hearts. I have been given brilliant and execrable drawings of myself, presents of photographs, magazines, hand-written stories, cakes,

The Doctor and Liz Shaw (Caroline John) investigate the 'lifelike' dummies at Madame Tussaud's. *Spearhead from Space*.





Part of *Spearhead from Space* was filmed at a doll factory where Jon 'met' some of the dolls.

Opposite: Jon adopts a casual pose in one of his costumes from *Spearhead from Space*.

shells, solid silver rings, sonic screwdrivers, TARDIS keys made from titanium and even bottles of this and that.

Despite all this interest in my science fiction and fantasy roles, I have never seen myself as being a fan of science fiction or fantasy. On the whole I prefer a good thriller or a genuinely funny comedy, but science fiction and fantasy is what I am remembered for.

I can still recall the day that I first heard that the BBC were looking for a new actor to play the Doctor was when a colleague in *The Navy Lark*, Tenniel Evans, mentioned it during the recording of a show early in 1969.

My immediate reaction was 'Why would they want someone like me?' Tenniel, however, persisted. 'I think you would make a very good "Doctor",' he said. So I rang my agent, Richard Stone, and suggested it to him. There was this most terrible pause. I thought the line had gone dead. When I realised that it hadn't, I hurriedly tried to back off. 'All right,' I said, 'forget it. It's a terrible idea.' My agent then answered, 'No, no. It comes as a bit of a shock, that's all. But I'll ring them up and give it a try.'

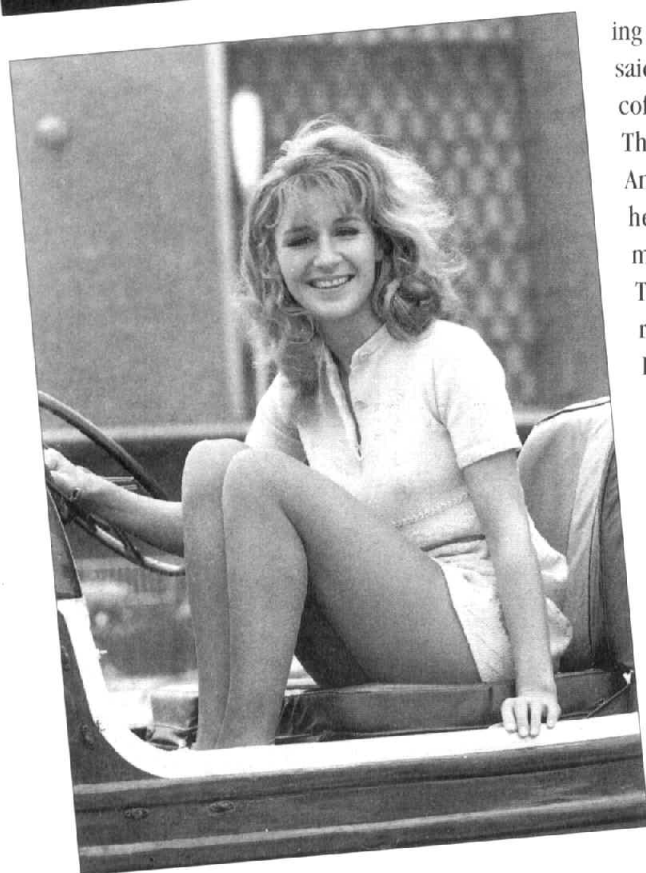
So he phoned the BBC, told them that he had heard that Patrick Troughton was leaving and that he wanted to suggest one of his clients to take over. He was speaking to Peter Bryant, who, along with Derrick Sherwin, was co-producing *Doctor Who* at that time. Peter said, 'Oh, and who's that?' When my agent told him, there was another huge pause. So Richard said, 'All right, forget I mentioned it, it's a terrible idea.' Peter then said, 'No, no, I am gobsmacked. May I read you our short list which has been compiled over the last year?' He did: the first name was Ron Moody, and the second was mine – and none of us had had any idea that they had me in mind!





In fact, I had had no idea that they were even looking for a new actor as I had only occasionally watched the show. I'd seen a couple of them in the mid-sixties as my ex-wife Jean Marsh was featuring in the series for a while and it would have been disloyal not to have watched them, and I had seen some of Pat Troughton's stories. My two children, Sean and Dariel, were great fans although the news that I was to become the Doctor did not impress them much. At that time, Sean was only five, and was of the opinion that I climbed into the back of the television set at home and performed and Dariel, my daughter, was going through the passive stage where she looked at everything, including me, with a completely blank expression.

After that initial contact had been made by my agent, I didn't then audition for the part. I received a phone call from Shaun Sutton, who was then the Head of Drama at the BBC and who had been the youngest stage manager in the West End of London when I was a young man playing a leading role in *To Kill A Cat* at the Aldwych Theatre in 1938. He rang me up and said that he'd like to talk to me about doing *Doctor Who* and invited me to lunch. Over coffee he asked me if I wanted to do it and I said, 'Let me think about it.' Then, at the end of the week he rang me again and said, 'Well, do you want to do it?' And I said, 'I'd like to think about it a bit more ... Can we have another lunch?' And he said, 'Yes, all right. We'll have another lunch.' And at the end of that he asked me again if I wanted to do *Doctor Who*. I asked for a little longer to think about it. Then I rang him up and said, '... do you do dinners?' And he said, 'Oh my god! All right. You want to go out to dinner?' So we went out to dinner and it was then that I said, 'Yes, all right I'll do it.' When I asked him how he wanted it played, he said 'As Jon Pertwee, of course.' And I asked him, 'Well, who is Jon Pertwee?' Because I had never been me. I had always hidden under a green umbrella. That was one of the late Peter Sellers' favourite expressions as he never played himself, he always played characters, and I had too. And so I didn't really know how I was going to play it, but Shaun assured me it would be fine, saying, 'Don't you worry, we'll find you.'



The third Doctor's first companion, Elizabeth Shaw, was played by actress Caroline John. The top photograph was taken as publicity during the filming of *Spearhead from Space*, while the lower picture is from a photocall to introduce Caroline to the press as the newest *Doctor Who* assistant.

One thing that I was fairly determined on, however, was to play the part straight. I had felt that while the plots and acting in those stories of Pat's that I had seen were excellent, some of the clowning with the recorder was a little too over the top. If I was going to play the Doctor, then he was not going to go in for any of that humourous stuff at all. I have always been an actor at heart, not a comic and I wanted to do what I really enjoyed. I wanted to play the Doctor completely straight with no baggy trousers and penny whistles in sight. I also wanted to use my own voice for a change. I had been inclined to stick to radio in the past rather than television because the characters I played on television often didn't seem to fit my appearance. People who listened to me in *The Navy Lark* always got the impression that I was a little fat man with a beard which couldn't have been further from the truth.

All of my decisions were, as I later discovered, completely at odds with the reasons why Peter Bryant had originally wanted me – Peter had *wanted* a comedic Doctor; he liked the fact that I could sing and play the guitar and do all the voices and wanted me to bring those aspects into *Doctor Who*. I think he had the idea that I was almost going to be a minstrel Doctor and I was going to play it for laughs. I was sorry to disappoint him. Derrick, on the other hand, liked the idea of someone more serious, so I fell between both of them, really.

While all this had been going on I was appearing on tour playing W. S. Gilbert in a marvellous production of *My Dear Gilbert* written by Donald Cotton about those great playwrights

INTRODUCING...

Gilbert and Sullivan. It was while we were in Norwich that I finally received the contracts from the BBC and signed them in May 1969. Little did I realise that this simple action would result in an association that would be with me for the rest of my life.

After that, nothing more happened until about a month later when the BBC held a press conference to announce their new Doctor. Up until then none of the press knew that it was going to be me. It was a complete secret and I was hiding in an adjoining room. Kevin O'Shea, the BBC's press officer at the time, said to the assembled journalists and cameramen, 'Ladies and Gentlemen. Let me introduce you to the new Doctor Who. Jon Pertwee!' At that I walked through from the other room and really rather threw them, I think. They weren't expecting someone like me at all. But they enthusiastically snapped and flashed away with a hundred cameras – later with a Yeti holding me in his hairy arms for pictures outside.

When the BBC asked me along to the press conference in June, nothing had been decided about what sort of costume I should wear, so I turned up in a lounge suit. Later on, I was asked to do another photo call, and again they asked me to wear what I liked for it. I had been talking with Peter about the costume that I would like to wear for the series. I originally fancied something in black, elegant and well tailored in a Nehru high-buttoned-at-the-neck style, but the BBC weren't too keen on that idea. So, for this photo session I dug out my grandfather's old Inverness cape which was turning green with age, a velvet smoking jacket of mine and a trendy frilly shirt from a fashion house called Mr Fish, a pair of dark trousers and elastic sided pantomime boots. I turned up in this outfit more for a laugh than anything else, but to my surprise the BBC thought it was fabulous.

The final costumes that I wore in the series were made for me by the Savile Row tailor Arthur Davey and closely matched the items that I had worn to that photocall.

My first story was called *Spearhead from Space* and was written by one of the best writers to work on the show, Robert Holmes. We initially did some location filming for the story in a doll factory in Georges Road, Holloway, and later we were also out filming at an old Guinness factory in Acton which doubled as the plastics factory infiltrated by the Nestenes.

Then the BBC went on one of their annual strikes, we lost the use of the BBC's studios, and the whole show had to be rescheduled. We ended up down at the BBC's training centre in Evesham. There was an enormous underground bunker area in which we shot that was to have been used as a last resort by the British Government in World War II. It's still there as far as I know – the bunker that is, not the British government!

We were using as the location for a cottage hospital to which the Doctor is taken, a house that had belonged to the Duc d'Orleans who had escaped out of France in the eighteenth century. My antecedents had also escaped out of France as Huguenots and this house captivated me. Everywhere you went there were beautiful *fleurs de lis* on every piece of metal and on every door knob, and even the lavatory pulls were decorated by *fleur de lis*, and on the window catches as well. In fact you could even see the Duc d'Orleans's royal crown on top of the old shower that I used during the second episode of the story.

I was exploring up in the attic at one point and there had been a bad fire there some years before. Sitting up in the attic was an old decrepit console table with one beautifully carved leg, simply covered in cobwebs, soot and dust. The top was slightly burnt and it had been abandoned in a corner and so I thought 'I'm going to have that!' So I got some of my mates to help

SPEARHEAD FROM SPACE By Robert Holmes Directed by Derek Martinus First Transmitted: 03/01/70 – 24/01/70 4 episodes

The Doctor arrives on Earth at the same time as a shower of strange glowing meteorites. While the Doctor is in hospital recovering, a stranger called Channing has taken over a plastics factory and is supervising the collection of the meteorites and the manufacture of Autons – deadly walking plastic mannikins. The Doctor recovers in time to help Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart of UNIT defeat an attempted invasion of Earth by the alien Nestene consciousness.

Starring:
Jon Pertwee

The Doctor

With:

Caroline John
Nicholas Courtney
Hugh Burden
John Woodnutt
Derek Smee
John Breslin
Hamilton Dyce
Anthony Webb
Henry Mc Carthy
Betty Bowden
Neil Wilson
Allan Mitchell
George Lee
Talryn Thomas
Helen Doward
Tessa Shaw
Ellis Jones
Prentis Hancock
Clifford Cox
Edmund Bailey

Liz Shaw
Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart
Channing
Hibbert
Ransome
Captain Munro
Major General Scobie
Dr Henderson
Dr Beavis
Meg
Seeley
Wagstaffe
Corporal Forbes
Mullins
Nurse
UNIT Officer
Technician
2nd Reporter
Sergeant
Attendant



Jon during location filming for *Spearhead from Space*.

DOCTOR WHO AND THE SILURIANS

By Malcolm Hulke

Directed by Timothy Combe

First Transmitted:

31/01/70 – 14/03/70

7 episodes

The Doctor and Liz are summoned to an atomic research station at Wenley Moor by the Brigadier to investigate mysterious power losses and unexplained illness and absence by the employees. The Doctor discovers that the caves in which the station is built are also home to a colony of hibernating intelligent reptiles which have been woken by the activity. Now they want to wipe out mankind and claim the Earth for themselves. The Doctor tries to negotiate a peaceful solution, but the Brigadier blows up the caves, sealing the reptiles underground.

Starring
Jon Pertwee

The Doctor

With:

Caroline John

Nicholas Courtney

Peter Miles

Fulton McKay

Norman Jones

Geoffrey Palmer

Thomasine Heiner

Dave Carter

Nigel Johns

Pat Gorman

Peter Halliday

Paul Barton

Simon Cain

John Churchill

Ian Cunningham

Paul Darrow

Alan Mason

Derek Pollitt

Harry Swift

Nancie Jackson

Gordon Richardson

Richard Steele

John Newman

Bill Matthews

Roy Branigan

Ian Talbot

Brendan Barry

Liz Shaw

Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart

Dr Lawrence

Dr Quinn

Major Baker

Masters

Miss Dawson

Old Silurian

Young Silurian

Silurian Scientist

Silurian Voices

Silurian

Silurian

Silurian

Dr Meredith

Captain Hawkins

Corporal Nutting

Private Wright

Private Robins

Doris Squire

Squire

Sergeant Hart

Spencer

Davis

Roberts

Travis

Hospital Doctor

me shift it down the stairs, but every time we tried to get it out we met someone coming up the stairs and had to hurry it away back out of sight. Eventually we lowered the table out of a back window on some rope. I arranged for it to be completely restored and placed in the hall of our Regency house in Barnes.

This was an example of what my friend, the Australian actor Bill Kerr, called 'nurgling'. This was a sport of sorts and involved going to abandoned houses, with their front doors hanging off their hinges, and seeing what you could find there. I used to do it up on the Yorkshire moors with Bill. We would go to houses that had been completely abandoned for years and had been rifled several times since the people had left. I once found, suspended from the ceiling, a genuine Lalique glass light bowl. It was there, hanging on a chain, and no one had ever taken it because they either didn't notice it above them or it was out of reach.

I have always said that the cast that we had on *Doctor Who* featured some of the best actors and actresses in the business. I had never worked with Caroline John, who was playing the Doctor's assistant Liz Shaw, or Nick Courtney, who was playing the Brigadier, before. In fact I knew very few people in the television industry. I had done over 35 films and many years in radio, but for the previous decade I had been working mainly in light entertainment in vaudeville and light comedy on television, and so I wasn't often involved with these serious young actors. It was mainly the older actors



A Silurian renders Major Baker (Norman Jones) unconscious so that he might be studied closer. *Doctor Who and the Silurians*.

that I knew. For example, Hugh Burden who played the villainous Channing in my first story. I knew him well as we had been at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art together.

The scenes in the cottage hospital were just about the first scenes I recorded on *Doctor Who* and this whole story saw me finding the balance for the character. I liked those first scenes because I was able to play them down, whereas in some of the others the director required me to play them up. I didn't like the scenes in the shower and the trying on of the hats at all, as they were just played for laughs, without the essential element of truth.

When it came to the scenes in the hospital bed, when the Brigadier comes to see if he knows who the Doctor is, they used what came to be known as 'Pertwee's nostril shot'. Unfortunately I've got the biggest nostrils in the world, but very little air goes up them. And whenever they had supine shots of me the camera always seemed to be focused straight up my nostrils. It looked like the entrance to the Blackwall Tunnel! So I used to beg, 'No nostril shots! Please!'

I have always had a passion for cars, and playing the Doctor often gave me the opportunity to indulge that passion. In *Spearhead from Space*, there was a scene where the Doctor steals a car from the car park outside the hospital. This was a marvellous vintage Vauxhall 30/98. I loved it and coveted it and couldn't wait to get behind its wheel. When we came to shoot the scene, I eagerly jumped aboard and put it into gear to reverse away from the hedge. Unfortunately it was a gate-change, and inadvertently I put the car in a forward gear and, looking in the opposite direction, nearly ended up going backwards through the hedge. The valuable car had been hired especially and I could well have written it off within moments of getting my hands on it. What a start!

Later in the story we all had to get into a tent – myself, Nick, Carrie, plus numerous assorted extras and soldiers – and the tent wasn't very big. There's a technical term in television called a 'tight two-shot' and a 'tight three-shot' and I remember when we were all in the tent along with the director, camera and the sound crew, Nick saying, 'Come on everyone. Close up. This is to be a tight sixteen-shot!' I started to laugh, which was evidently catching as soon everybody was laughing uncontrollably. On top of this hysteria, we all had to try to find a clear camera while moving naturally around the tent. We didn't need a director, we needed a choreographer.

The plastic shop dummies, or Autons as they were called, were very effective. They had guns



CAROLINE JOHN

'LIZ SHAW'

I first met Jon in the make-up room at BBC Television Centre and felt terribly nervous and overawed by this amazing person. He soon put me at ease, and, although it didn't occur to me at the time, he must have been as nervous as I was, though he never showed it.

The greatest thing about Jon was his consideration for the acting and storyline. This became crucial during the technical rehearsals and recording days in studio. If something wasn't quite right on the acting level, Jon would say, 'Hang on old boy. I'm not quite sure about this ...' A life saver! Being so new to television, I felt it was impossible for me to chip in and ask for another take. The technical side of making *Doctor Who* was all important, with very little time for re-takes. If all the

technical aspects went swimmingly and no sound booms were in shot, then it was 'in the bag'. Fluffs on words or panicked eyes from slight loss of memory were all accepted, to the actors' dismay! Later, I learned that a four-letter word worked miracles – an instant re-take!

Jon had this tremendous charm and gentleness. Looking back, I can see that the characters of Liz and the Doctor worked very well together. When we'd completed *The Ambassadors of Death* (the third story), Barry Letts came to me, and said that after *Inferno* he'd be looking for a new companion. Liz was too clever. A less knowledgeable person was needed, so that the Doctor could explain more fully what was happening for the viewers. Though I was miserable to leave *Doctor Who*, I understood the truth of this. I was also pregnant, which I'd kept to myself, so it was, at the same time, a relief! Now, I think the relationship between Liz and the Doctor was probably closer to Mrs Peel and Steed in *The Avengers*. *Doctor Who* required a less sophisticated partnership.

During *Doctor Who and the Silurians*, I was put into the usual miniskirt and high knee-boots. Liz had to go down into some caves at one point in the story and I pleaded for trousers – to no avail! Coming on to the set, Jon took one look at me and said, 'You can't go down into the caves in that!'

'I know,' I said. 'But though I've asked for trousers, they won't let me wear them.'

'Oh, come on ...' said Jon and took me off to talk to the powers that be; with the result that I was given a pot-holing suit for the cave scenes, and was blissfully happy.

I learnt that I could always rely on Jon's help if need be. If there was a reason for the story to be made clearer, he would 'fix it' for you. His concern wasn't only for himself, but everyone involved, constantly trying to improve the look and reality of the programme.

Jon was a very fine actor, and working with good actors is like playing in a top-class tennis match. Automatically, your game improves. Jon always made the rest of us look and feel good.

Recently we worked together again on *The Zero Imperative* for Bill Baggs (BBV). Jon played another doctor (medical this time) and was quite superb, despite the fact that he'd just had an operation on his back. I admired him so much and I'm so glad to have had the chance to have worked with him.

Caroline John



This could have been a bore. It wasn't. Personality clashes were hinted at in tightly written dialogue leavened with humour arising out of Dr Who's penchant for pricking the bubble of official pomposity with the direct question that served the double purpose of clarifying detail for the lay viewer.

It was not an enviable task for Jon Pertwee to take over the title role. Already he has created a brand new Superbrain with all the eccentric charm of his predecessors but with a humour and forcefulness all his own. The decision to turn the series into lightweight entertainment for adults instead of children has freed Caroline John from the need to act the well meaning but irresponsible teenager and she makes Liz Shaw a worthy as well as an attractive assistant to the Doctor.

Don't miss next week's thrilling instalment. And you know what? I bet that new Dr Who is being written especially for adults, the kids will be flocking back in their thousands. A joke that will no doubt be savoured to the full by writer Malcolm Hulke, director Timothy Combe, script editor Terance Dicks and producer Barry Letts.

Taken from a piece by Marjorie Bilbow about *Doctor Who and the Silurians* in *The Stage*, 5 February 1970.

Above: The Silurians' pet allosaurus.

concealed within their hands which were only revealed when the ends of their fingers flipped down. I remember coming home at the end of the show with one of their flip-down hands which I gave to Sean, my son, and it became one of his most precious possessions. Over the years Sean built up quite a collection, or museum as he called it, of bits and pieces from *Doctor Who*.

The Autons were one of the most terrifying threats we ever featured on *Doctor Who* because they represented an everyday sight that turned out to be deadly. I have often said that seeing a Yeti sitting on your loo in Tooting Bec is more frightening than a Yeti sitting on the loo in the Himalayas because you *expect* to see a Yeti in the Himalayas and not *vice versa*. *Doctor Who* was always very good at presenting things that turned out to be not as you would expect – like shop mannequins coming to life and attacking you. It was very spooky when we were filming in Madame Tussauds for the same story, as here were a genuine bunch of wax dummies that looked as though they might come to life at any moment – which, of course, in the context of the story, they did.

Doctor Who has always been famed for its unreal-looking rubber monsters and yet the big rubber octopoid-thing at the end of *Spearhead from Space* was really rather well done. In order to get the effect, we had actually had to act backwards and then played the resultant film in reverse during the editing stages. It was the only way to work an action scene like that. You wound the tentacles round you to start with and then the props department slowly pulled them off as you frantically acted backwards. So your face had to go from abject terror into an enquiring yet relaxed look so that when it was finally edited together you seemed to go from a relaxed mien to one of horror as the tentacles grabbed you. Acting backwards was just one of the many unusual things I was prevailed upon to attempt during my time on the series.

By the time my second story, *Doctor Who and the Silurians*, was underway, I had settled quite comfortably into the role, and felt more confident in playing the Doctor straight, the way that I had originally wanted to play it. I was quite happy with the way the show was running and, in fact, about mid-way through the recording of the Silurian story, I started to feel that there was perhaps a little room for humour. What I didn't want to happen was for the show to become satirical or a send-up. Children really believed in the Doctor and although many adult viewers might have appreciated the satire on its own level, the children wouldn't like it. They would probably have spotted any caricature or send-up before the adults would, and the kids would stop liking it because to them he wouldn't have been the Doctor any more.

Another important aspect regarding the direction of the series was that almost as soon as I had been cast, both Peter Bryant and Derrick Sherwin decided to move on to other things. The new producer was Barry Letts, who had started his career as an actor himself, and who therefore had a great affinity with other actors. Along with Terrance Dicks, who was the script editor on the show and who had been with us from the start, Barry agreed that my instincts about playing the part straight were right, and this was the direction in which they intended to take the show.

We had some splendid guest stars for *Doctor Who and the Silurians*. Peter Miles, who played the head of the underground science base, Doctor Lawrence, was a villainous charmer.

Peter has that wonderful ability of being able to play an absolute gentleman until he switches on the menace. I've always loved him as a villain – that's a bit of a non-sequitur, I know – and when we were doing the *Doctor Who* radio show *The Paradise of Death* in 1993, I was glad that we had Peter playing a suitably nasty role. An interesting thing about Peter is that his great love in life is singing jazz. He sings with the BBC Big Jazz Band and has a really good voice and a great style. A very enjoyable man to work with.

Fulton Mackay, who played Doctor Quinn, was a devastatingly good Scottish actor, and also incredibly clever. He was a man you had to watch very carefully because he was such a good actor that he could whip a scene right from under your nose by doing ... hardly anything. I had come across that before with other actors. One was Nigel Patrick who was a great leading man in films. I was doing a movie with him once, years ago, and when we heard 'Action!' he did the most extraordinary thing. He leaned forward from his ankles at an angle of about 45 degrees and effectively blocked my view of the camera. It was quite ludicrous and I couldn't believe that anyone could lean forward from their ankles like that, as though their feet were nailed to the floor. So I said to him 'Paddy, that's wonderful. How on Earth do you do that?' He looked at me quite innocently and asked to what I was referring. So I said, 'That lean forward that you do so that the camera can't see me.' 'I don't know what you mean,' he said. 'You know perfectly well what I mean! It's bloody clever and I'd love to know how you do it. That's all.' And it was only by bringing the subject up in front of the whole crew that I was able to stop him doing it.

Now with Fulton, I remember him coming to me and saying, 'Hey Jon. When we come to that scene where we go down the stairs there, I'm coming this way and you're going that way. I'll give you a little flick. A wee flick there.' Puzzled, I said, 'What do you mean?' And he said, 'Just a wee look, a flick. It'll be good,' he said. 'It'll be really effective. You mark my words.' To begin with I believed him. I thought he was giving me some advice that would make me look good. But then I saw what the little flicks were doing, they were forcing the viewer's attention onto him. He was taking the attention away from me very effectively. Yes, a wonderfully clever actor.

Another guest star in *Doctor Who and the Silurians* was Geoffrey Palmer. I always thought of him as a superbly lugubrious actor, often wildly funny. He was tremendous with Wendy Craig in *Butterflies* and his recent show with Dame Judi Dench, *As Time Goes By*, was undoubtedly one of the best shows on television.

Doctor Who and the Silurians unfortunately suffered from the fact that the monsters



'Jon was fairly confident about his ability to play the part, but I don't think he really knew the Doctor as a character at all. He was playing it very much by ear, experimenting a lot – especially with comedy. I had to tone down some of his wilder excesses, and in fact the onus was very much between me and Jon because the show was actually changing producers at the time, and Derrick wasn't around an awful lot. It was a tremendously exciting – and tiring – time for us all.'

Derek Martinus interviewed by Richard Marson for *In-Vision* number 51.



Whenever possible, Jon did his own stunts, and where there was a vehicle to be driven, Jon was always first in the line. *Doctor Who and the Silurians*.

THE AMBASSADORS OF DEATH

By David Whitaker
and Malcolm Hulke
Directed by Michael Ferguson
First Transmitted:
21/03/70 – 02/05/70
7 episodes

Three astronauts from Earth are kidnapped by a group of aliens who substitute their own 'ambassadors' in the humans' place. The aliens are radioactive and can kill with a touch, but only wish to make peaceful contact with the Earth. The xenophobic General Carrington tries to use the situation to discredit the aliens and provoke an interplanetary war, but the Doctor is able to stop him and thus prevent a global catastrophe.

Starring:
Jon Pertwee

The Doctor

With:

Caroline John
Nicholas Courtney
Ronald Allen
Gordon Sterne
Robert Cawdron
John Abineri
Dallas Cavell
Cyril Shaps
William Dysart
Peter Noel Cook
Peter Halliday
Robert Robertson
James Haswell
Juan Moreno
Tony Harwood
Ray Armstrong
Ric Felgate
Neville Simons
Steve Peters
John Lord
Cheryl Molineaux
Roy Scammell
Geoffrey Beevers
James Clayton
Michael Wisher
Derek Ware
Max Faulkner
John Levene
Bernard Martin
Joanna Ross
Carl Conway

Liz Shaw
Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart
Ralph Cornish
Heldorf
Taltalian
General Carrington
Quinlan
Lennox
Reegan
Alien Space Captain
Aliens' Voices
Collinson
Corporal Champion
Dobson
Flynn
Grey
Van Lyden
Michaels
Lefee
Masters
Miss Rutherford
Technician
Private Johnson
Private Parker
John Wakefield
UNIT Sergeant
UNIT Soldier
Sergeant Benton
Control Room Assistant
Control Room Assistant
Control Room Assistant

I AM THE DOCTOR

looked exactly what they were: men in rubber suits. You could look at the costumes and easily see the join where the head had been slipped on. I never understood why you had to see the joins and why the costumes couldn't have been made in one piece, and joined by Velcro or some other substance that couldn't be seen.

There was one point during the recording of this story where Norman Jones, playing Major Baker, had been captured by the Silurians and placed in a cage. I had been placed in a cage alongside him. And suddenly a Silurian guard broke wind, which echoed royally within his rubber suit. Norman and I lost complete control and collapsed with laughter, with the result that we had to shoot the scene over and over again as every time we tried to record it, explosions of mirth would wreck the attempt. The director on the story, Tim Combe, was not best pleased with us over that.

This was the story that introduced 'Bessie', the yellow Edwardian car that the Brigadier had obtained for the Doctor to persuade him to stay with UNIT. Because I have always been interested in cars and vehicles of all kinds, I had read about a company who were custom building Edwardian cars down in Dorset and I had suggested using one of them to Peter Bryant. He liked the idea and so got in touch with them and managed to get one for us to use. I remember seeing it for the first time with great excitement, but then being slightly disappointed because it wasn't as good as I thought it should have been. I didn't like the wheels and there were lots of other things about it that I didn't think looked authentic.

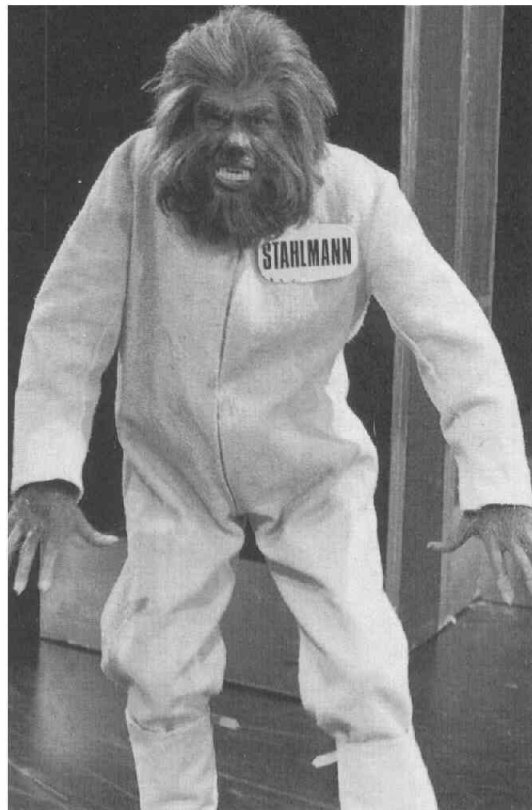
Bessie had an eight horsepower Ford engine in it and a three-speed gearbox, which was quite hopeless. The way that I drove, having been used to driving fast sports cars, was to over-rev the engine so that it blew up on me. The BBC quickly got in another eight horsepower engine and I blew that one up as well. So, they had to fit a ten horsepower engine as eight horsepower ones were now unobtainable. Unfortunately, the ten horsepower engine was longer than the eight horsepower version and so they had to extend the bonnet forward to allow the bigger engine to fit in the car. This unbalanced completely the design of the car and it never looked the same. Bessie was a great idea and for all she went through we just about managed to keep her on the road for the duration of the series.

There is one final point of note regarding *Doctor Who and the Silurians*, and that is that following its completion, Barry Letts suggested changing around the way that we recorded the episodes.



The three alien ambassadors (Ric Felgate, Neville Simons and Steve Peters). *The Ambassadors of Death*.

INTRODUCING...



Olaf Pooley as Director Stahlmann finds that acting under whiskers and make-up is not as easy as it looks. *Inferno*.

Barry decided that he was going to do two shows back-to-back because the stage hands were impossible at looking after the scenery as they took it down. We would finish work at about ten at night and then I'd go to my dressing room to calm down before going to the BBC club for a quick drink. Before I went to the club I used to go back into the studio, onto the set, to see if anyone was there to wish them 'good night' before I went off. And very nearly always the set was well nigh dismantled within half an hour of our finishing work.

Now, those scene hands were paid double overtime to work through the night. The sooner they finished the sooner they could knock off. So they tore the sets to pieces in their haste to get home quicker.

This resulted in enormous problems when we came to re-use the sets the following week and the repair bills from the scenic design department were huge. I remember once looking at the wall of one set and seeing a set of tire tracks across the upper part – someone had driven a studio vehicle across the wall as it had been lying on the floor. Therefore Barry, together with the heads of the various BBC departments, decided to change the process of recording, so that rather than rehearse an episode from Monday to Friday and then record it on Saturday, we would rehearse two episodes over two weeks and record over two days at the end. This minimised the number of times that the sets had to be erected and taken down. This idea, which made life easier for everyone from the actors to the designers, was picked up by some directors and not by others, but was eventually adopted as the standard way of recording half-hour drama at the BBC at that time.

The Ambassadors of Death, the third story of my first season, was a cracking tale of alien contact. We had Ronald Allen playing the controller of a NASA-like mission control group. Ronald was a very fey actor who had starred in one of the first soap operas, *Compact*, back in the fifties. He was a very laid back and shy man and we were pleased to have him working with us on the team. I believed that the regular team should always make a fuss of the visitors and make them feel good because this way you got a lot more work done if they felt that they too were part of the team. When Ronnie had finished his role in the recording of *The Ambassadors of Death* he asked Barry Letts if he could come back and watch a few more episodes being

Horror fantasies affect us only if they create a sense of nightmare out of something that is essentially familiar.

We all know that in the end Count Dracula is staked through the heart in that coffin in the crypt, but the glimpse of a harmless bat in the summer twilight is never quite the same again.

For me after "Spearhead From Space" hitherto innocent tailors dummies come into the same category.

This Dr. Who adventure wins my vote as the best in the lifetime of the series so far. What it did was to suggest an authentic sense of the uncanny.

Although all the monsters against which the Doctor has been obliged to pit his wits have been bent on destruction, they have had a near-fairytale quality.

Some like the Zarbi and the Sensorites were readily forgettable. Others, like the Daleks, have had an oddly comic air.

Again, the Cybermen had a hint of pathos while the Yeti could be almost endearing.

True, the malignant mastermind in that Tibetan monastery in which the Doctor found himself had some very disturbing characteristics, but who is likely ever to go to Tibet?

Your friendly multiple store tailor's, on the other hand, are just down the high street and that is where THEY are – their sightless eyes fixed on the plate glass window.

And it was this use of everyday reality which gave the notion that the dummies were waiting to take over the horrific turn of the screw.

Jon Pertwee's Doctor is wholly acceptable. Where William Hartnell was comically irascible and Patrick Troughton like a greying worried schoolboy, the newest recruit is suave and confident; obviously a Harley Street doctor.

At the same time he manages to look like Danny Kaye while sounding like Boris Karloff – and that's a mixture for the connoisseur.

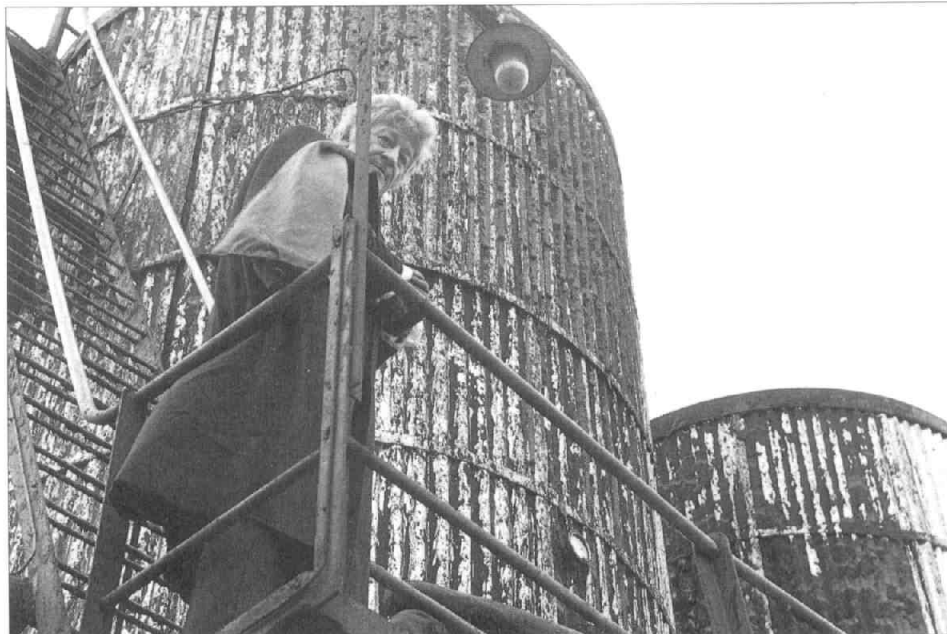
Matthew Coady writing about *Spearhead from Space* in the *Daily Mirror*, 26 January 1970.

I AM THE DOCTOR

*Right: Petra Williams (Sheila Dunn) checks the computers in the alternative world. **Inferno**.*

*Below: The Brigade Leader (Nicholas Courtney). **Inferno**.*

*Below right: The Doctor making his way down from the gasometers. **Inferno**.*



recorded because he liked being with us, and that's what he did. He came and watched the episodes being recorded and then joined us in the club afterwards for a drink.

The story also saw the first appearance in *Doctor Who* of the late Michael Wisher. Mike was an incredibly talented character actor and, after taking many parts in the series, he ended up playing Davros, creator of the Daleks, in one of the early Tom Baker stories. Something that not many people knew about Mike was that, as well as being a great actor, he was also a very talented carpenter and he built my bathroom in our house in Barnes. He created some tremendous tongue and groove woodwork and even included a secret panel covering a safe. His work was so good that after he had finished the room, I couldn't find the panel and had to get him back to show me where it was and how it worked. His untimely death in 1995 was a great loss to the industry.

The Ambassadors of Death also introduced a regular team of stunt men to the show. They



were collectively called 'Havoc' and among them were Terry Walsh, Alan Chuntz – Chuntzy – who was a black belt Judo champion and, of course, Derek Ware, who ran and organised the group. Because I needed someone to do my stunts, and Terry Walsh was about the right build, he became my personal stunt man. Eventually he took over organising the stunt duties on the show from Derek.

All the stuntmen were superb at their jobs and each had different talents. For example, one was a tremendous high-diver and always brought an elegant grace to his falls making them somewhat unreal. Another was far more naturalistic and was always used when they needed someone to fall out of a car or some other vehicle. The problem was that because he threw himself into the task, he usually ended up breaking something which, of course, looked much more realistic.

The Ambassadors of Death featured, at one point, the Doctor making a trip up into space in a rocket, and we needed to create the effect of G-Force as the rocket took off. I was strapped into a chair on the set, and was trying to pull my face into something which I hoped might look as though I was being subjected to G-Force but it wasn't easy and wasn't really working. So, someone suggested getting hold of an industrial strength hair dryer, or a blower, so that the

JOHN ANTHONY BLAKE (JOHN LEVENE)

'SERGEANT BENTON'

I had been working on Pat Troughton's last *Doctor Who* episode when I first heard that Jon Pertwee had been chosen as the new Doctor. I was a country lad from Salisbury up in the big city, working at the BBC on *Doctor Who*, and I couldn't believe that I was actually going to be working with the great Jon Pertwee.

The first time I met Jon was during rehearsals for *The Ambassadors of Death*. There was a great sense of anticipation amongst everyone when in walked this tall, erudite, charismatic man with a shock of white hair. I knew Jon from his films and from the radio, and when we were introduced, he shook my hand very firmly.

I remember travelling home after that first day thinking how extraordinarily lucky I was to have ended up working on *Doctor Who* with this man of a thousand voices. I was always very impressed by Jon. I really looked up to him. I knew from that moment that we had magic here. Jon had a big, professional heart and this endeared me to him as an actor first.

What developed was a camaraderie between Jon, myself and Nick Courtney which, I think, stemmed from a subliminal similarity to the way we all approached the business of acting in *Doctor Who*. As we progressed, I knew that I liked this man. Both he and I have always been very straight in our attitudes to others, and I respond well to that.

Jon had a Lancia Flavia sports car which, to me, denoted wealth. Now, I don't think Jon was all that wealthy, but to me, even owning a car was luxury. One day he said to me, 'John, I'm fond of your company. Would you like to come over to my house in the morning before rehearsals and we'll travel in together?'

So, I duly caught the bus from Putney to Barnes where I walked up the road to Jon's house and then we'd travel on up to the rehearsals. On one particular day, Jon said, 'I've got a lot of lines to learn this week. Why don't you drive my car?' So I ended up regularly driving the Lancia as Jon read his script and learned his lines, with me playing all the other parts. We made a stop in Chiswick to pick Katy Manning up and then continued to the rehearsal rooms. When we arrived we were laughing and enjoying ourselves, and this was the start of the family atmosphere. That trip from Jon's was always like a magical carpet ride.

Jon's last story, *Planet of the Spiders*, left me feeling orphaned. It really was the end of an era. I knew that I was never going to see Katy's smile again, that I wouldn't hear Nick asking me to join him for a pint, and that Jon wouldn't be asking me to drive him home again. It left a void, emptiness, sadness.

I knew that the rabbit was out of the hat and would never go back in it again.

Unforgettable.



John Levene.



powerful jet of air would force my face into a semblance of G-Force. So, they found one of these contraptions and pointed it at me. 'Ok, Doc,' shouted the chap holding it, and he switched it on. What he hadn't done, however, was check the settings, and I was blasted by a stream of boiling hot air. I think it must have been my language that alerted him to the fact that something was wrong, and he quickly turned the machine to blow cold. Life in *Doctor Who* was full of these hazards.

The Ambassadors of Death was one of a couple of occasions in *Who* when the Doctor had to use Morse code to tap out a message to the Brigadier, and, as I had been a wireless operator during the War, this didn't cause me any problems at all. In fact, knowing Morse has been a positive boon at times. During the war, when we were away from duty, we used to communicate in Morse so that no one else could understand us. Myself and some shipmates were on a train travelling up to London one time and some RAF squaddies came in and they were obviously wireless operators. They sat around the carriage whistling Morse messages back and forwards, making personal comments about the other passengers, which included us. What they didn't realise was that we were reading the messages and could understand them. And so we started to send our own messages by putting two fingers together and holding them against our lips as we blew out the code. As soon as these RAF boys realised what we were doing, they started to read us too, and we all ended up having Morse conversations on the train which none of the other passengers could understand. Which was just as well, considering some of the things we were saying.

Michael Ferguson was the director on *The Ambassadors of Death* and I liked his work tremendously. Mike really seemed to understand actors and always got a good performance out of them as a result. It was he who introduced us to the idea of what has been termed a 'comedy run-through'. The idea was that once we knew the script – or thought we knew the script – he would have a high speed run-through. He didn't mind what you did with it as long as you did it at a tremendous pace. Doing this made the cast and crew realise where the holes and dead spots were so that they could be covered up and corrected. The idea wasn't solely to do it in a funny way, but to identify and shave off all the rough edges. I remember occasions, however, when we did have a great deal of fun doing this run-through. For exam-

ple, I played the Doctor as a cockney character throughout one episode and on another occasion I used a different accent for every line. This routine was only done, as far as I recall, by Mike Ferguson, although I believe some other directors may have picked up the idea and used it later for themselves.

For a purely action-based adventure you couldn't do better than have Dougie Camfield as director. Being directed by Douglas was like being directed by Hitler! He was an amazing man; a puritan and a militarist and everything was organised like a military operation. He loved everything military and he was in his element when an opportunity to use anything military arose. *Inferno*, the final story of my first season, featured UNIT and also an alternate-world paramilitary group, and so Douglas was an ideal choice for director. He was a very irascible, yet interesting and likeable chap, and his wife, the lovely Sheila Dunn, also appeared in this story playing a scientist called Petra Williams.

It was while recording *Inferno* that I had what developed into a major dispute with Dougie. There was a moment in the story where I had to pick up a telephone and speak into it, and a message came down from the gallery in the studio: 'Tell Jon to pick up the telephone, take his arm back, across to the right, up and then over to his ear.' I said, 'No.' The PA, Chris D'Oyly John, who had relayed the message, said, 'What?' And I repeated, 'No!' 'But the director wants you to do it,' said Chris, but I replied, 'Well, tell him I'm not going to. But if I did, why?'

Chris relayed this back as 'Jon wants to know why he has to do this,' and the reply came back that it was because of the cameras: 'My cameras are positioned wrongly,' said Douglas via Chris. So I said, 'Well, ask him to move his cameras then. I'm an actor, not a robot.'

There was a pause, and Chris relayed that Douglas was coming down. This furious red-faced man came towering down the stairs from the gallery. He was roaring and was almost apoplectic with rage. His wife Sheila rushed up to him and tried to calm him down. Now, what I didn't know was that he had a pacemaker and that he could very easily push himself too far and have a heart attack. Sheila was hissing at me to cooperate and the other production members were also trying to calm the situation down. I belatedly realised what was happening and immediately tried to cover it up by saying, 'Oh, all right Dougie, I'll find a way to do it your way, don't worry.' So I had to do all these ridiculous arm movements in order to placate him. But for all this he was a damn good director and I enjoyed working with him very much. He was another talented man who died too young. A tragic loss.

Inferno had been written by Don Houghton whom I had first met in the fifties when he and I went out to Australia together on the maiden voyage of the *Aronsay*. I was taking out to Australia the first *Folies Bergers* revue called *Chez Paree* which starred me, Alan Clive the impressionist and the Carsony Brothers. We spent six weeks at sea getting to know people, and I got on well with Don, who was going out to Australia to work on radio.

Many years later Don announced that he was getting married to a very pretty Chinese actress named Pik Sen Lim. I was delighted when he told me and congratulated him, but he then confided in me that he was very worried because Pixi's father was coming over from China. Well, her father arrived and Don came to me again in a state of concern and said, 'It's the most terrible thing, her father intends buying a house in Putney for Pixi and her sister, who is studying over here.' Don was worried because houses in Putney were not cheap and he wondered whether Pixi's father realised how much this was going to cost him.

Eventually, Don and Pixi were married in an English church service and bought a house in Putney themselves. I was invited over to meet Pixi's family, and she had been teaching me to speak a little Hokien for use in the story that we were shooting at that time – *The Mind of Evil*. So, when her father arrived I welcomed him in Hokien and he was most impressed. I therefore became quite popular with her family, so much so that when Don and Pixi travelled out to Penang to get married in a Chinese ceremony,

Opposite top: The Doctor tackles two Republican Security Force soldiers in order to escape. *Inferno*.

Opposite bottom: Private Wyatt (Derek Ware) starts to change into a sub-humanoid monster. *Inferno*.

INFERNO

By Don Houghton
Directed by Douglas Camfield
First Transmitted:
09/05/70 – 20/06/70
7 episodes

The Doctor is using the nuclear generators at a deep-drilling project to provide power for some experiments with the TARDIS console. A power surge sends the Doctor into a parallel world where a green slime seeping from the drill head turns humans into monsters, and the penetration of the Earth's crust results in that world's destruction. Returning to the 'real' world, the Doctor manages to stop the drilling before disaster strikes.

Starring:

Jon Pertwee

The Doctor

With:

Caroline John

Liz Shaw

Nicholas Courtney

Section Leader Elisabeth Shaw

Olaf Pooley

Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart

Brigade Leader Lethbridge-Stewart

Professor Stahlman

Director Stahlmann

Christopher Benjamin

Sir Keith Gold

Derek Newark

Greg Sutton

Sheila Dunn

Petra Williams

Keith James

Patterson

Ian Fairbairn

Bromley

David Simeon

Private Latimer/RSF Private Latimer

Derek Ware

Private Wyatt/RSF Private Wyatt

Walter Randall

Harry Slacum

John Levene

Sergeant Benton

Roy Scammell

RSF Sentry

Dave Carter

Primord

Pat Gorman

Primord

Philip Ryan

Primord

Peter Thompson

Primord

Walter Henry

Primord



Director Stahlmann (Olaf Pooley) refuses to listen to the demands of the Brigade Leader (Nicholas Courtney). *Inferno*.

Inferno starred Olaf Pooley, who played the misguided Professor Stahlman, and also featured an actor named Walter Randall, who played a character called Slocum. I later went into partnership with Wally to run a short-lived fast food emporium – called Pertwee's Hamburger Joint – in Acton in 1976. I also made an amateur movie with him called *Villainous Wally and the Goldenhaired Kid*. He eventually finished up running a DIY shop in Twickenham.

I have always said that the stunt men we had on *Doctor Who* were some of the best in the business, but occasionally accidents happened. There was a scene in *Inferno* when I was driving Bessie and was supposed to run down one of the soldiers. Chuntzy was the stuntman for the scene, and he told me to drive at him at a steady 35 miles per hour and he would jump out of the way at the last moment. He told me not to slow down or speed up, but to drive at the same speed. So I brought Bessie round and drove at him as we'd planned. He was standing in front of the car, and at the last minute he jumped out of the way ... but not quick enough! I caught him with Bessie's bumper on his left leg as he flung himself out of the way. There was this most terrible noise, like the snapping of a stick, and I knew that something terrible had happened. He was immediately rushed off to hospital where eighteen stitches were put in his leg. The car had hit him at the top of his shin and had opened his leg right up from knee to ankle.

They told me afterwards that, despite the fact that he had been injured so horrifyingly, all Chuntzy kept saying was 'For gawd's sake, don't tell the Guv. It'll only make him upset.' For he knew that I was very fond of him and that I would have been dreadfully worried if I had known that I had injured him so badly.

After visiting the hospital he came back on the set, put his injured leg in a plastic bag and a new boot, and tried to get back to work. Of course after only a few minutes he passed out, so Terry Walsh promptly took him home. And all the way there he was asking Terry not to tell his missus how he had injured himself. This man, who could leap from the highest building, could throw himself out of a moving car or stage a fight on top of a speeding train was in complete awe of his wife.

I, however, have vertigo and am terrified of heights and in this story we had to film some sequences up on top of some gasometers down at Hoo on the Medway in Kent. These were really very high indeed, with only a little flimsy handrail between you and the drop. To get up on to the gasometers you had to climb a ladder on the side. I was very nervous about this but tried

my wife and I were invited but sadly we couldn't go due to work commitments.

When Don arrived in Penang, a car met him at the airport and took him to a magnificent hotel, where he told Pixi to go on up to the room, while he went and signed the register. Don walked up and down for a bit but couldn't find the reception desk and eventually asked one of the staff where he went to sign the register. The man looked at him in puzzlement and said that there wasn't a register. So Don said that surely there must be, a hotel as grand as this must have a register, and they said, 'Hotel? This isn't a hotel, this is Mr Sen Lim's house.' And Mr Sen Lim turned out to be one of the wealthiest men in the world. He actually owned parts of Hong Kong and a share of Tiger Balm, and yet Pixi had never told Don that her father had this enormous wealth.

not to let on to the rest of the team. So, I gritted my teeth and climbed up the side of this gasometer, eyes fixed straight ahead and desperately trying not to look down. When I got to the top, there was the wonderful Terry Walsh waiting for me. 'Hello, Guv. Coming for a stroll?' he said with a smile, and with that he and Chuntzy took me and walked me round and round the top of the gasometer until I got used to it. They were so considerate and tactful that they did all this without saying anything to me about my phobia. Throughout my time on the series, they would look after me like a baby and were never embarrassed about doing so. Terry knew that I could well do most of my own stunts but always insisted that anything involving falling he would do as we'd all have been out of work if I injured myself; whereas the simpler stunts, like climbing ladders and driving cars, hovercraft, speedboats and motorcycles I would always do myself.

Looking back at all the people we had in *Doctor Who*, it is interesting to note the number who initially appeared as extras but went on to become well known and popular actors. John Levene was like that. He started out in *Doctor Who* as an extra playing first a Cyberman and then a Yeti, and finally he was given the small part of Benton by Douglas Camfield. I liked John as Benton and was pleased that Barry Letts built him up and allowed the writers to make more of the part. Benton was a working girl's dream in that wherever we went on location, the local girls would fall all over him. Dave Carter was another extra who was really very good indeed. He was a charming and delightful man and I tried to encourage everyone to use him more. He ended up appearing in several of my stories in various roles.

Inferno featured the idea of a world parallel to the Earth and this gave the regular cast, Nick Courtney, Caroline John and John Levene, the opportunity to play their normal characters' alter egos. In the case of the Brigadier, his opposite number was a thoroughly nasty and evil character called the Brigade Leader, who differed physically from the Brigadier in that he had no moustache, had a scar and wore an eyepatch. Now, the Brigadier's moustache was a false one anyway, but when we realised that Nick was going to be wearing an eyepatch for his scenes as the Brigade Leader we hatched a scheme to totally throw him off track. Nick is a very good and a very serious actor and it takes a lot to make him corpse – an expression that basically means to crack up



Above: Ian Fairbairn waits for his cue as cameras are lined up for another scene during location filming for *Inferno*.

Below: The Doctor points out to two astonished technicians that their computer is warning of danger. *Inferno*.





The Brigadier (Nicholas Courtney) and Captain Munro (John Breslin). *Spearhead from Space*.

with laughter midway through a scene. In one of the scenes in which the Brigade Leader was interrogating the Doctor, the action called for him to start the scene sitting in a swivel chair with his back to us and to swing round and face us. What Nick saw when he swung his chair round was myself, Carrie and John all wearing black eye-patches and smiling innocently at him. To his credit Nick barely cracked a smile, but the rest of us rolled around in fits of laughter and it took some time before we could actually get the scene recorded successfully.

At one point in the story the characters were meant to be listening to a radio broadcast revealing how the end of the world was progressing, and I was asked to provide the voice. I decided to do it as a pastiche on Lord Haw Haw. Lord Haw Haw, whose real name was William Joyce, was an Anglo-Irishman who, throughout the Second World War, broadcast propaganda in the form of news reports which were meant to demoralise the Allied troops. Eventually he was captured, and taken to the Tower of London. I felt that the activities of this character made him a suitable voice to use for that scene. I later learned that the scene had been cut from the original UK transmission of the story, but was left in for the overseas copies, and, indeed, is also in the version available commercially on BBC Video.

Inferno was the final story I made with Caroline John as Liz Shaw, and was also the final story of my first season. I've always said that I didn't feel right with Caroline playing the assistant because I felt that Liz Shaw's character was rather too cerebral and intelligent to be a *Doctor Who*

assistant. I felt that the companions should be the sort of girls who got strapped to railway lines and who screamed 'Help, Doctor, help!' at the end of each episode. Carrie never seemed to fall into that category and Liz seemed to be a far stronger character than I felt worked as a companion. It is interesting that Barry was obviously thinking along the same lines and her contract was not renewed after her first season. I later discovered that she had been pregnant

TECHNO-SPEAK During my time in *Doctor Who* I was often called upon to say the most complex and incomprehensible lines of dialogue. Here are some of my favourites:

'What we really need is a lateral molecular rectifier.'
Spearhead from Space

'I'll try fusing the control of the neutron flow.'
Doctor Who and the Silurians

'It would create a dimensional paradox. It would shatter the space-time continuum of all universes.'
Inferno

INTRODUCING...



and would not have been able to continue anyway.

By the end of that season I had completely relaxed into the character of the Doctor. In fact, I had been relaxed about playing the part since the end of *Spearhead from Space* as that was the only story in which I felt awkward, due mainly to Peter Bryant wanting the character to be more humorous and there being humorous moments deliberately included in the script. Once we got going into the second and third stories, I knew what I was doing. The Doctor was a straight folk hero and that was how I wanted to play him.

Doctor Who had to grow up. Our audience was now seventy-five per cent adult, and even in 1970 children were growing up fast. You couldn't pull the wool over their eyes with sweet, coy little stories. What they wanted was what we gave them: basically serious science fiction. Our decision to take that line seemed to pay off as the ratings held steady.

Possibly the greatest affirmation for me was that towards the end of the season, the BBC wanted to sign me up as the Doctor for a further two years: until 1973. However, I wanted to take it on a year-by-year basis and shortly after we had finished making *Inferno*, I signed up for the following year only.

I had wanted to keep my options open, and even as I finished working on *Doctor Who*, I was planning a holiday trip to the Sahara Desert, to Morocco where I hoped to indulge in some underwater fishing and film a Berber wedding in the Atlas mountains. On top of that I was also appearing in cabaret at Butlins' Holiday Camp in Clacton, and had landed a film part in *The House that Dripped Blood*, playing, of all things, an actor who becomes transformed into a vampire.

With these jobs and a holiday under my belt, I was back at the BBC in the middle of 1970 to start rehearsing for my second season as the Doctor.

The Doctor is caught by a RSF soldier in an alternative world. *Inferno*.



The House That

The *House That Dripped Blood* was meant to be a comedy-horror film, directed by Peter Duffell, who eventually came to live opposite me in Barnes. He was mad on flamenco music and was the most brilliant Spanish guitar player. He would go and play guitar in a famous Spanish restaurant, Chez Pepe, off Shaftsbury Avenue. I was also keen on guitar playing and flamenco, and we really hit it off. I remember when it came to this film, we had a meeting at which it was suggested that we send my whole segment of the film up, so we started off with this over-the-top make-up with big hats and cloaks. Ingrid Pitt insisted on smoking her cigarettes through a long holder and I had a silver topped cane, the whole thing.

In the film, I was playing a terribly affected and self-aware horror film actor, and Christopher Lee, who is a friend of mine and who was also starring in the film, came up to me and asked on whom I had based my character. He said that I was obviously taking the mickey out of someone and wondered who it was. Well, I told him that it wouldn't be fair to name names, as it *was* based on a well-known actor. Of course what I could never tell him was that it was actually based on him! Other people had twigged it and had told me so, but poor Chris never knew or realised that he was the inspiration.

Ingrid Pitt and I always got on well together, but there was a scene in the film when she had to slap me on the face. Before we did the scene, I asked her to make sure that she didn't hit me with the hand on which she wore all her rings, because she could have cut my face and caused a delay to the filming. So, what happened when we came to do the scene ... she hit me with the hand with the rings on.



Jon as horror film actor Paul Henderson in the 1970 film *The House That Dripped Blood*.



Dripped Blood



We made the picture, sending the whole thing up, and the reaction from the technicians on the floor was superb; they would fall about laughing, so we felt that we were on the right track with the film. That was until about halfway through the picture, when the producer came in, took one look at what we were doing and went raving mad. 'What are you doing to my picture!' he screamed. 'We're supposed to be making a horror picture and you're here making a comedy! Stop it! Cut it all out.' The problem was that by now we were halfway through making it, and we couldn't go back and re-do all the stuff that had gone before. This is why the film suddenly dipped. My section and the end of the film were cut to ribbons.

The final scenes in the vampire's cellar, when I struggle with John Bennett, were full of excellent gags: I was to bite him on the neck and end with his tie in my mouth. But all this stuff was cut out as they unsuccessfully tried to make the film more serious.



When Henderson dons the vampire's cloak he is transformed into a vampire. Jon had to endure being hoisted up on kirby wires for the scenes in which he had to 'fly' after being transformed.



CHAPTER 3 MY BEST ENEMY

After my first season as the Doctor had been transmitted, one of the most immediate differences I noticed was that I was instantly recognised wherever I went. One evening I went to Canterbury to see a friend who was appearing at the Marlowe Theatre. There was a pantomime on and the audience was full of children. As I waited in the foyer after the performance, the children all stared and gaped for a time and then plucked up courage and came and asked me for my autograph. I naturally signed as 'Jon Pertwee', but many insisted that I sign only as 'Doctor Who'.

As an actor I thrive on this identification. Some actors don't like to be recognised all the time and for them it can become wearing. However, as far as I am concerned it goes with the territory: either you are a household name and everyone considers that they own a part of you, or you are not and people pass you by. What was certainly interesting was that when we were filming on location for my second season, there seemed to be far more interest in the show than there had been the previous year. Perhaps part of that interest was due to the fact that we had several new faces joining the team.

First of all there was a new girl, played by Katy Manning, daughter of the famous sports columnist J. L. Manning whom I knew. Barry had apparently interviewed numerous actresses for the role of the new companion before choosing Katy and I later discovered that these included the Swedish actress Yutte Stensgaard and Gabrielle Drake. Rula Lenska, Dennis Waterman's future wife, was also considered. Even the future Mrs Michael Caine, Shakira Baskch, was auditioned. I actually knew Shakira and one time I made the mistake of taking her into the BBC Club for a drink. I had never realised that I had so many friends! So many people stopped by for a chat and a drink, as she was so beautiful. She nearly brought the club to a standstill.

Katy turned out to be excellent playing Jo because she was very good at listening. If you listen, then it shows in your face. I am a good listener too, so in the scenes in which we were talking to each other, the fact that we were each listening to what the other was saying came over to the audience. Some actors will give you an impassive look of nothing on their faces when you are performing with them. I found it very easy and very natural to act with her and a rapport between the Doctor and Jo was very evident on the screen.

The second new face was that of Roger Delgado. Roger had been a personal friend of mine for many years and I think that I may even have introduced him to his future wife Kismet, because I had known Kismet for years before Roger did. She was a great friend of a girlfriend of mine. We were all

'We were filming the one about the grisly plastic creatures, Terror of the Autons, and I remember it well for several reasons. The first was because we did some filming at Robert Brothers' circus, which was great fun and really interesting, because we met all these completely bizarre gypsy types who'd obviously lived very full lives. The second was because I ran straight into a rock, knocking myself silly, because they wouldn't let me wear my glasses, though that's not surprising, they were so thick! – and because Jon hadn't yet got the knack of leading me around like a mother hen, which he very quickly adopted to avoid me injuring myself any more than I already had done.'

Katy Manning interviewed by Richard Marson for Doctor Who Magazine Winter Special 1985.

Opposite: The Master (Roger Delgado) as the Reverend Magister, the new vicar of Devil's End. The Dæmons.

Below: The Doctor and Jo (Katy Manning). Terror of the Autons.



I AM THE DOCTOR

At the conclusion of *Terror of the Autons*, the Master (Roger Delgado) is captured ... or is he?

TERROR OF THE AUTONS

By Robert Holmes

Directed by Barry Letts

First Transmitted:

02/01/71 – 23/01/71

4 episodes

The Master, an old acquaintance of the Doctor's, arrives on Earth and, stealing a Nestene Energy Unit from a museum, brings the Nestene Consciousness to Earth once more. The Master takes over a plastics factory and manufactures many Nestene-controlled objects, including suffocating chairs, a deadly troll doll, a telephone cord which strangles the user and plastic daffodils that hide a deadly secret. The Doctor and his new assistant Jo, manage to stop the Master before the Earth is invaded by the Nestenes.

Starring:
Jon Pertwee

The Doctor

With:

Nicholas Courtney
Roger Delgado
Katy Manning
Richard Franklin
John Levene
Michael Wisher
John Baskcomb
Christopher Burgess
Stephen Jack
Barbara Leake
Andrew Staines
Harry Towb
Frank Mills
Roy Stewart
Dermot Tuohy
David Garth
Tommy Reynolds
Dave Carter
Norman Stanley
Bill McGuirk
Terry Walsh
Pat Gorman
Haydn Jones

Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart
The Master
Jo Grant
Captain Mike Yates
Sergeant Benton
Rex Farrell
Rossini
Professor Phillips
Farrell Senior
Mrs Farrell
Gooch
Mc Dermott
Radio Telescope Director
Strong Man
Brownrose
Time Lord
Troll Doll
Museum Attendant
Telephone Mechanic
Policeman
Auton Policeman
Auton Leader
Auton Voice

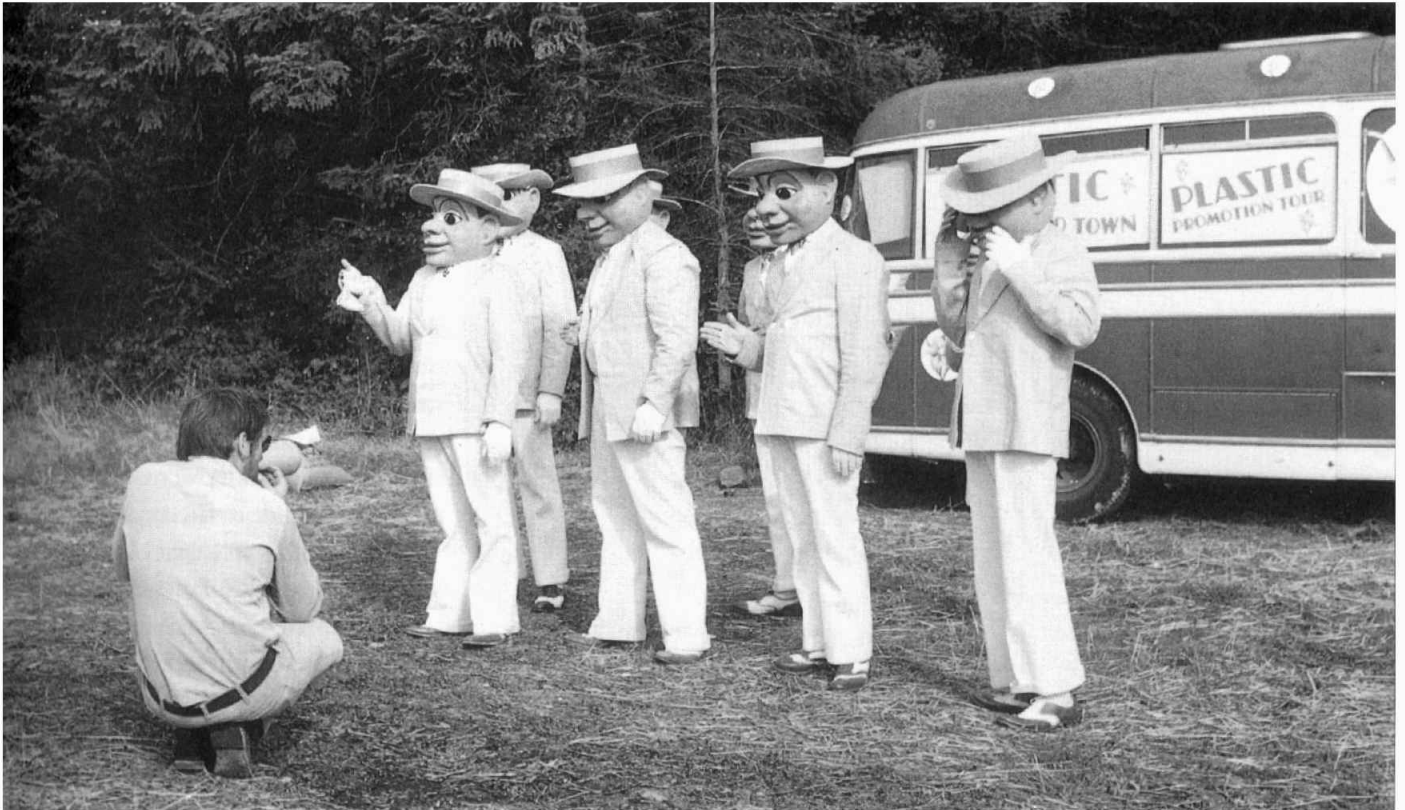


friends, basically, and were very close right up until Roger was tragically killed in 1973.

Roger was the very personification of evil with his piercing hypnotic eyes and his little devilish beard. However, in real life he was the gentlest man I ever knew. He was not in any way a villainous character, nor was he in any way an aggressive man. On the contrary, he was one of the nicest and kindest people you could ever hope to meet. He was also one of the bravest men I ever knew because he was basically cowardly. He was genuinely frightened of just about everything: water, flying, heights – I swear he would have jumped at his own reflection. However, he was incredibly brave because he faced all these fears down in his acting life and never once let the audience see that he was terrified. I shudder to think of the number of times in *Doctor Who* that we had Roger climbing the sides of buildings, driving boats and falling in the water, all of which he did with hardly a murmur of dissent or worry, even though he was terrified. In the fifties, he and I were going to do a musical together called *Girl for a Day*. Gordon MacRae was going to be in it with us along with Gloria Jean. Roger was going to play an Arab potentate with his own harem. The idea was that he owed my character some money and when he went away to try to collect it, he gave me the key to his harem and said that I could use it, but only if he didn't return. I was very keen to do this play because of all the beautiful girls that we would have had in it. In the end they got in another leading lady, called Phylis Plinge, or something, who was awful and the whole production collapsed in financial ruin. Later, talking to the producer about some other business, I made my feelings clear about the change of cast and asked who in God's name was the dreadful Phylis Plinge. 'My wife,' he replied.

Barry and Terrance have said that they created the character of the Master in *Doctor Who* specifically for Roger to play. As far as I know, the fact that he was a friend of mine was a complete coincidence. His getting the part had nothing to do with me and when they told me that they had cast him as the Doctor's arch enemy, I was absolutely delighted.

The final new face was Richard Franklin, who played Captain Mike Yates. Yates was another of the UNIT team and, like John Levene's Benton, was a character that worked



On location for *Terror of the Autons*, the Auton 'Daffodil Men' prepare to film a scene.

well alongside the others.

The story in which Katy, Roger and Richard made their first appearance was called *Terror of the Autons*, and I thought it was excellent. One of the best we ever did. Again it was Robert Holmes writing and Barry Letts directing. A great team.

We had some marvellous characters in that story. Michael Wisher played the put-upon owner of another plastics factory which was called into service producing Nestene-controlled plastic goods. Michael was a very underrated actor and should have been used a lot more than he was. Stephen Jack, who played Wisher's father and former owner of the factory, was the greatest voice man in the country, and his son, Andrew Jack, is now the top voice coach in England.

Tommy Reynolds was a diminutive gentleman who played a hideous plastic troll doll which came alive. Tommy had to wear a rubber suit and sit on a large model radiator. However, inside the suit he got hotter and hotter and in the end he collapsed in the studio as the heat from the studio lights was unbearable. This was a constant problem on *Doctor Who* because the costumes were often made of rubber and the studios did get very, very hot.

The circus used for some of the location work was the Roberts Brothers Circus owned by Bobby Roberts, who was a great friend of mine. He even made an appearance in the final story with a line of dialogue in the second episode playing a chap whom the Doctor questions while he is leading some elephants. I had a great time filming down at the circus, and most evenings saw me enjoying food and drink with Bobby and his family in their magnificent trailer.

Terror of the Autons featured one of the greatest falls by Terry Walsh ever to appear in *Doctor Who*. The scene in question came when the Doctor and Jo had been driven to a quarry by two Auton policemen, played by Terry and another of the stuntmen. The Doctor and Jo had just escaped from the police car when the Brigadier and Yates arrived in another car and, seeing the Doctor's predicament, Yates drove straight at one of the Autons. The Auton was knocked backwards by the jeep and down a massive incline of rock, shale and scrub, finishing up at the bottom – where it promptly got back to its feet and started climbing back up the slope again, proving that the Autons were a hard act to defeat.

The first time we came to film this scene, everyone was very tense. Terry had been working





Above: The Master (Roger Delgado) subjects Gooch (Andrew Staines) to his matter compressor. *Terror of the Autons*.

Right: Jon helps move some of the cardboard boxes used to break the fall of a stuntman as he topples from a radio telescope. *Terror of the Autons*.

"Dr Who" (BBC 1) is up to its tricks again and the latest adventure, "Terror of the Autons", with killer dolls, a power-mad Master and mass hypnosis, is sure-fire stuff to set the tea-cups rattling at Saturday tea-times.

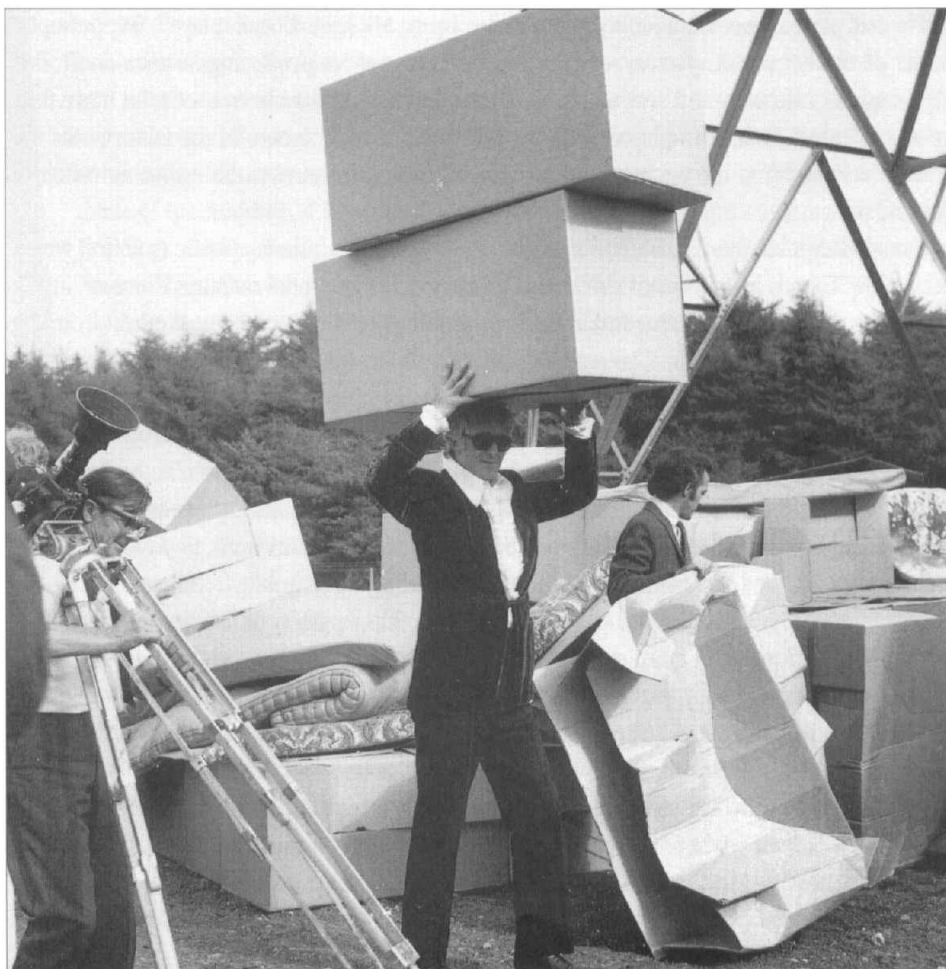
The great thing about it is Jon Pertwee's central role. Since Dr Who came down to Earth, after a series of self-mocking fantasies, it has improved no end; Pertwee makes the Doctor fallible and by so doing injects that extra edge to his adventures.

Terror of the Autons reviewed in an unknown newspaper, 11 January 1971.

up to performing the stunt for some time – getting himself mentally and physically prepared – and there was a definite atmosphere as the cameras were positioned.

'OK,' shouted Barry. 'Action!' Terry began his short sprint to where a small trampoline had been positioned to assist his spectacular fall down the cliff. 'Stop! Stop!' shouted Barry all of a sudden. Everyone had been so tense and concentrating on getting the stunt right first time, that he had forgotten to tell the cameraman to start filming. Terry was just able to stop himself in time.

After a short break for everyone to recompose themselves, we went again. 'OK. Turn Over! Action!' Terry ran for the trampoline and launched himself into space. He only actually hit the ground three times whilst going down the cliff. He was also wearing a mask which impeded his vision and it was simply an extraordinary fall. We were all watching from atop a nearby hill and burst into a spontaneous round of applause as Terry got to his feet and started back up the



incline. It was very dangerous as Terry could have hit his head on a rock which could well have killed him at the speed he was travelling. As usual, Terry was fine afterwards. He was not injured in any way which is a testament to his skill as a stunt man and the planning that went into a fall like that.

While going on a bus to a location, Katy and I were talking about education. I told her that I had been to a public school called Sherborne which was frightfully toffee nosed and dreadful – they used to encourage bullying and fagging and it was simply awful. I told her that it was so snobbish that we even had a school song that was not to be sung in English – it was to be sung in Latin. Everybody had to learn it.

'Well, how did it go?' asked Katy innocently. So I said, 'It went: "*Olim fuit monachorum; Schola nostra sedes; Puer regius illorum; Fecit nos heredes.*"' 'Which means: 'Once upon a time, our school was the abode of monks; A boy king made us as of them,' referring to the history of the school. I got two lines into the song when a voice behind me, sitting right on my shoulder, chipped in with the next line! I leapt from my seat, turned round and there was my dresser – a man called Harry, who was the gayest old thing you have ever known – smiling all over his face. He worked with me for a long time on *Doctor Who* and really knew the theatre backwards.

'You weren't the only one who went to a good school, dear!' he said in his outrageously camp voice. What an incredible coincidence.

The next story, *The Mind of Evil*, was written by Don Houghton, who had also written *Inferno*, and it featured his wife, Pik Sen Lim, playing a Chinese army captain.

It was again directed by Tim Combe. I will always remember Tim, because when I was in the studio prior to a recording, I used to employ a voice-clearer. I and all my team used to go out on to the set and yell, 'Harry Roy'. The word 'Ro-o-o-o-y' helping to clear the throat. The guest stars in *Doctor Who* were always quite bemused when we would all stand there shouting, 'Harry Roy'.

Now when it came to *Doctor Who and the Silurians*, we were all set to do our 'Harry Roy' when someone said to me that as our director was Tim Combe, instead of doing a 'Harry Roy', why not do a 'Tim Combe'? So in full voice we went, 'Tim Co-o-o-o-o-o-mbe', and as this vibrated through the studio people looked at each other in puzzlement, wondering why so many of us were shouting at poor Tim Combe.

We filmed down at Dover Castle where I was stationed for a time during the war. There was a huge German gun aimed at Dover from the French coast, similar to one nicknamed 'Big Bertha' in the First World War, and it fired fifteen-inch shells at Dover. We had what was called a spotting top, a man positioned on the cliffs at Dover, or on top of the castle, with binoculars trained on where the gun was on the French coast. He was watching for a small puff of smoke that meant that the gun had been fired. When he saw the smoke he would press the siren and people had only a few seconds to get to ground before the shell hit. Luckily Dover was honeycombed with tunnels and caves.

Appearing in *The Mind of Evil* with us was Neil McCarthy. He was a good friend of mine and he also died young. He suffered from a medical condition called acromegaly, or gigantism, and he had hands like bunches of bananas, yet he was one of the most beautiful classical pianists I had ever heard. The sight of Neil sitting at a piano stool with these enormous fingers, but being able to play superb music with such delicacy is something that will stay with me forever. I was pleased that we also had Bill Marlowe in the show as he was a splendid actor. He later married Roger Delgado's widow, Kismet, and we used to see a lot of each other socially. Kristopher Kum, who played a Chinese delegate, used to run a theatrical agency and was a very good cook. He came round to my house one night and cooked us a superb Chinese meal.

THE MIND OF EVIL
By Don Houghton
Directed by Timothy Combe
First Transmitted:
30/01/71 – 06/03/71
6 episodes

The Doctor investigates a new process for draining the evil from hardened prisoners using a device called the Keller machine. Meanwhile, the Brigadier is overseeing security arrangements at a world peace conference and Yates is supervising the transport of a missile armed with a nerve gas warhead. The Master has his finger in all these pies and is using the Keller machine to disrupt the conference while he releases the prisoners and uses them to hijack the missile. The Doctor and Jo realise that the Keller machine contains an alien mind parasite and manage to work out a way of stopping the Master before he provokes World War III.

Starring:
Jon Pertwee

The Doctor

With:

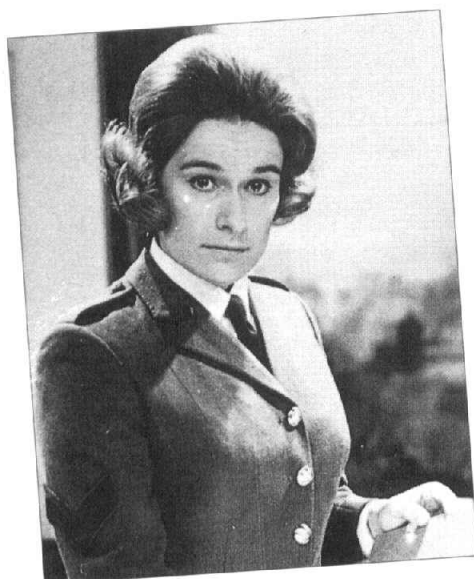
Roger Delgado	The Master
Katy Manning	Jo Grant
Nicholas Courtney	Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart
Richard Franklin	Captain Mike Yates
John Levene	Sergeant Benton
Neil Mc Carthy	Barnham
Simon Lack	Professor Kettering
William Marlowe	Mailer
Pik-Sen Lim	Captain Chin Lee
Michael Sheard	Dr Summers
Clive Scott	Linwood
Patrick Godfrey	Major Cosworth
Haydn Jones	Vosper
Raymond Westwell	Prison Governor
Kristopher Kum	Fu Peng
Fernanda Marlowe	Corporal Bell
Tommy Duggan	Senator Alcott
Johnny Barrs	Fuller
David Calderisi	Charlie
Ray Purcell	Chief Prison Officer Powers
Eric Mason	Senior Prison Officer Green
Bill Matthews	Prison Officer
Barry Wade	Prison Officer
Dave Carter	Prison Officer
Matthew Walters	Main Gates Prisoner



Above: In a quiet moment, the Doctor and Jo (Katy Manning) discuss their situation. *The Mind of Evil.*

Right: A disguised Brigadier (Nicholas Courtney) and Sergeant Benton (John Levene) arrive at Stangmoor Prison to free the Doctor and Jo (Katy Manning). *The Mind of Evil.*

Below: Corporal Bell (Fernanda Marlowe). *The Mind of Evil.*



Because the story featured the Doctor meeting this Chinese delegate, we decided that it would be nice if the Doctor actually spoke some Hokien to him. Pixi taught me how to speak the phrases and they were used in the show, with subtitles for those members of the audience who were perhaps not too familiar with the language.

Playing the American delegate we had an actor called Tommy Duggan. Now, years before, Tommy and I used to go to a lovely little restaurant in Wardour Street called The Old Lantern Cafe where they did a lunch for one shilling and sixpence, and if you paid one and eight then you got a cup of coffee with it. The place was owned by a woman called Mrs Phillips. Mr Phillips, her husband, had only one eye and used to sit all

day at a corner table by the telephone, and do nothing but back the dogs.

I don't think Tommy was genuinely American, or even Canadian, but after the War there was a group of actors who spoke with American accents. Michael Balfour was one; he had done some time with the American army and had picked up the accent. Richard Neilson, one of my oldest friends who now lives in America, was another.

Much of *The Mind of Evil* was set in a prison. There were a great many staged riots and fights, and these were wonderful to watch from the sidelines. All the prisoners were played by the stuntmen, and they used to behave appallingly during the fights, doing incredibly evil things to each other. When one fell down as though knocked out, and landed heavily on top of another who was also supposedly out for the count, he would jab his elbow into the side of the other chap and surreptitiously tickle him, anything in fact to make him move, or to laugh. It was

hilarious to watch them all trying to play dead and not to be distracted by each other.

The BBC's studios were like all television studios in that they had completely flat, level and smooth floors on which the cameras could glide unimpeded. When we needed to give the effect of carpets, or tiles, or wooden planking, a couple of men would spend the night painting the floor with rollers to give the correct colour and texture. When we had finished recording, they would return and wash all the paint off the floor, ready for the next sets to be erected. This of course meant that the paint had to be water based.

When we were recording *The Mind of Evil*, there was one scene where Roger had to threaten me with a gun, and when we came to record it he accidentally swept a vase of flowers off a table, and water from the vase went all over the floor. As well as ruining the painted floor, this also had the effect of turning the surface into a skating rink and Roger and I could hardly keep our balance. We somehow made it to the end of the scene without falling flat on our faces, but it was very amusing trying to act and keep ones feet firmly planted at the same time. Barry had been watching us from the gallery and had been in fits of laughter at our antics, but hadn't the heart to tell us to stop. Once we had finished, they mopped the water up and we went for a second take.

We had this problem with wet, slippery floors on several stories: *Planet of the Daleks* and *The Green Death* were others that I recall having a terrible time on when the floors went like ice as water was spilt on them.

The Mind of Evil also featured one of my favourite moments in *Doctor Who* which actually had nothing to do with the development of the story. Don had written a marvellous scene where Jo and the Doctor have been locked in a cell. The Doctor suddenly asks, 'Did I ever tell you about the time I was in the Tower of London?' 'No?' says Jo. 'I shared a cell with a very strange chap called Raleigh,' continues the Doctor. 'Raleigh?' asks Jo, slightly taken aback. 'Sir Walter Raleigh,' says the Doctor. 'He got in some trouble with Queen Elizabeth – Elizabeth the first, that is – he kept going on about this new vegetable of his he'd discovered, you see, called the potato. One day he sat down, pointed a finger at me ...' and there it ended.

This short scene added so much to the ongoing characters of the Doctor and Jo that I subsequently tried to get the writers to include more of this sort of material. The scenes play so naturally, and add so much character to the story. It always works so well in films when they develop the characters through some incidental dialogue or action which, although nothing to do with the main plot line, adds to the sum of the whole.

We were doing some filming in a square just off Cromwell Road in London for this story, and the weather was, as usual when we went on location with *Doctor Who*, absolutely appalling. The production assistant told us that during the breaks in the filming, we could go into the basement of number ten, as there was a lady there who had very kindly told us that we could use her flat. If Katy, Nick or myself wanted to get out of the rain and relax there, then they'd come and call us when they were ready.

I was very pleased by this as you rarely got the opportunity to get into the warm when filming. So, when I had finished my first scenes, I headed off to the basement of number ten and rapped on the door.



Top: Jon poses with a rocket hired for the production and a group of regular army men brought in to appear as extras. *The Mind of Evil*.

Above: Pik Sen Lim, wife of writer Don Houghton, as Captain Chin Lee. *The Mind of Evil*.



'Jon Pertwee was the best and certainly the most imaginative of all the Doctors. The show's format was tailored to suit him and worked very well as a consequence.'

Don Houghton interviewed by Jeremy Bentham for *In-Vision* number 56.

Someone said, 'Come in.' So I opened the door and went in. A voice from the kitchen said, 'Would you like a cup of tea?' So I said, 'That'd be lovely, thanks. Milk and sugar please.' I sat down and picked up the paper and started to read.

Then this kind woman asked again, 'D'you want a cup of tea?' So I again said, slightly louder this time, 'Yes please. Milk and two sugars please.'

'Sit down,' came the voice. 'I'm sitting down,' I replied. 'I'm very comfortable and I've got the paper.'

Then Nick Courtney knocked on the door and the woman said, 'Come in!' So Nick came in and settled on the sofa. 'Would you like a cup of tea?' asked the lady. 'Yes please,' said Nick.

'Like a cup of tea?' she asked again.

By this time I was getting a little exasperated and gave Nick a look, as if to say, 'What's the matter with the woman?'

So I got up and went into the kitchen. There was no woman there, only a mynah bird in a cage.

The bird was speaking as clear as a bell in the exact voice of the woman who owned the place. Eventually she herself appeared and asked if we were all right and I said, 'Yes, thank you. Your mynah bird has been most attentive.' 'Did he offer you a cup of tea?' she asked. 'Yes,' I said. 'Several times.' 'Well, I'd better make one then,' she said.

Our next story was *The Claws of Axos* which featured some creatures that we called the inside-out men because they looked as though their insides, their intestines, were hanging on the outside of their bodies. It was a good effect and they were really rather convincing, far better than a rubber suit where you could see all the joins. My only concern was that they still walked like men in rubber suits, that perhaps it would have been better if they had lurched along with a more monsterlike gait. However, I have not as yet had the opportunity to get inside a monster suit myself, so I really don't know how hard it is to move when encased in three hundredweight of rubber. Perhaps I'll have the opportunity to find out some day.

We were joined in the story by Peter Bathurst, playing an obstreperous civil servant called Chinn. Just after appearing in this story, he all but left acting to run his most successful coffee bar in the King's Road, Chelsea. The monsters could also take humanoid form and the leading humanoid Axon was played by Bernard Holley, who had been starring in *Z Cars* and had wanted to break away from the soap and do something different. The problem with most long-running-series actors is that they seem to vanish without trace after they leave the series for which they are most well known. We also had Tim Piggott-Smith playing the small part of a soldier called Harker but he has since gone on to become a major actor, playing the lead in numerous TV and film productions. Another fine example of *Doctor Who* spotting the talent first.

We were filming on location down by a power station in Dungeness and we used to get there before the workers, as we had very early starts on location to make the most of the available light. We had the mobile canteen set up and would be sitting and standing around, eating hot bacon rolls and drinking enormous cups of steaming BBC tea. At first, the people arriving for work seemed to quite like seeing us and called out inevitable lines like, 'Hi, Doc!' and 'Where's yer TARDIS then?' but others seemed a little envious of us, so, as they drove by, they yelled loud 'ruderies' at us.

This went on for a couple of days, and we were beginning to get a little tired of it when Terry Walsh decided that he was going to end it forthwith. So, the next morning he got all his mates together and, when the first couple of cars drove in, they all stepped out in the road, formed a ring around the workers' cars and proceeded to yell, very loudly, at the drivers. I can't remember the *exact* words they used, but it was certainly nothing complimentary.

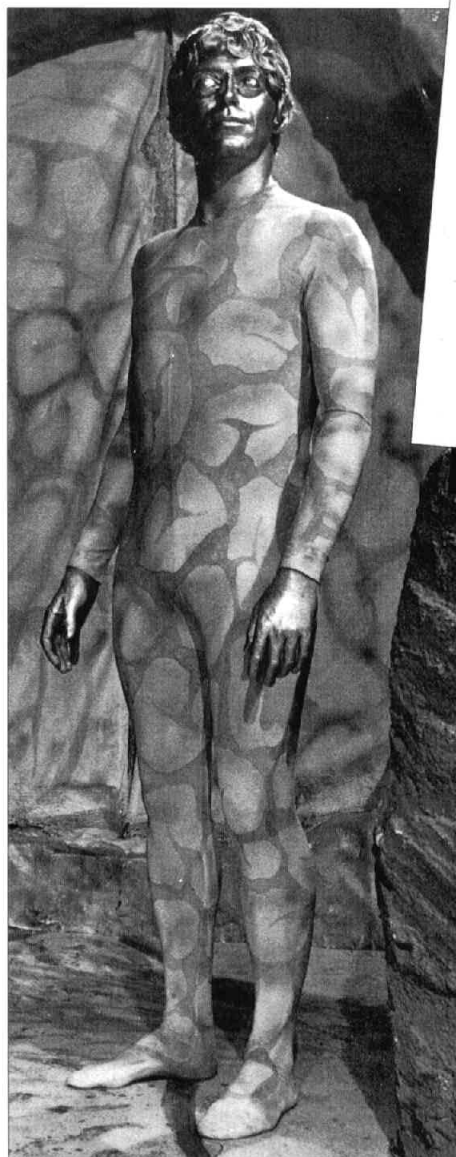
The workers were suitably cowed by this and slunk off as Terry and his mates represented a solid brick wall of muscle and no one in their right minds would have tried to pick a fight with them. After that, we had no further ruderies!

It was while we were on location that we experienced quite the most changeable weather that I can ever remember. When we got there it was bright sunshine, then it rained, then it snowed and the temperature dropped to freezing, so we couldn't get any continuity in the shooting at all. Eventually someone – probably Michael Ferguson, the director – had the bright idea of writing in a line for the studio recording where one of the cast reported 'freak weather conditions' in the area. An excellent way, I thought, of getting round the problems of British weather.

I later heard from Terry Walsh that Michael had used a similar technique on another show he was directing, where a couple of chaps had to escape from a cell through the window. Because the interiors were being shot before the exteriors, he had the actors record the scene with several variations of dialogue to cover whatever the weather conditions may have been outside at the time they came to film those sequences. So, on one take they shivered and commented about the cold, on another they said something about the wind, on yet another they mentioned that it was raining... and so on.

I said to one reporter while we were on location, that if he had told me that we were in Latvia, I would have believed him. In fact, I had just returned from a short holiday in Ibiza and had not slept for three nights because the return journey had been endless and one of the worst flights of my life. I was tired and cold and jet lagged – how I managed to keep going I do not know. It was perishingly cold on that location. Colder than I can ever remember. It would have been fatal to stand outside when you weren't needed, so I spent most of the time either in my car with the heater on full blast or in the make-up caravan. We had a bunch of army lads down there as well, and they would open up the bonnets of their land rovers to allow the crew to warm their hands in the heat from the engines.

The person I felt most sorry for was Katy. She had been kitted out in a miniskirt and a pair of soft knee-length leather Biba boots. They were the height of fashion at the time and Katy loved them. Katy always made sure



THE CLAWS OF AXOS

By Bob Baker and Dave Martin
Directed by Michael Ferguson

First Transmitted:
13/03/71 – 03/04/71
4 episodes

Brought by the Master, the beautiful golden Axons arrive on Earth and offer friendship and a miraculous substance called Axonite, which will revolutionise food production. The Axons are revealed as being hideous tentacled monsters and the Axonite will absorb all the Earth's energy. The Doctor realises that to defeat them he must join forces with the Master and take perhaps the greatest gamble of his life.

Starring:

Jon Pertwee

The Doctor

With:

Nicholas Courtney	Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart
Roger Delgado	The Master
Katy Manning	Jo Grant
Richard Franklin	Captain Mike Yates
John Levene	Sergeant Benton
Bernard Holley	Axon Man
Peter Bathurst	Chinn
Paul Grist	Filer
Donald Hewlett	Hardiman
David Savile	Dr Winsor
Fernanda Marlowe	Corporal Bell
Tim Pigott-Smith	Captain Harker
Patricia Gordino	Axon Woman
John Hicks	Axon Boy
Debbie Lee London	Axon Girl
Derek Ware	Pigbin Josh
Michael Waller	1st Radar Operator
David G. March	2nd Radar Operator
Kenneth Benda	The Minister
Royston Farrell	Technician

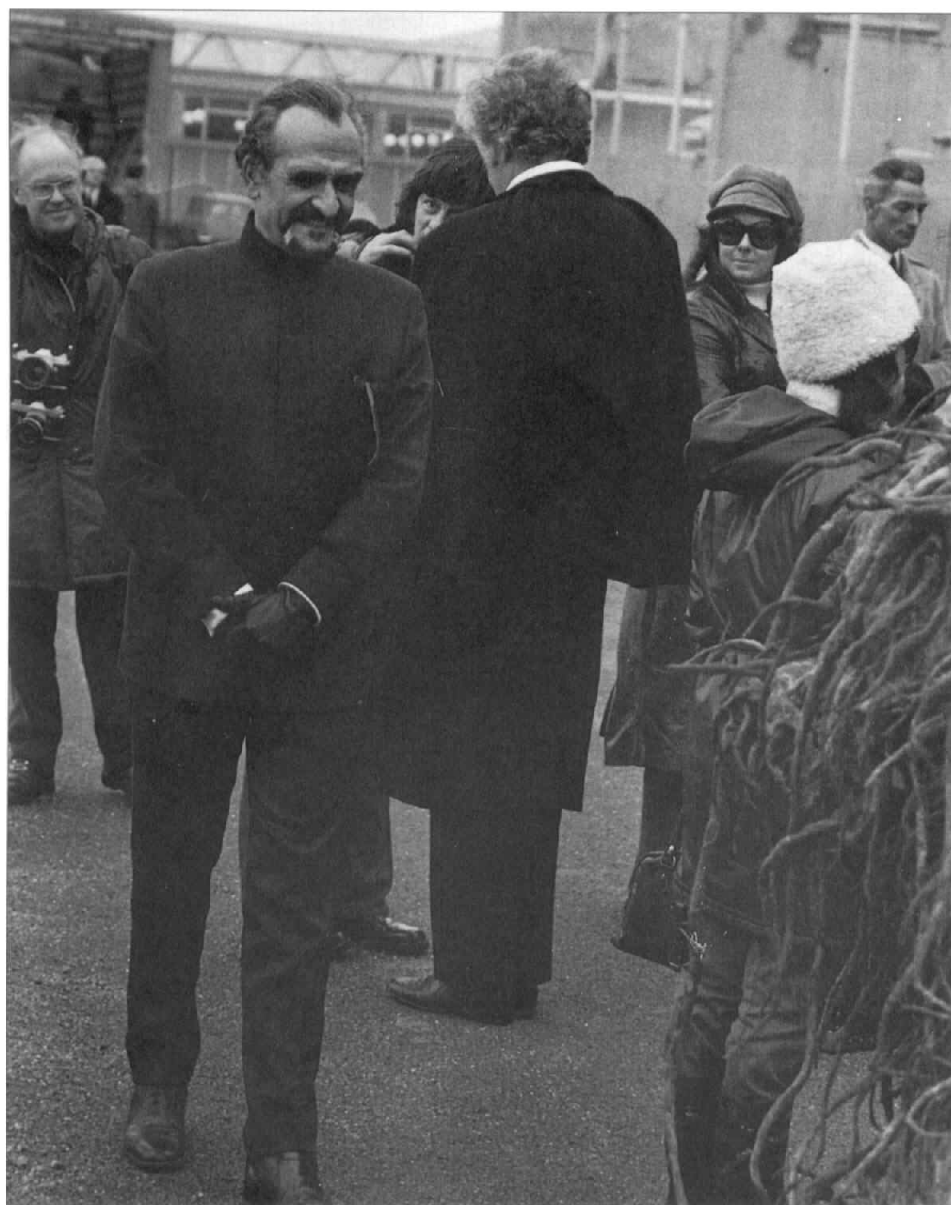
The Axons in their humanoid form.

Top: Patricia Gordino.

Bottom: Bernard Holley.

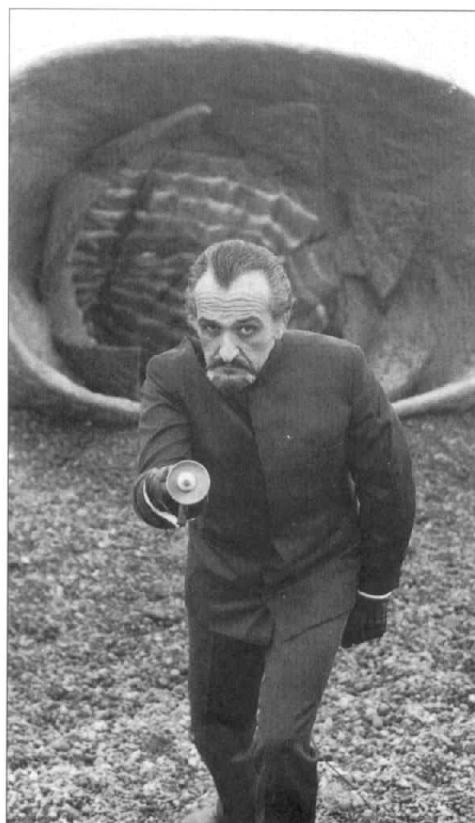
The Claws of Axos.

I AM THE DOCTOR



Above: On location for *The Claws of Axos*, Roger Delgado watches as an actor gets into an Axon costume.

Right: The Master (Roger Delgado) outside the entrance to the Axon spacecraft. *The Claws of Axos*.



that Jo's costumes were of the latest fashion. This, of course, made her terribly popular with all the trendy young girls who were watching. It wasn't quite what a scientist's assistant would perhaps wear, but Katy loved it. I remember her getting a blue furry coat for *The Three Doctors*, and the first time she walked out on set, I commented that I hadn't realised that a blue Yeti was in the story.

The boots she was wearing for *The Claws of Axos* unfortunately had very thin soles and, after she had been running backward and forward through the snow for an hour or so rehearsing – and then shooting the scenes – she came into the caravan, where we were all resting in the warmth, and tried to get her boots off. She couldn't, so Richard Franklin gave her a hand. Her feet were numb and completely blue from the cold. She very nearly had a severe case of frostbite.

Coincidentally, the beach that they used for some of the sequences in *The Claws of Axos* was the same location that they took the photograph of me in 1984 for the front cover of my first autobiography *Moonboots and Dinner Suits*. It was the nearest thing to a moonscape that we could think of, because the beach was completely flat and went for miles off into the distance.

At one point, quite early in my time as the Doctor – it may even have been in my first season – we had a new TARDIS console built, and during the first studio rehearsals someone realised that we needed a hole in which to put a circuit, as indicated in the script. There wasn't a hole on the console, so the director mentioned to one of the scene handlers that we needed to get this sorted out. They sent for a chippie, because under BBC and union rules you always have to have the right man for the job. When he arrived he took a quick look at this gleaming brand new TARDIS console, lifted the hammer and cold chisel he was carrying and hit one of the panels hard, cracking it through. He had made a complete mess of it and a part of the console panel was split and ruined. He turned to me, gestured with his hammer, smiled, and said 'Right. There's yer hole!'

I think I had to be physically restrained at

MY BEST ENEMY

that point because I was fuming. The Beeb had just spent hundreds of pounds on a new console, and this block-head had come along and smashed into it without any thought at all. I couldn't believe that someone could be so unconcerned with something that was, after all, a permanent prop that was to be used for a long time.

There was another scene, possibly in *The Claws of Axos*, where we needed a bank of about a half dozen monitors set up, so they brought in six little Sony nine-inch TV sets that were the smallest we'd ever seen. These sets were all erected in line during the morning's rehearsal period. When we came back after lunch to start recording, the director asked for the monitors to be put in. The set designer looked around in puzzlement – surely this had been done before lunch. But they were nowhere to be seen. The whole lot had been stolen while we were at lunch. This reminded me of the time that the BBC were recording a concert in which a Bechstein grand piano was being used. During the tea break, a group of four men in overalls appeared and started wheeling the piano out of the studio and into a waiting truck. Because they were dressed as stage hands, everyone assumed that they were just doing their job, and it wasn't until the musicians returned after tea that they realised that the piano had actually been stolen.

We were down in Cornwall for the next story, *Colony in Space*, and were filming in a china clay pit near St Austell. The whole idea of filming somewhere and trying to make it look like an alien planet is that you have to get below ground level, so that there are no television aerials or modern houses in the background. The china clay pits were absolutely ideal for this as the clay is white and the pits have these massive white hills all round them which give a very alien look to the scenes.

At the time I had a very beautiful motor car – a Lancia GT. I drove it up to the location where we were told to leave our cars at the top of the pit and go round in little jeep-like vehicles. These were Steyr-Puch Haflinger four-wheel-drive cross country vehicles and were quite remarkable in that they could even drive themselves. They were sold to farmers who would put sacks of seed on the back and then walk along beside the cars as they moved slowly across the fields with the farm hands scattering the seeds as they went. True to form, I wanted to buy one, they were so versatile. They had only a little two-stroke engine that developed so much power that they could successfully carry eight or ten crew members through two foot of soft white china clay.

After we had finished the filming, I took my Lancia to a garage to be washed and properly cleaned. The next day I got a call from the garage: the man on the line said, 'What on Earth have you been doing to your motor car, Mr Perteen?' So I said, 'What do you mean?' And he said, 'Well, it's got a bit of a problem. The engine is all covered in bone china.' The sludge from the china clay pit had splashed all over the underside of the car, and the heat of the engine had fired it, with the result that the entire chassis, exhaust pipe, and engine had nicely-baked china all over it. I can tell you it cost me a pretty penny to get all that carefully chipped off.

We had a most amusing character appearing with us on this show – John Ringham – play-



The Axons attack. As hideous tentacled monsters, the Axons were able to deliver an electric charge to stun and kill any opposing forces. *The Claws of Axos*.

COLONY IN SPACE

By Malcolm Hulke

Directed by Michael Briant

First Transmitted:

10/04/71 – 15/05/71

6 episodes

On an alien planet, an unscrupulous mining corporation plots to frighten a group of colonists away, leaving the planet available for them to exploit. The Master is also present, trying to gain control of a centuries-old doomsday weapon with which he hopes to rule the universe. The Doctor and Jo meet the Guardian of the weapon and realise that the Master must never be allowed to have such a device. The problem is ... how to stop him?

Starring:
Jon Pertwee

The Doctor

With:

Roger Delgado
Nicholas Courtney
Katy Manning
John Ringham
Helen Worth
Bernard Kay
Morris Perry
Tony Caunter
David Webb
John Tordoff
Sheila Grant
Roy Skelton
John Line
Mitzi Webster
Norman Atkyns
John Herrington
Nicholas Pennell
Pat Gorman

The Master
Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart
Jo Grant
Ashe
Mary Ashe
Caldwell
Dent
Morgan
Leeson
Alec Leeson
Jane Leeson
Norton
Martin
Mrs. Martin
The Guardian
Holden
Winton
Long/Primitive/
Voice/Colonist
First Time Lord
Second Time Lord
Third Time Lord
Robot
Allen
Alien Priest

Peter Forbes-Robertson
John Baker
Graham Leaman
John Scott Martin
Stanley McGeagh
Roy Heymann

I AM THE DOCTOR

ing the leader of the colonists. Because he knew I had a German wife, John told me, in an outrageous German accent, that his name was Johan Klingelnschinken. 'What a strange name,' I said. 'Is that really true?' 'Certainly.' In German, 'Klingeln' means 'Ring' and 'schinken' is 'ham'. John Ringham – Johan Klingeln-schinken. He was a wonderfully funny man and a splendid actor. Helen Worth also appeared as a colonist in one of her earliest acting roles. She is extraordinary in that she appeared with us on *Doctor Who* back in 1971 and has been in *Coronation Street* for goodness knows how many years, and yet looks exactly the same now as she did then. I don't know how she does it.

We also had Tony Caunter playing Morgan – an evil and twisted mining corporation employee – a part that had apparently been originally written for a woman. I later heard that the talented and attractive actress Susan Jameson had been cast to play the part but that this had been vetoed at the eleventh hour by Ronnie Marsh, the BBC's Head of Serials, as they apparently didn't want to feature a violent, leather-clad lady on a children's programme like *Doctor Who*. Personally, I think there's no justice in the world as that was precisely what Tom Baker ended up with when Louise Jameson came onto the show to play Leela.

One of the scenes in *Colony in Space* featured the Doctor being attacked by one of the mining corporation's robots, and we were later approached by a company who wanted to release a large poster featuring a photograph from this scene. However, when I saw the picture that they wanted to use, the Doctor looked absolutely petrified. I went to my agent and we agreed that it was not a good idea for the Doctor to be seen to be terrified, so we got them to change the photograph for one from *The Sea Devils* instead. The essence of *Doctor Who* is that the Doctor is always the hero, he is always in control, knows what is happening and exactly what to do to make it stop. The children who watch the show need to have that reassurance. They need to know that, come what may, the Doctor will win out. It is important, therefore, that the images of the Doctor that are sold to the public show this aspect of the programme.

While the Doctor was not supposed to be frightened by the events he encountered on *Doctor Who*, it was while doing what I thought was some insert filming for *Colony In Space* that I received the fright of my life.

Barry had asked me to do some re-shooting of a scene that had apparently gone wrong. It involved Katy and me coming out of the TARDIS, and when we came out

The Doctor is threatened by one of the Interplanetary Mining Corporation's robots. *Colony in Space*.





*Above: The Doctor with Morgan (Tony Caunter), sadistic second in command on the IMC survey ship. In the doorway is one of the IMC robots, armed with deadly claws. **Colony in Space**.*



*Left: The Doctor with Ashe (John Ringham) and Winton (Nicholas Pennell). **Colony in Space**.*



NICHOLAS COURTNEY

'THE BRIGADIER'

The first time I met Jon was at a read-through for his first story, *Spearhead from Space*, which took place somewhere in the maze of buildings collectively called the BBC Television Centre.

After we had discussed the difficulties which were going to arise from the fact that we were going to film the entire story on location due to industrial action preventing the use of the BBC studios, Jon produced his home telephone number and gave it to everyone on the production. It occurred to me that we had only just met — but Jon always had, and still has, a tremendous faith in and respect for his fellow artistes.

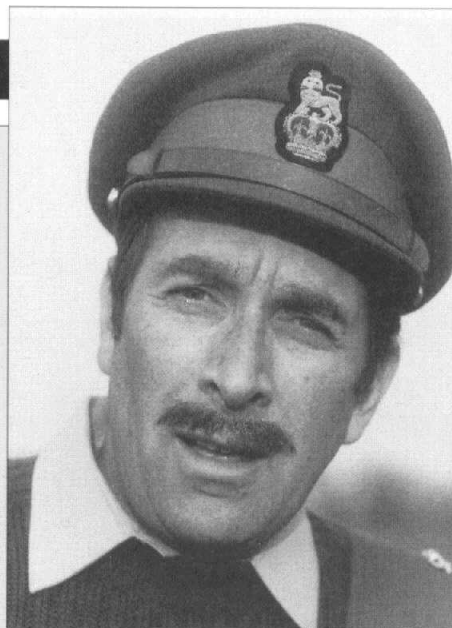
When we arrived at Evesham to start filming at a training establishment owned by the BBC, it took some time for Jon and I to get on. This was his first story and at the time I was going through a little personal difficulty of my own. It was inevitable that some tension was on the cards.

This uneasiness did not last long, however, and by the time we had started working on *Inferno*, we were getting on like a house on fire — if you'll pardon the pun. There was complete trust. The rest is history.

During filming for *The Planet of the Spiders*, Jon's last regular story playing the Doctor, Jon was very busy with his new car, the Whomobile. I therefore ended up driving Bessie, the Doctor's yellow car. Jon was not particularly impressed with my driving skills and in retrospect he was probably right. He has had more experience driving vehicles of all shapes and sizes than anyone I know.

For me, this memory sums up working with Jon. He always spoke his mind about the truth as he saw it. You could depend on it. I like that.

Nicholas Courtney



I was to look to the right not to the left, and a car would draw up. I didn't remember the scene particularly, but if Barry wanted something re-shot then that was fine. They then told me what day it was going to be done and at what time. Ingeborg, my wife, was incredibly busy that week. She had all sorts of strange appointments which didn't strike me as being odd. And then one day she said, 'This evening I've got to go down to London airport because I'm meeting an old school friend off a plane. She's going to be in transit for an hour or two so I'm going down to meet her.' So I said OK. I didn't think there was anything odd in that either, even though she had never done anything like that before. The next day I came down to breakfast and she was immaculately dressed and made up. As she normally wears jeans and sweatshirts around the house to take the children to school and do the shopping and such like, I asked why she was all made up. She blushed and told me that she had simply felt like looking good that day. And again I

thought there was nothing peculiar about that. She asked what time I was going to work and I said I'd be leaving at about nine. Then, I suddenly remembered that on that day I didn't leave until ten. Ingeborg's face went white as a sheet. Of course, later on I discovered why: she was being picked up by a car at ten to take her to the studios for my *This Is Your Life*. Apparently I missed her car arriving by about five minutes. If I hadn't, the whole game would have been given away.

At ten I went off to do the re-shooting, which was taking place at the BBC Television Centre on a plot of land alongside the main complex. They had it set up with two enormous old Outside Broadcast cameras to shoot the sequence. Now, when we went on location for *Doctor Who* we used film cameras, not Outside Broadcast cameras, and the TV company's logos, which were always on the side of these cameras, were all covered up with masking tape. This was, of course, because they weren't BBC cameras, they were from ITV. But I didn't think there was anything peculiar about the cameras or the covered up insignias.

I started to think that something might be going on when I witnessed Barry's performance as the director.



One of the alien priests in charge of the Doomsday Weapon. *Colony in Space*.

He was directing the cameras and us as though he were performing on a stage, which, of course, he was, but for the ITV cameras. Instead of quietly telling us what he wanted us to do, he was proclaiming it as if written by the Bard.

He said, 'Right Jon, you go in the TARDIS with Katy, and then, on a cue, you both come out, opening the door and looking off to the right. OK?' Katy and I trooped back into the TARDIS as Barry proceeded to loudly check that all the cameras were standing by. 'Roll One, roll Two,' he proclaimed – very over the top – so much so, that I started to wonder what on Earth was going on, because Barry had never behaved like that before, ever.

Eventually I heard a car; so on cue I came out of the TARDIS and looked off to the right, as



directed. But if you saw it on television, you could see my eyes swivel to the left to try and catch a glimpse of who was in the car. Eventually, because I had to hold that look to the right for an incredibly long time, I was able to see that it was a jeep, and sitting in the back was Eamon Andrews with a duffel coat hood over his head. I turned round, and it was potentially one of the first times that anyone would have heard the 'f' word on television, because I took one look at him, and, as I knew Eamon very well, I was about to say, 'F*** off out of it, Eamon, you're ruining the shot,' because it would have been typical of him to come swanning over to say hello even though we were in the middle of filming. Suddenly I noticed the tell-tale red book in his lap. It was only then that I twigged what was going on. I had been well and truly caught out. 'Jon Pertwee ... This is Your Life!'

It was a great programme featuring many old friends and people I hadn't seen for years. I particularly liked it because there were several people featured who had nothing to do with show business, including Bob Tilburn and Ted Briggs, two of the three survivors from the sinking of HMS Hood.

Jon is startled to find that the unexpected visitor in the car is none other than Eamon Andrews. *This Is Your Life*.



Jon demonstrates picking up a matchbox with his teeth as Bill Maynard, Katy Manning and Eamon Andrews look on. *This Is Your Life*.

I AM THE DOCTOR

I had been drafted onto the 40,000-ton battle cruiser HMS *Hood* on 29 November 1940, following a period at Portsmouth as a trainee telegraphist. We were stationed at Scapa Flow in the Orkney Islands to protect the Russian convoys to Murmansk and Archangel, and, as this was the first time I had been away from England during the war, it was both exciting and terrifying. All the men on the ship felt the same, and there was a great deal of camaraderie and friendships forged between us after many weeks at sea. Around April 1941, I was called in to see the Captain after a long chat about broadcasting and he explained that several of us had been selected to train as Officer Cadets, that I was one of them, and that I, with sixteen others, was being transferred to the *Dunluce Castle*

in Scapa as he did not want to risk losing any supernumeraries on board as the ship was sailing off after the *Bismarck*. Obviously, I was sad to leave all my new friends behind, but the opportunity to train as an Officer was not to be ignored. Thus, I left HMS *Hood*. Very soon afterwards, the ship closed with the *Bismarck*. After a brief battle, HMS *Hood* was hit and sank in less than ninety seconds. Of the 1,415 men on board at that time, there were only three who survived. Thus all my mail was returned to family and friends with stickers saying 'the addressee of this envelope is missing presumed killed'.

It is a bit of a cliché that people who appear on *This Is Your Life* become emotional. I thought I was going to be fine, but when they introduced Bob and Ted I found it very hard to retain my composure. In war people die. Friends die. It is impossible to have lived through something like that and not to be affected by it for the rest of your life.

This Is Your Life was eventually transmitted in April 1971 and covered my career to that point. The show featured guest appearances from: my wife Ingeborg; my brother Michael; Macdonald Hobley, whom I appeared with in my early acting days in Jersey; my step-brother Professor Michael Colbourne; Ted Briggs and Bob Tilburn; Katy Manning; David Jacobs and Eric Barker from *Waterlogged Spa*; my old friend Bill Maynard; my daughter Dariel and son Sean, who both insisted on wearing miners helmets that I had been given from *Doctor Who* and the *Silurians*; Elymir de Hory, the infamous forger of impressionist paintings; and a colourful character and adventurer called Ted Falcon-Barker who had saved my life in 1958 during a deep water dive. Towards the end of the show Ted asked me why I was wasting my time acting, and why didn't I 'forget all this shit and come with me on my next expedition.' It was a great day and a lovely surprise. Sadly, there were no video recorders in those days and so I was presented, as a memento of the show, with a book full of photographs taken during the recording and a recording of the show's soundtrack. Sadly, the record was subsequently stolen, so all I have remaining is the book to remind me of a great occasion.

The final story of the eighth season was possibly one of my favourite *Doctor Whos* ever. *The Dæmons* managed to bring together all the best elements of *Doctor Who*. There was the Master – played to perfection by Roger Delgado – and the Brigadier, Yates and Benton of UNIT, plus a gripping script by Robert Sloman and Barry Letts which seamlessly combined witchcraft and science.

The key to the story's success was, I think, the atmosphere. There were only the two monsters: Bok, the stone gargoyle which came alive, and Azal, the satyr who grew to giant size.

TECHNO-SPEAK

'If all goes well it should set up an electric current in the coil alternating on much the same frequency as the beta rhythms of a human brain.' *The Mind of Evil*

'We're going to build a diathermic energy exchanger ... Tell him to build an EHF wide band width variable phase oscillator with a negative feedback circuit tuneable to the frequency of an air molecule at ... what is the temperature up at the barrier, Brigadier?' *The Dæmons*

MY BEST ENEMY

However, scenes like Katy being attacked by a bush, the dripping dark cavern under the church and the barrows at night had an incredibly electric atmosphere.

One of my fondest memories is when Katy, who was as blind as a bat without her glasses, had to run from one place to another. She was wearing a loose white sacrificial garment and had just managed to get halfway across a field when she tripped and fell. She stumbled back to her feet and carried on, completely oblivious of the fact that her knickers were now around her knees. It was, of course, hilariously funny for those of us watching, but less so for Katy who never quite got over the embarrassment.

Another reason I like this particular story above all the others is that a large proportion of it was made on location, and I like film. This is partly why I enjoyed doing *Worzel Gummidge* so much, because it was all filmed, and was far preferable to slow studio work. That's not to say that filming is always exciting. There was one point during the making of this story when I became so bored with the proceedings – they were re-shooting some scenes for the umpteenth time – that I just upped and left.

The shot involved my starting up a motorcycle and riding off on it. But, unfortunately, the bike would not start. I tried several times to kick it into life to no avail, and I was becoming more and more frustrated with the machine. When it eventually roared into life, I leaped on and drove off – and kept on going. I reasoned that I had been standing around for long enough and I needed a minute or two's respite, so I whizzed off down this abandoned airstrip at Membury that we were using for the location, leaving the director shouting after me to stop and come back. I had always been a motorcycle buff, and the opportunity to go flat out on a completely deserted stretch of runway was just too much of a temptation.

There was another scene which foxed many *Doctor Who* followers. This involved the Doctor operating his car, Bessie, by a small remote-control device. Over the years I have

THE D&MONS

By Guy Leopold (Robert Sloman and Barry Letts)

Directed by Christopher Barry

First Transmitted:

22/05/71 – 19/06/71

5 episodes

On Earth, the Master, posing as a devil-worshipping parish vicar in the village of Devil's End, summons an ancient devil-like being called Azal, so that this creature – the last survivor of an alien race that had been experimenting with humankind – can pass on its power. The Doctor and Jo find themselves trapped inside the village by a heat barrier and must work out how to stop the Master before he becomes all powerful.

Starring:

Jon Pertwee

The Doctor

With:

Nicholas Courtney	Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart
Roger Delgado	The Master
Katy Manning	Jo Grant
Richard Franklin	Captain Mike Yates
John Levene	Sergeant Benton
Stephen Thorne	Azal
Stanley Mason	Bok
Damaris Hayman	Miss Hawthorne
Robin Wentworth	Professor Horner
Rollo Gamble	Winstanley
John Joyce	Garvin
David Simeon	Alastair Fergus
Christopher Wray	PC Groom
Jon Croft	Tom Girtton
Alec Linstead	Sgt Osgood
James Snell	Harry
Matthew Corbett	Jones
Eric Hillyard	Dr Reeves
John Owens	Thorpe
Don Mc Killop	Bert the Landlord
Gerald Taylor	Baker's man
The Headington Quarry Men	Morris Dancers



Jon in his garden at Barnes, watched by the model of Bok the gargyle.

I AM THE DOCTOR



Above: Katy Manning during location filming for *The Dæmons*.

Right: Stanley Mason as Bok, poses with a replica on location for *The Dæmons*.



Below: Sergeant Benton (John Levene) finally gets the Master (Roger Delgado) in his sights. *The Dæmons*.

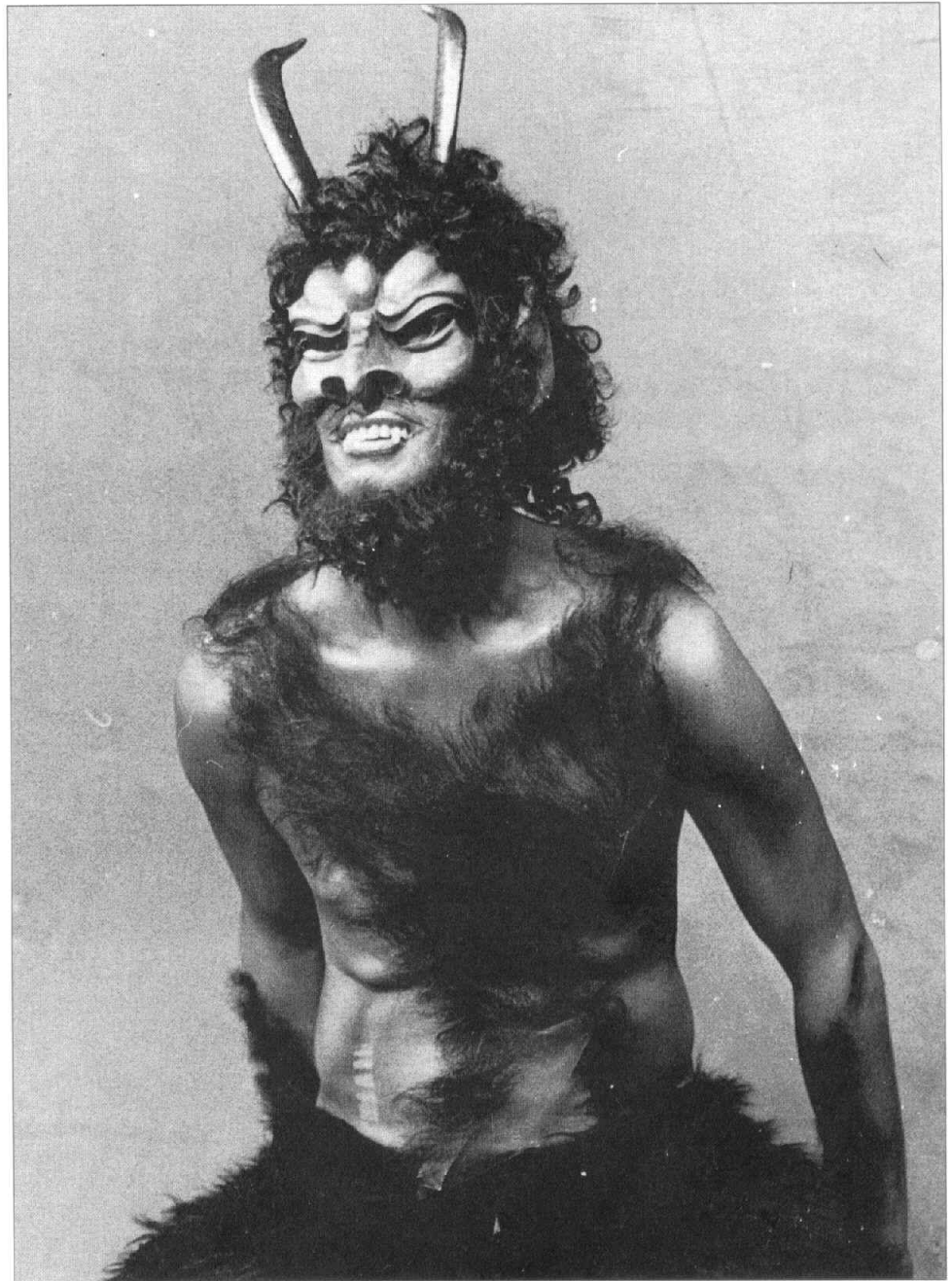


had several people come up and ask how we did that, including some people who had even worked on the show. I can now reveal that it was all done, not with electronics, but with two props men.

When Bessie had to move forward, these two chaps were down behind the car pushing her. For reverse, they pushed low on the bonnet. When we switched to a back view, they were down behind the car at the side heaving her along. All the time Christopher Barry, the director, was yelling at them to keep their heads down and out of shot. There was also another man, sitting in the scuttle, steering her by holding on to the bottom of the steering wheel. The end result was convincing enough to make others believe that I really did have some form of sophisticated remote-control device, and who was I to disappoint them?

When we had finished making the show, as usual I kept an eye on the rubbish skips around the BBC, and when I saw a couple of the scene hands about to dump the statue of Bok which had been sitting in the cavern set, I asked if I might have him. So it was that the statue ended up in my garden in Barnes as a sort of grotesque gnome. I don't know what our friends made of it, and at least one unwelcome visitor to the garden – who had climbed over the back wall in search of items to procure – was seen leaving in a hurry, having been shocked to find an evil-looking gargoyle peering at him from under the bushes. Unfortunately, the statue was made from carved polystyrene, and was not designed to withstand the rigours of the English weather and so, eventually, poor Bok literally melted and fell apart.

By the time we came to the end of this season of *Doctor Who* I had completed 50 episodes and was being recognised all over the English-speaking world as the Doctor. We had, however, been receiving a few complaints – very few in relation to the audience figures which were up on the end of my first season, hovering around the eight million mark – about the horrific nature of the show. These comments were being raised in just about every press and TV interview that we did connected with the show, as well as a question being asked in the House of Lords by Baroness Burton. Now, while some of the criticisms might have been justified, I was the one actually going out there and meeting the children who were watching, and nearly everyone I met was more than happy with the show and what we were doing with it. There were suggestions in the press that the BBC change the time-slot to something later in the evening – which they actually did midway through the season, shifting the start time from the traditional 5.10 p.m. to the later 6.10 p.m. slot. For me, however, *Doctor Who* was always a family show, and at the time we were on, families were able to watch together. Saturday nights were always



Azal (Stephen Thorne), the last of the Dæmons. *The Dæmons*.



'I think the show was going through the doldrums a bit at this time in my opinion, not enough care was being taken over the scripts. We'd done about two days of rehearsals and I was sitting with one of the other actors, when I turned to him and said, "Hang on, you were tied up and about to be killed in the last episode, how did you get out of it?" It wasn't explained at all in the script, so we called in the director and spent the entire morning re-writing the thing. We found a reason for it but that meant changing the scene before and changing that meant changing the scene before that and so on. I'm afraid that rather undermined the cast's confidence in the story and we spent a lot of time giggling our way through the whole thing and giving Michael Briant (the director) a very hard time, simply because of the absurdity of the script. It was a very bleak story, rather oppressive, shot mainly indoors and in caves. Jon Pertwee was marvellous to work with however, a very talented man, I liked him a lot.'

John Ringham talking about *Colony in Space* in an interview with Graeme Wood for *Doctor Who Magazine* number 194.

a time for family viewing, which is one of the reasons that *Doctor Who* was so successful. The same applied to *Worzel Gummidge* later on. I always said that if the parents watching had a particularly susceptible or nervous child, then there was nothing to stop them from leaning forward and switching the television off or to another channel.

We didn't want the viewers to stop watching, however, and for the next season, we had another ace up our sleeve. The Daleks were coming back.

TERRANCE DICKS

SCRIPT EDITOR

I started on *Doctor Who* at the end of the Troughton era, and co-wrote, with Mac Hulke, Patrick's last show, *The War Games*, at the end of which he is sentenced to be exiled to Earth and turned into Jon Pertwee.

Since I script-edited Jon's first series, Bob Holmes's *Spearhead from Space*, and stayed on long enough to write Tom Baker's first show, *Robot*, I can claim to have been around for the whole of the Jon Pertwee Doctor's career.

Whereas Pat had a very free and easy attitude towards scripts — he would have been happy to make it all up as he went along, and quite frequently did — Jon was far more meticulous.

I got used to dealing with such questions as:

'Why does he say this?' and 'Surely they'd already have known that?' not to mention the occasional,

'This line just doesn't make sense!'

All very good training for a script editor — there's nothing like plugging loopholes in advance.

In a fanzine review of a *Doctor Who* series (after my time) someone wrote something to the effect that, 'Although it's clearly established that everyone is trapped, characters enter and leave at will — presumably through the holes in the plot ...'

It didn't happen in my day — and Jon's eye for detail had something to do with it.

Another perpetual problem was the necessary technobabble implicit in the conversation of a scientific genius like the Doctor. Unfortunately this has a tendency to produce tongue-twisters — which in turn produced anguished cries of: 'Look at this line — I can't say that! Nobody could say that!'

During rehearsals of *The Sea Devils* Jon beckoned me over. 'This bit about "reversing the polarity of the neutron flow" ...'

'It's not too bad, is it? I know it's a bit of a mouthful ...'

'No, no, no,' said Jon. 'I like it. I can sing it to the tune of the sailor's hornpipe — helps me get it into my head.'

He jiggled up and down happily, chanting:

'Re-verse the polarity of the neu-tron flow!'

It was a line that was to crop up again ...

Only once did I succeed in getting something past Jon.

I went down to Portsmouth to watch the filming of the final scenes of *The Sea Devils*. As soon as I arrived on location, Jon came up to me in a state of some agitation. We were, he said, in serious trouble. The climax of the show — which was just about to be filmed — just wouldn't work.

At the end of the show the captured Master fakes a heart attack and then hypnotises someone to impersonate him, puts a rubber mask over their face, pretends to be a doctor and pronounces the fake Master as dead, before finally disposing of the pilot and escaping in a hovercraft.

Jon had worked out that the Master had done all this in the fifty or so seconds it took for the Doctor to leave the hovercraft and for the ambulance crew to arrive ...

'He just hasn't got time to do all that! It's impossible.'

He was quite right.

I looked at the complicated shooting set-up, about to go into action. Sometimes it's just too late for rewrites.

'Trust me, Jon,' I said. 'Nobody will ever notice!'

And up to now, nobody ever has.

I worked with Jon, many years later, on the *Doctor Who* stage play *The Ultimate Adventure*. He hadn't changed a bit.

Before rehearsals I went to see him to discuss his worries — leading actors always have worries — about the first draft of the play. After I'd reassured him that he wouldn't really have to perform triple back-somersaults live on stage twice nightly, we went on to discuss various dialogue and plot points.

After we'd finished the conference, Jon paid me a rare — come to think of it, an only — compliment.

'I like working with you,' he said. 'You listen!'

It was something I'd learned from Barry Letts, years ago on *Doctor Who*. 'Always listen to the actors,' Barry used to say. 'You don't always do what they say by any means — but you always listen.'

It's been a pleasure and a privilege, listening to Jon Pertwee over the years.

Terrance Dicks



ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE



WGT1156/2901

THE EXILE BEGINS



At the end of *Doctor Who's* sixth season, the Doctor's wanderings in space and time are brought to a temporary end when the Doctor is exiled to Earth by his own people, the Time Lords, and the secret of time travel taken from him.

His arrival on Earth at the start of the seventh season coincides with a period of instability for that planet. It is to come under numerous threats, both from within and from beyond.

Photographs, anti-clockwise from top left: When he first arrives on Earth, the Doctor's unconscious body is found alongside the TARDIS and this fact is reported to Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart of the United Nations Intelligence Taskforce (UNIT). Arriving at the cottage hospital to which the Doctor has been taken, the Brigadier finds himself confronted by a group of newspaper

reporters eager for an exclusive about the mysterious 'man from space'. (The Brigadier (Nicholas Courtney) and Liz Shaw (Caroline John) speak to the reporters as the mysterious Channing (Hugh Burden, centre) looks on.)

The next threat comes from an underground colony of reptiles — Earth's original inhabitants — who want control of the planet returned to them. (A reptile in the caves and, opposite page, one of their 'guard dogs' — an allosaurus.)

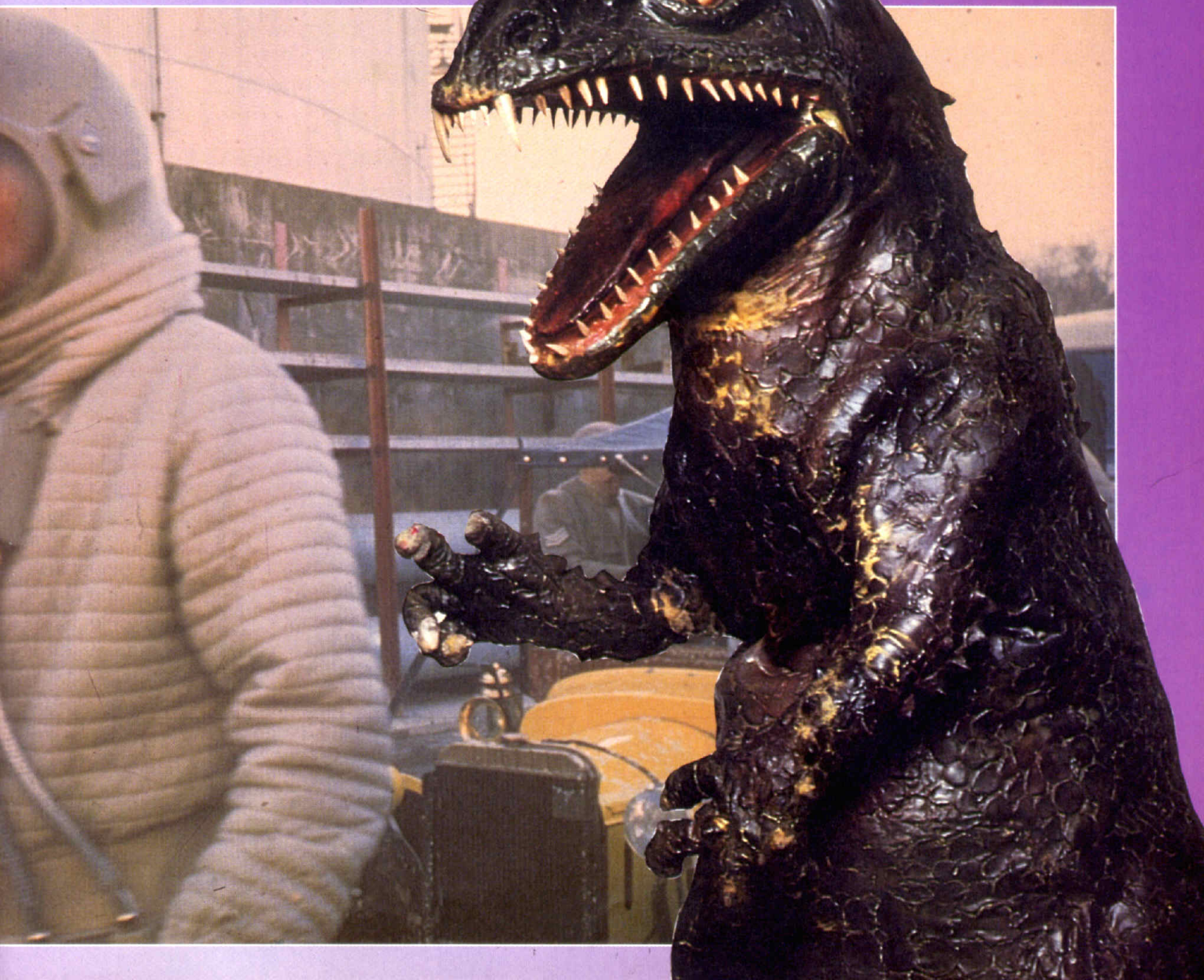
Being affiliated to UNIT means that the Doctor and the Brigadier have access to all manner of transport, most of which the Doctor commandeers during his adventures. (The Doctor and the Brigadier with



the Doctor's car 'Bessie' and a UNIT helicopter.)

Alien ambassadors visit the Earth and the Doctor manages to avert a war between the aliens, who have sent their ambassadors in peace, and the human forces, who are being manipulated by a xenophobic general. (An alien ambassador.)

The Doctor never believed he would actually be witness to the destruction of Earth but, slipping sideways in time, he fails to stop a deep-drilling operation from penetrating the Earth's crust and destroying the planet. Returning to his own dimension, the Doctor is, however, able to prevent the same from happening there. (Jon Pertwee and stuntman Alan Chuntz pose with a young fan on location.)



INTRODUCING ... THE MASTER

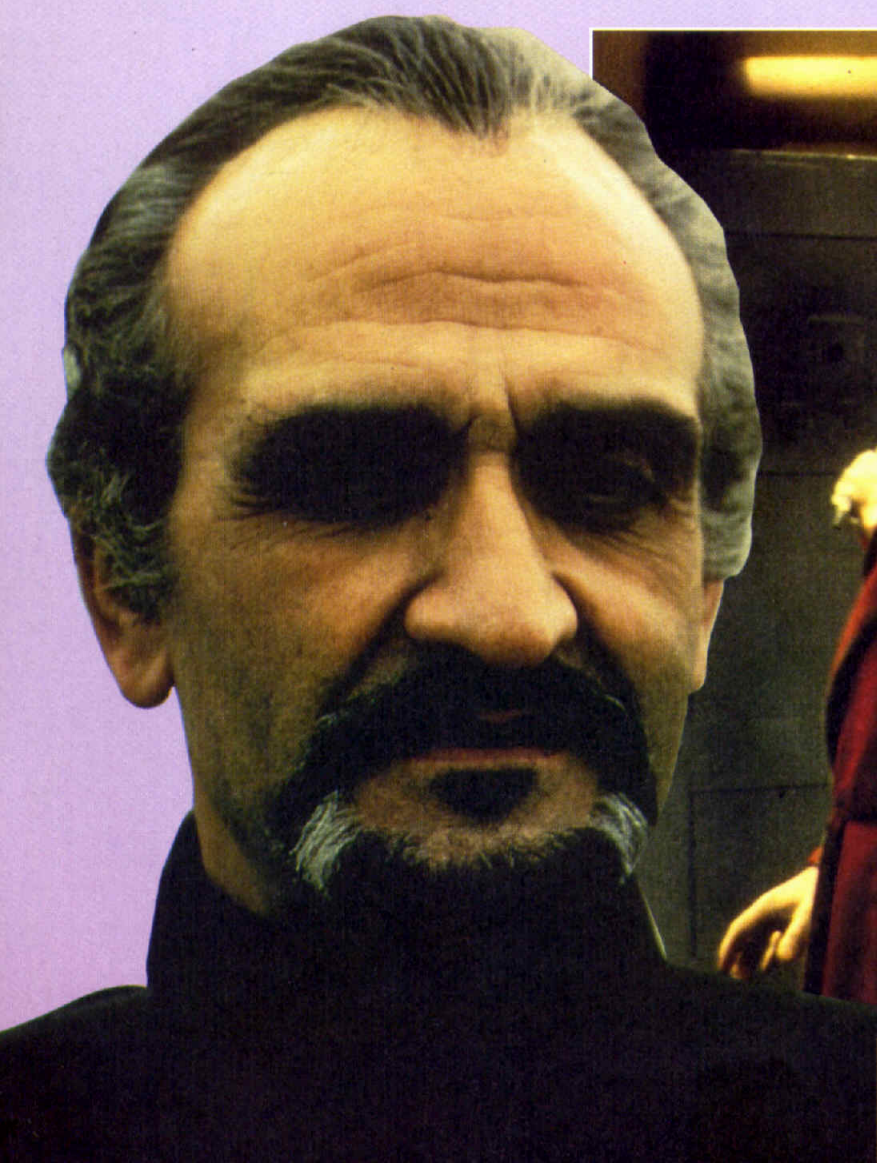


With Liz Shaw returned to Cambridge, the Doctor is assigned a new assistant in the form of the young and enthusiastic Jo Grant. The first threat they face comes from one of the Doctor's old adversaries, an evil Time Lord known only as the Master.

Photographs, anti-clockwise from top left: The Doctor, Captain Mike Yates (Richard Franklin) and Jo (Katy Manning), discuss what the Master might intend to do with the Nestene energy unit that he has stolen.

The Master (Roger Delgado), an evil, suave and charming Time Lord.

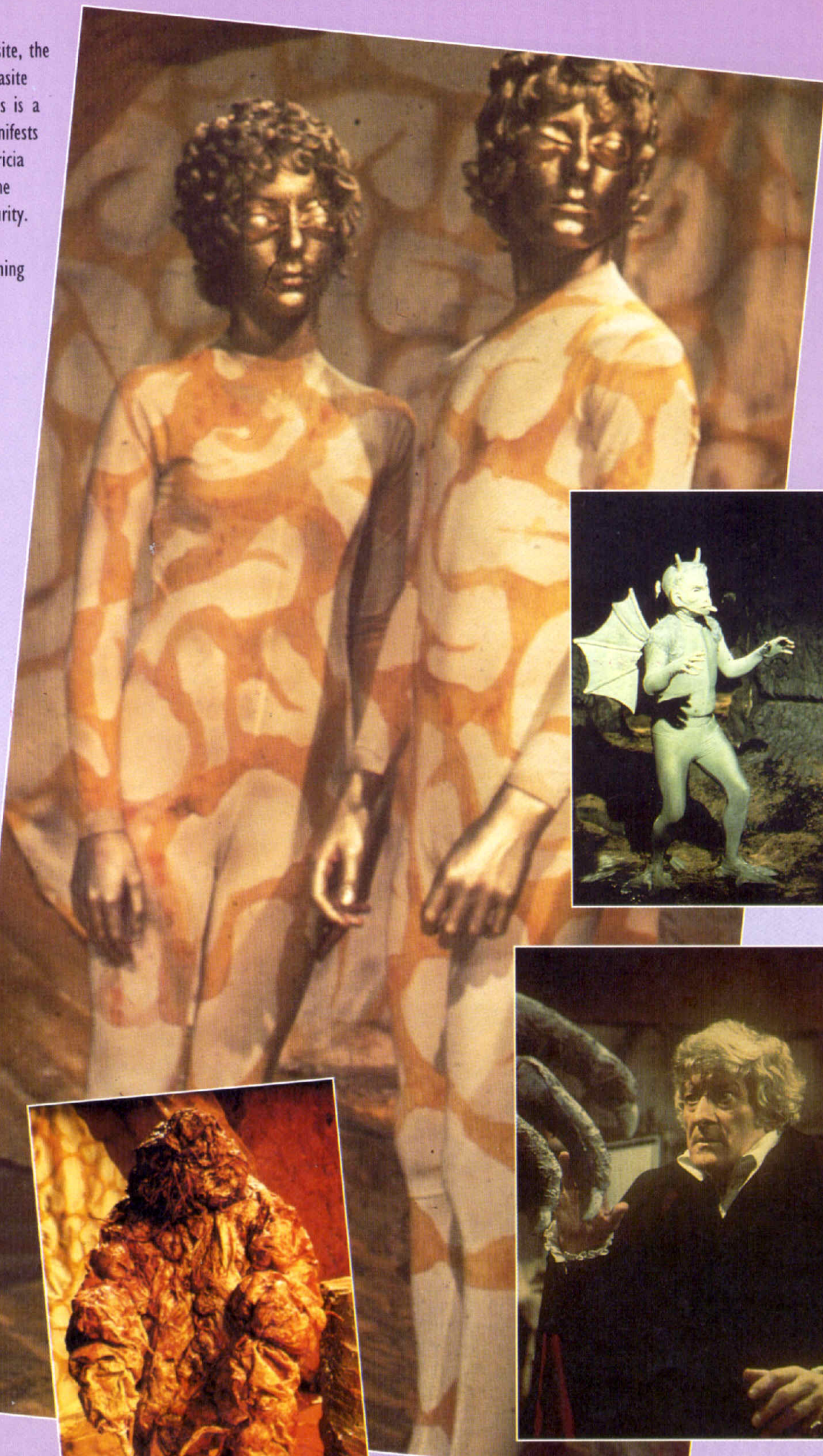
The Master's second attempt to control the Earth centres around a prison. He intends using the mental energy from the prisoners to feed an alien mind parasite in order to disrupt a peace conference and, in the confusion, steal a nerve gas missile so that he can hold the Earth to ransom. (The Doctor 'persuades' Mailer (William Marlowe), one of the prisoners, to help.)



Having failed with the mind parasite, the Master brings another sort of parasite to Earth in the form of Axos. Axos is a living organism which initially manifests as perfect golden humanoids (Patricia Gurdino, Bernard Holley) to lull the humans into a false sense of security. It then transforms into hideous tentacled monsters intent on draining the planet of all its energy.

The Doctor is taken by the Time Lords to a far-flung planet to prevent the Master from gaining control of a powerful doomsday weapon. He also finds himself in the middle of a dispute between a group of colonists who have claimed the planet as their home, and a mining corporation which wishes to exploit the planet's mineral wealth. (The Doctor is threatened by a mining machine equipped with reptilian claws.)

In yet another attempt to gain power for himself, the Master uses the ancient science of the alien Dæmons to summon the last of these creatures from its sleep. The Master also brings a stone gargoyle named Bok (Stanley Mason) to life, and equips it with the ability to disintegrate humans.



MONSTERS EVERYWHERE



Although it was inevitable that the Doctor would meet up with his archenemies the Daleks, even the Doctor was not expecting an attack from Earth's future.

Photographs, anti-clockwise from top left: The Daleks emerge from a railway tunnel in the twentieth century to try to destroy a peace conference. If they are successful, then they will rule Earth in the future. If they fail, then the Earth will be saved from Dalek invasion. To help with their plans of conquest, the Daleks use Ogrons (below, centre), a savage ape-like race of creatures with low intelligence — ideal for the brutal and efficient execution of the Daleks' enemies.

Apparently getting the TARDIS operational once more, the Doctor and Jo find themselves on the planet Peladon posing as delegates from Earth at an assessment to decide whether the planet can join the Galactic Federation. (Jo discusses the situation on Peladon with the Ice Lord Izlyr (Alan Bennion) and Alpha Centauri (body: Stuart Fell, voice: Ysanne Churchman).)

Sent on a mission to the thirtieth century by the Time Lords, the Doctor becomes caught up in the struggles of an Earth marshal to maintain his power base in the final throes of colonial rule. On the planet Solos, the Doctor discovers that the natives are mutating into hideous insectoid life forms and realises that the message he carries contains the solution. (The Doctor is attacked by mutants.)

Back on Earth, although the Master is under lock and key, he has subverted his jailer and summons from the sea a race of amphibious reptiles — cousins





to the underground reptiles already encountered by the Doctor. These creatures are named 'Sea Devils'. (A Sea Devil. The Doctor investigates an abandoned sea fort, unaware that he is being watched.)

Regaining his freedom, the Master once more plans to gain power for himself — this time by controlling Kronos, an ancient being which can devour time. To this end he seduces Queen Galleia (Ingrid Pitt) in ancient Atlantis so that he might steal the great crystal of Kronos and thus bend the beast to his will.



ME, MYSELF, I



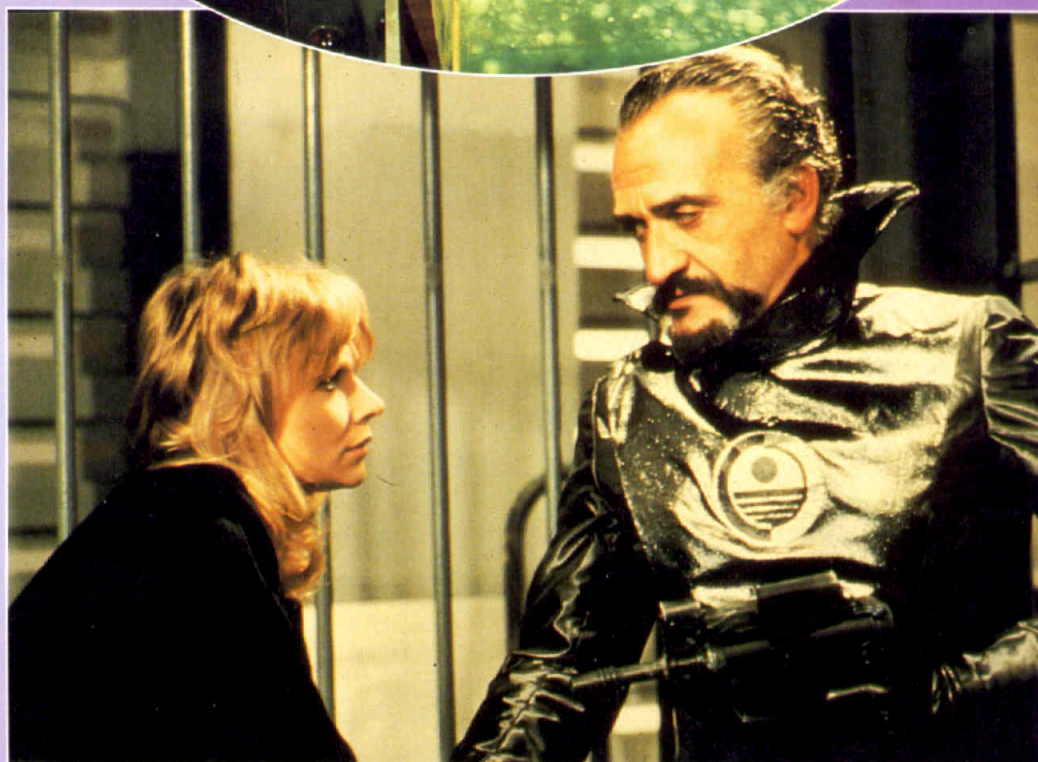
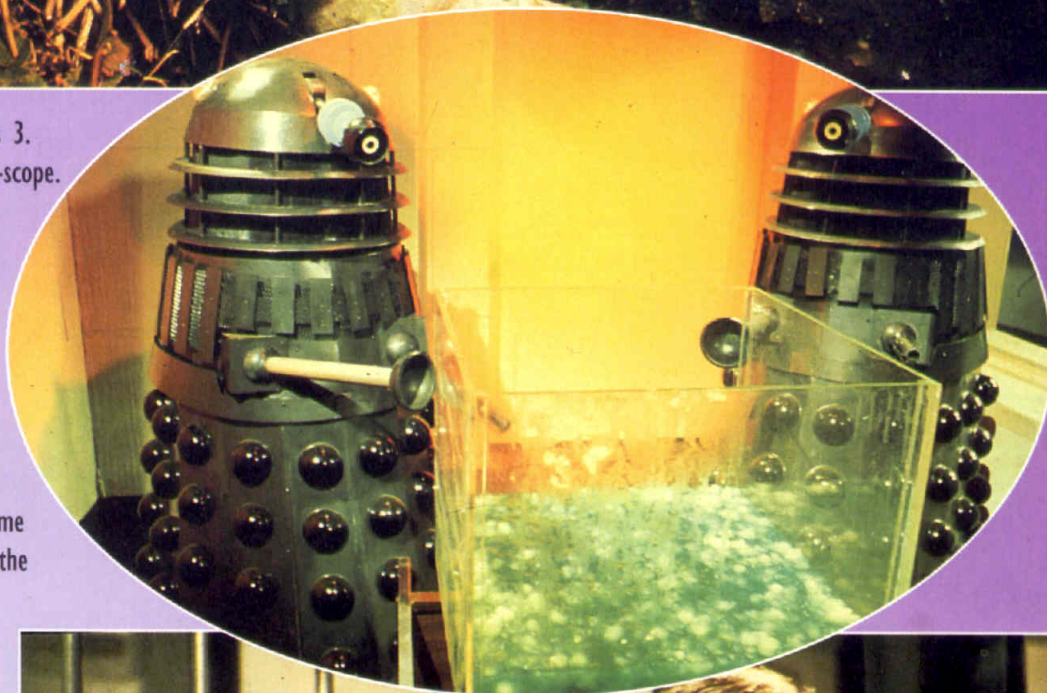
Photographs, anti-clockwise from top left: To try to defeat the wrath of Omega, one of the lost heroes of Time Lord mythology, the Time Lords have no choice but to break their own rules and to allow the first three incarnations of the Doctor to join forces in an attempt to stop him. (The first three Doctors: William Hartnell, Patrick Troughton and Jon Pertwee.)

After he has defeated Omega, the Time Lords reward the Doctor by lifting his exile. The first place he attempts to travel to is Metebelis 3. Instead, he ends up trapped inside a mini-scope. (The scope's owner, carnival showman Vorg (Leslie Dwyer).)

Spinning through the vortex, the TARDIS avoids a near-collision with a cargo ship by materialising on board. This action involves the Doctor and Jo in an intergalactic diplomatic war between Earth and Draconia. The reptilian Draconians blame the humans for attacking their ships and the humans blame the Draconians. What neither side realises is that the Master is behind the conflict. (Jo and the Master (Roger Delgado) on board the Master's ship.)

Discovering that the Master was working for the Daleks, the Doctor tracks them to the planet Spiridon, where they are developing a lethal virus. They also have an army of Daleks cryogenically stored on the planet. (Two Daleks with the viral culture.)

On Earth the Doctor investigates the activities of a chemicals company which has been pumping pollution into disused mine shafts. The result is a plague of giant, venomous maggots which emerge from the mines and attack anything in their path. (The maggots attack.)



SOMETHING OLD ... SOMETHING NEW

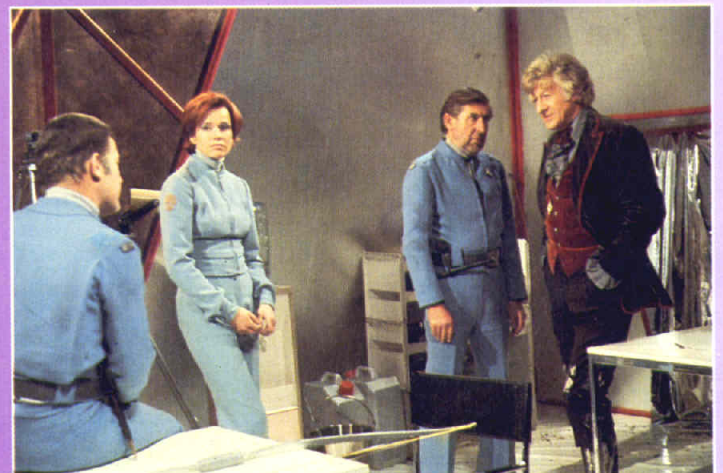


With Jo having left to marry ecologist Professor Jones, the Doctor is in need of a new assistant. This problem is eventually resolved in the unlikely form of journalist Sarah Jane Smith (Elisabeth Sladen), who, after an initial period of unease, becomes allied to UNIT and helps with their investigations.

*Photographs, anti-clockwise from top left: Missing scientists put the Doctor on the trail of the Sontaran, Linx (Kevin Lindsay). Created by writer Robert Holmes, the Sontarans were to become one of the most popular monsters to appear on *Doctor Who*. (Photographs show Kevin Lindsay both with the Sontaran mask on, and during a break in filming when the mask was removed.)*

Returning to London, the Doctor and Sarah find the city deserted. It has been evacuated due to the unexplained appearance of prehistoric monsters on the streets. Captain Yates (Richard Franklin) is in league with General Finch (John Bennett) and they must try and stop the Doctor interfering in their plans for a new Golden Age for mankind. (Yates and Finch speak to the Doctor as Sergeant Benton (John Levene) looks on.)

With Earth's future secure, the Doctor tries to take Sarah for a holiday on the planet Florana. They instead arrive on Exxilon and become involved in a battle between Daleks and humans against the native Exxilons and the living roots of a sentient city. (A Dalek is destroyed by the Exxilons. The





humans: Richard Railton (John Abineri), Jill Tarrant (Joy Harrison) and Galloway (Duncan Lamont) discuss the situation with the Doctor.)

The TARDIS unexpectedly arrives once more on Peladon, where the Doctor and Sarah become involved in politics. Eckersley (Donald Gee) is working with the Ice Lord Azaxyr (Alan Bennion) to supply the mineral trisilicate to Earth's foes in Galaxy Five. It is up to the Doctor and Sarah, helped by Alpha Centauri, to try and stop them. (Sarah, Eckersley and Alpha Centauri at the communications console, watched by Azaxyr.)

Back on Earth, the Doctor and Sarah become involved in an attempted invasion by the giant spiders of Metebelis 3.



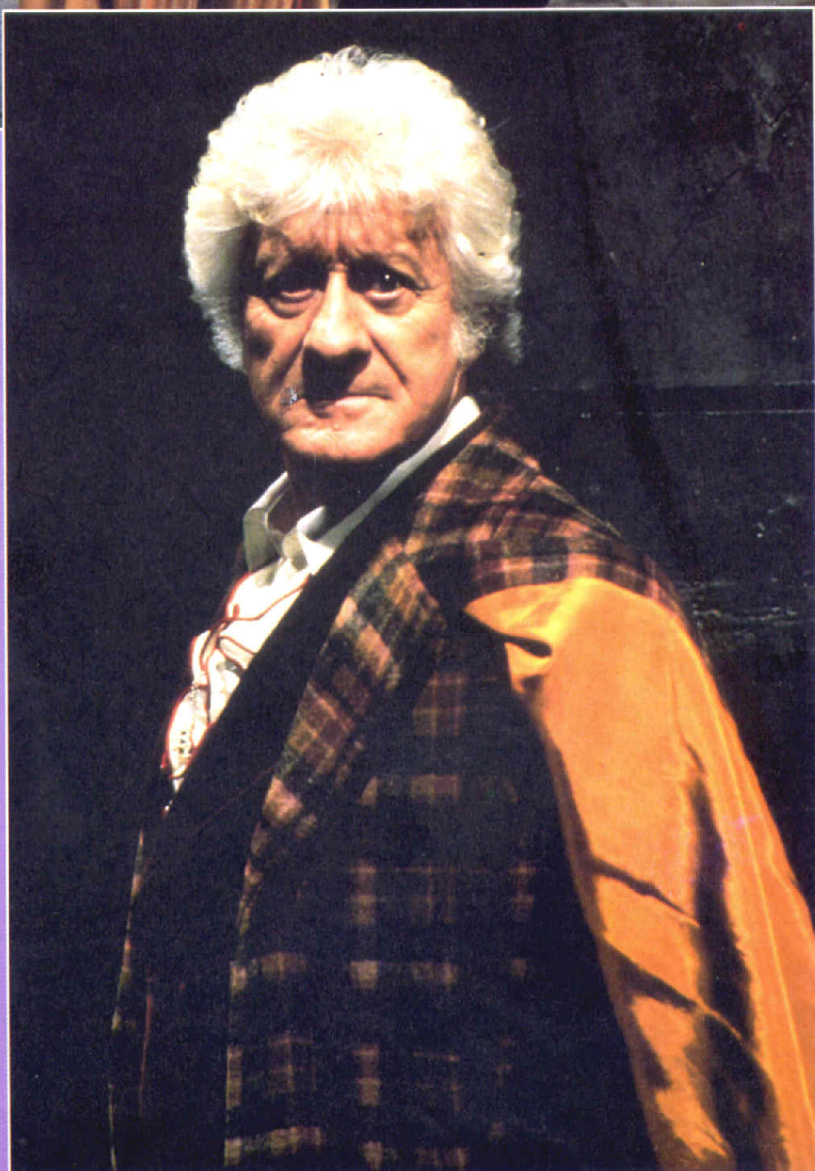
AND THEN THERE WERE FIVE

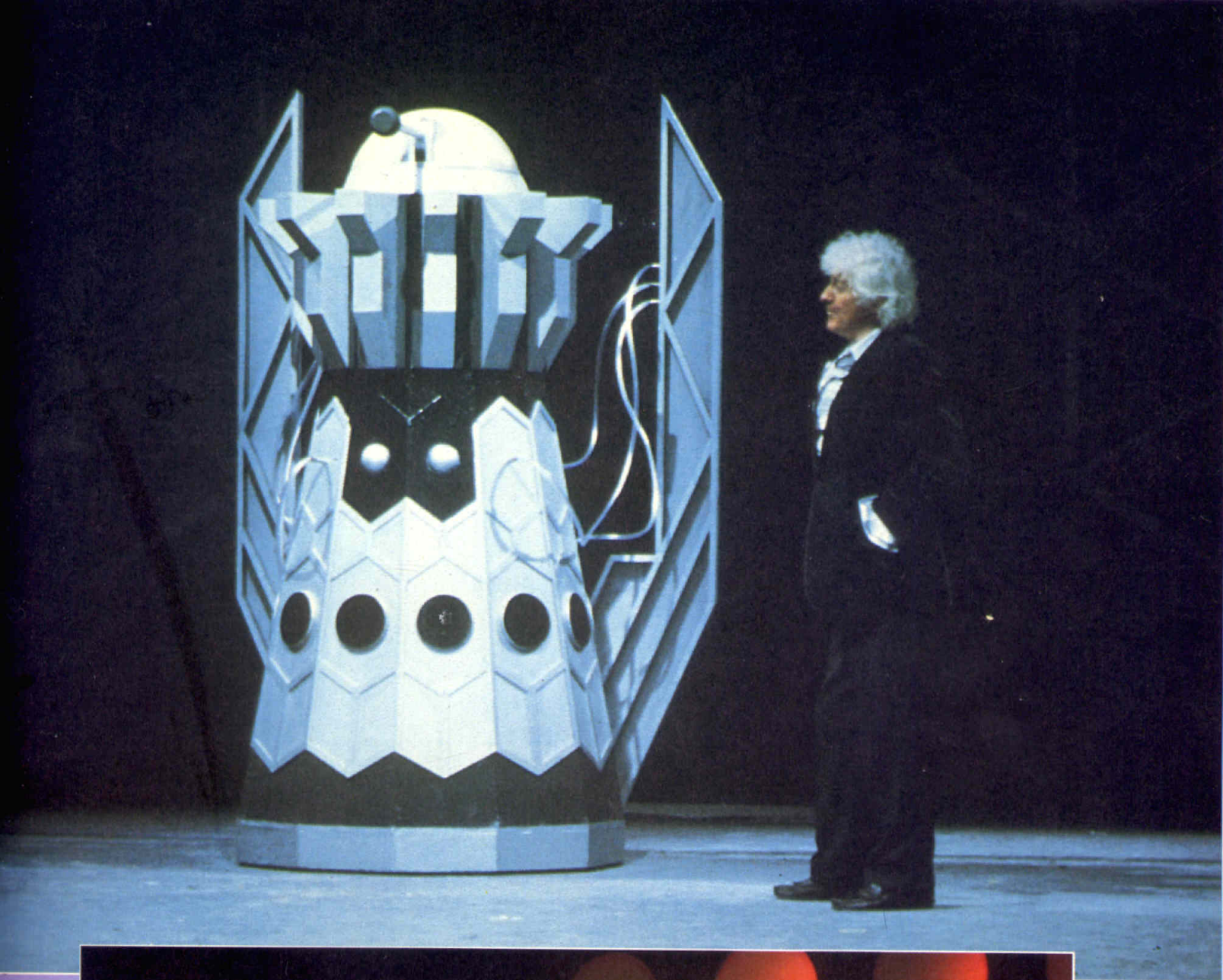


Photographs, top and bottom: In *The Five Doctors*, one of the High Council of Time Lords on Gallifrey brings together the first five incarnations of the Doctor to battle their way through the Death Zone and gain access to the tomb of Rassilon. The fourth Doctor becomes caught in a time eddy, leaving the remaining four to meet up in the tomb. (Picture shows Jon Pertwee, Patrick Troughton, Peter Davison and Richard Hurndall as Doctors three, two, five and one.)

In 1989, Pertwee again stars as the Doctor in the stage play *Doctor Who — The Ultimate Adventure*.

Opposite photographs, top and bottom: The Doctor confronts the Dalek Emperor and tricks it into revealing its plans. In the TARDIS, the Doctor is joined by his companions Jason (Graeme Smith) and night-club singer Crystal (Rebecca Thornhill).





TRAVELLING COMPANIONS



The Doctor always travels with companions and the third Doctor is no exception.

Doctor Elizabeth Shaw (Caroline John), a Cambridge graduate and expert on meteorites, is working as UNIT's scientific adviser before her place is usurped by the Doctor. After a relatively short time, she returns to Cambridge.

She is succeeded by the enthusiastic Jo Grant (Katy Manning) who pulls some strings with an influential relative to land a place with UNIT. She manages somehow to help the Doctor while at the same time getting into numerous scrapes of her own.

When Jo leaves, the Doctor teams up with journalist Sarah Jane Smith (Elisabeth Sladen) whose first adventure with the Doctor sees her taken back in time. Sarah also helps the third Doctor gain access to the tomb of Rassilon on Gallifrey.







CHAPTER 4 DALEKS!

I have never liked the Daleks. There, that's out of my system. Now all I have to worry about are hoards of *Doctor Who* fans besieging my house for this heresy. But it is how I feel. The monsters that I felt worked the best in *Doctor Who* were those which made the most use of the marvellous actors we had playing them. What is the point of hiring a great character actor, and then burying him under a rubber mask and plastic costume? Effective acting is all about facial expression and the subtleties that one can bring to the performance through the slightest movement of an eye, or the merest twitch of an eyebrow.

The best monsters were the ones that made use of the actor's own eyes and mouth: I have always said that the Draconians from the story *Frontier in Space* were my favourite for precisely this reason. The Ogrons, who also appeared in *Frontier in Space*, but which made their debut in my first encounter with the Daleks, were also a good example of this sort of monster.

To create the Ogrons the designers had come up with the idea of using a half-mask which covered the actor's face only as far down as his cheekbones, leaving the mouth and chin as the actor's own. The eyes too could be clearly seen and the mask was blended in with clever make-up. In this way the actor could come to grips with the character he was playing, and, with an entire range of expressions available, really make the viewers believe in what he was doing.

But the Daleks . . .

There you could see no sign of the actor inside – even the voices were provided by someone else. They trundled along, and all you had to do to escape from them was to run up or down a flight of stairs! I felt that they were very limited, and as a result I never understood why they were so popular. If they had been made from metal and steel then they might have looked better but they always seemed to me to look as if they were made from three-ply and cardboard and armed with a sink plunger and an egg whisk. There was always something desperately phoney about them.

But popular they were, and when Barry Letts announced that the first story of my third season, *Day of the Daleks*, would see their return, the resultant publicity was perhaps worth my biting my lip and tentatively looking forward to see what my first appearance with them would be like.

Although the story as a whole was not bad, and I enjoyed working with the guest cast immensely – in particular Anna Barry, who seemed to radiate vitality and sexuality – there were one or two embarrassing moments with the Daleks.

One of the most ludicrous scenes occurred towards the end of the story when the Brigadier had to evacuate a group of politicians from the peace conference because the house in which they were meeting was being invaded by Daleks. Because the BBC only had three Daleks, the director, Paul Bernard, shot the same three Daleks going down the path over and over again. It seemed crazy at the time. To add insult to injury, the politicians left the house in a very leisurely manner, saying

'The buggies in Day of the Daleks had been used in one of the Bond films but I think we came out first. I'd already found the location to have the guerrilla base and it was rough terrain which was what the machine was designed to go on so it seemed quite appropriate. Jon and Katy rode it themselves. They were like kids; we all were. It was a great fun day's filming. The only real problem was that it didn't actually go very fast, and the Ogrons chasing it could have caught it up in three strides!'

Paul Bernard interviewed by Peter Linford for *Doctor Who Magazine* number 168.

The Ogrons. A bestial and intellectually challenged life form, used by the Daleks as 'guard dogs'. *Day of the Daleks*.



DAY OF THE DALEKS

By Louis Marks
Directed by Paul Bernard
First Transmitted:
01/01/72 – 22/01/72
4 episodes

The Doctor and Jo investigate the appearance of ghosts at the home of Styles, a senior diplomat, and discover guerillas from the future on a mission to kill Styles. Earth of the future has been invaded by the Daleks, and the guerillas blame Styles. A peace conference he organised was blown up, thus starting a global war which left humanity unable to defend itself when the Daleks arrived.

Starring:
Jon Pertwee

The Doctor

With:

Nicholas Courtney

Katy Manning

Richard Franklin

John Levene

Aubrey Woods

Anna Barry

Scott Fredericks

Valentine Palmer

Jimmy Winston

Jean McFarlane

Wilfrid Carter

Murphy Grumbar

Ricky Newby

John Scott Martin

Oliver Gilbert

Peter Messaline

Rick Lester

Deborah Brayshaw

Gypsy Kemp

Tim Condren

Andrew Carr

George Raistrick

Peter Hill

Alex MacIntosh

Maurice Bush

David Joyce

Frank Menzies

Bruce Wells

Geoffrey Todd

Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart

Jo Grant

Captain Yates

Sergeant Benton

Controller

Anat

Boaz

Monia

Shura

Miss Paget

Sir Reginald Styles

Dalek

Dalek

Dalek

Dalek Voices

Dalek Voices

Ogron

Girl Technician

UNIT Radio Operator

Guerrilla

Senior Guard

Guard at Work Centre

Manager

Television Reporter

Ogron

Ogron

Ogron

Ogron

Ogron

Ogron

I AM THE DOCTOR

goodbye to each other and shaking hands almost as though they were off on a summer outing rather than escaping from a house under siege from deadly alien creatures.

Despite my misgivings about the story at the time, *Day of the Daleks* is in retrospect very much better than I thought. In particular the Dalek attack comes over as exciting and entertaining even though I know there are only three Daleks there. All in all it was a fine way to start off my third season – despite my continued dislike for those insidious metal pepper pots.

I have always been a big fan of gadgets and vehicles, and during my days off from playing the Doctor, I liked to attend numerous car shows and exhibitions. *Day of the Daleks* was the first time that I was able to get one of the many vehicles that I had seen at these shows into the programme. They were little three-wheeled power-trikes with enormous soft balloon tyres designed for going over soft ground and were called ATCs, which presumably stands for something like All Terrain Cycles. I had fallen in love with them and had suggested to Barry that we try and work them in somewhere. Luckily he liked the idea and managed to get it organised. We got a lot of advance publicity with these bikes; I remember scooting through the shallows of a lake with Katy perched on the back while a small army of photographers clustered around us. Unfortunately, I managed to drench a few of them as I powered the trike through the shallow water.

When we came to use the trikes in the series, the director wanted us to do a chase sequence on some undeveloped scrub land alongside the Grand Union Canal that we were using for the location down at Hayes in Middlesex. The whole area consisted of demolished buildings and there were shards of metal sticking up at all angles and lots of scrub bushes. I had to manoeuvre the trike, with Katy on the back, over this surface. Well, a couple of times I nearly came off as the trikes had been designed for soft terrain – such as rice fields – and not for smooth concrete. The tyres were very soft and when you came to take a corner, if you were not very careful, the tyres folded up under the trike. I also had to do a lot of weaving in and out of the scrub and metal. It was a frightening experience and was one of the more dangerous stunts that I had insisted on doing during my time as the Doctor.

A great friend of mine, the late great Oscar-winning film director James Hill, with whom I did the *Worzel Gummidge* series, once said to me, 'It's very easy to be silly, but it's very difficult to be funny' and he was absolutely right. I've a feeling that towards the end of *Doctor Who*'s tenure on the BBC it began to get, at times, a little silly, and not, therefore, funny. When I see average knockabout comedy, I sit there stony faced – unless it is done by somebody as brilliant as Buster Keaton – but when I see things which are human and utterly believable I can find them terribly funny.

This is why I like Rowan Atkinson's Mr Bean character so much. At his best, Mr Bean is terribly, terribly funny because he is so utterly believable. When I played Worzel Gummidge, I was determined that, although he was a fantasy character, he had to be believable. You mustn't break the conventions. The kids knew that Worzel could walk and talk, but to the farmer he was just a scarecrow. That was all. Therefore, when they wrote in a scene in which Worzel went up to the farmer at a fête and asked him how he was getting on – and the farmer looked at Worzel and wondered who on Earth this tatty person was – I knew, of course, that in reality he would recognise his own scarecrow at once, and would want to know why this inanimate object was walking and talking. I queried this and pointed out to the director that we shouldn't break the convention and that the farmer must always believe that Worzel was never more than just a scarecrow.

This also applies to *Doctor Who*. One mustn't be silly with the character because you denigrate it. As I mentioned earlier, Pat Troughton's Doctor sitting down and playing the flute when faced with a tough situation wouldn't have suited my interpretation. I believed that the Doctor had to get on with defeating the enemy without any pussy-footing around, and that the viewers should always

TECHNO-SPEAK

'There's a tiny fault in the interstitial beam synthesiser.' *The Curse of Peladon*

'I reversed the polarity of the neutron flow.' *The Sea Devils*

believe that the Doctor was infallible so that they could put full trust in him.

You can, however, have moments of lightness, and in *Day of the Daleks* we had one such moment when the Doctor sat down and wasted a tremendous amount of time enjoying a supper of cheese and wine. For me it worked because the Doctor was assuredly a gourmet, that he was obviously a closet trencherman, and we therefore got plenty of humour out of that situation. The Doctor definitely mellowed as a character as we went along and those moments of lightness and humour added greatly to the drama and the characters being developed. One final observation on this subject: the Doctor never seems to have a pee. In

all the time I played the part, I was seen eating sandwiches and drinking wine, and yet I never went to the toilet. The Doctor must have had incredible bladder control and like powers of water retention.

When we had finished making *Day of the Daleks* we were off down to Whale Island near Portsmouth for the next story, *The Sea Devils*.

I loved working on *The Sea Devils* because it featured the Navy, and I will always have a nostalgic soft spot for them. Of course, they were the basis and inspiration for my long-running radio series *The Navy Lark*. I also enjoyed this story because there was a lot of location work, something I always preferred.

The director, Michael Briant, came up to me during rehearsal and said, 'We've got this chap in on location to play the boatman, and you're really going to get on with him because he's such a funny bloke. He just cracks me up.' When we got down to Portsmouth, I waited for days for this boatman, played by an actor called Royston Tickner, to say or do something really funny, but sadly he never did. I never found out what he had said and done that had so impressed Michael.

The Sea Devils was the first show in which I was really able to indulge myself with cars and boats. I said at the time that I wanted the show to be more like a science fiction James Bond and I think we started to achieve that.

To start with, we had these extraordinary motor cars, Citroën Deux Chevaux. The great thing about the Deux Chevaux car is that you can take everything off it: doors, seats, roof ... everything. You can transform the car into a completely open frame, and this is what the designer decided to do. They ran off a two-horsepower engine, and the suspension was literally comprised of two elastic bands held by hooks under the chassis. Under way, they were the most dangerous cars to look at, but in reality were very stable and could take corners superbly.

We used several boats in this story as well, and, as usual, I insisted on driving them myself. At one point I had to steer a motorboat up on to a shingle beach which was deceptively tricky to achieve. I had to make sure that I came in on the top of the waves because otherwise the wash would get under the boat and capsize it. It was a bit like surfing, you had to allow the waves to bring the boat ashore. I was lucky enough to get the shot in one take.

We were using a marvellous old deserted sea fort on the Solent as one of the locations. There was a scene where the Doctor and Jo had to climb a ladder attached to the side of the fort. Katy

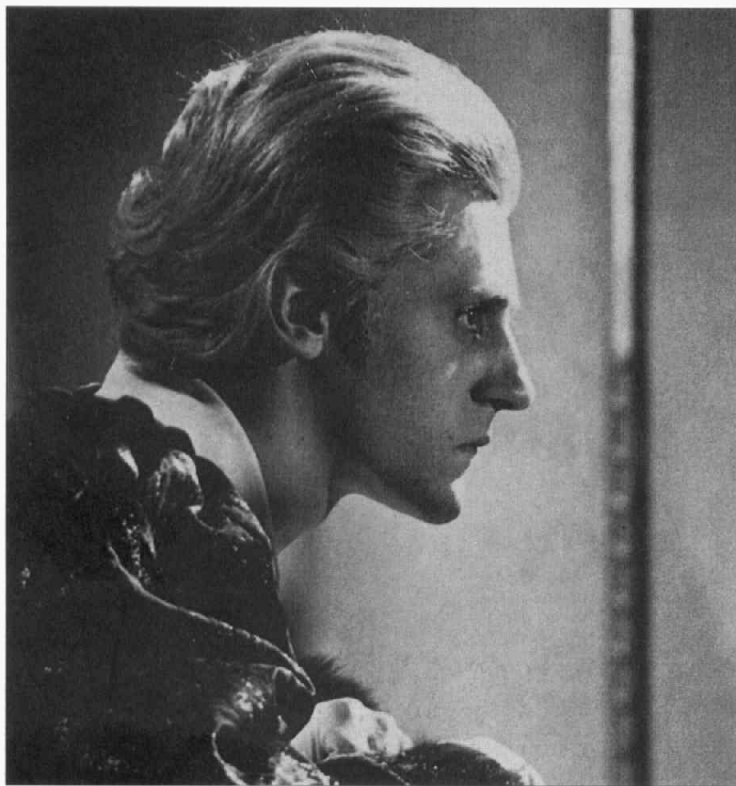


Above: The Doctor and Jo (Katy Manning) are chased by Ogrons as they flee on a three-wheeled buggy. *Day of the Daleks*.

Below: Anat (Anna Barry), leader of the guerrilla raid on the twentieth century. *Day of the Daleks*.

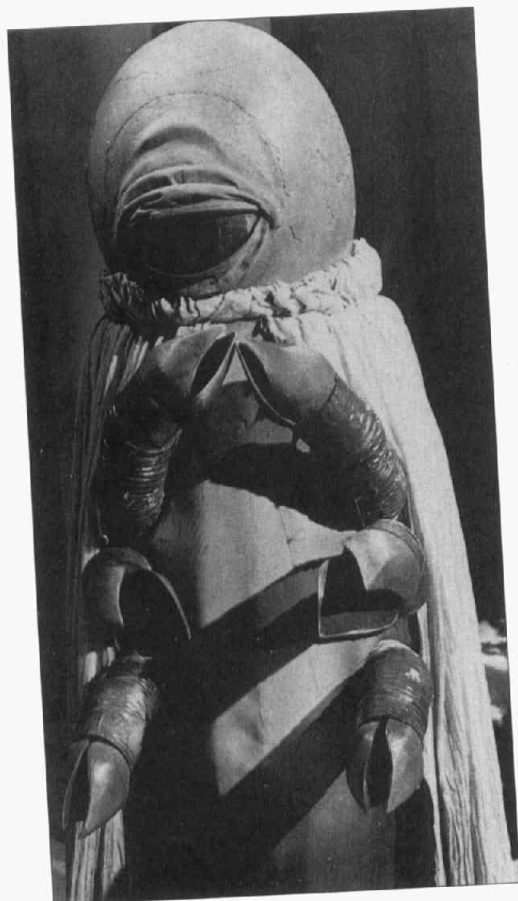


I AM THE DOCTOR



Above: King Peladon (David Troughton). The Curse of Peladon.

Below: Alpha Centauri (body: Stuart Fell, voice: Ysanne Churchman). The Curse of Peladon.



and I went out there with the film crew, but when we arrived it was decided that the sea was too rough – the swell could drop the boat out from under us as we hung on to the ladder – and so Terry and Stuart Fell doubled for me and Katy respectively. We also filmed some sequences where I went up the ladder, following Stuart.

Stuart had got it into his mind that he would wiggle his bottom from side to side as he climbed the ladder, believing it to be more feminine. As he went up all I could see from my position below him was his bum waving about. When I joined him at the top of the ladder, I had a few quiet words with Miss Stuart about provocatively waving his bum at me.

The monsters in this story were not the most successful of the many creatures I came up against. It was always important to me that the mouths and lips of the creatures moved realistically as they spoke, and also that viewers were able to see the human eye, as it gave the creature some semblance of reality. Now, the Sea Devils broke all these rules: the mouths and lips didn't move properly and the eyes were not human. The heads were quite good, even though they looked a bit rubbery, but they did look as though they were wearing rubber washing-up gloves on their hands.

I also wondered why they were wearing blue string vests until someone pointed out that they were supposed to be bits of old fishing net that the creatures had salvaged from the sea bed. These creatures have the technology to build electronic heat guns that can sink ships, underwater force fields and diving bells that can withstand deep sea pressures yet we were supposed to accept that they got their clothing from scraps of old fishing net? In fact, why would they wear clothes at all? Modest monsters, obviously.

I think that my feelings towards these monsters are coloured by one hilarious moment when we were filming on the beach at Portsmouth. It was a sequence when the creatures had to emerge from the sea and run up the beach towards the Naval base.

The director had briefed them all beforehand: 'Now, I want you to wade into the surf, about twenty yards back, and on my signal, duck down under the water. After three seconds, start coming back up out of the sea and walk towards us.'

Well, all went fine until the men in the costumes tried to duck down under the water. I should perhaps explain that the actual Sea Devils' heads that sat on top of the actors' heads were naturally full of air, and try as they might, the actors could not get under the water without the monster heads popping up off their own heads to the surface. In the end, they submerged the heads first to try to get some water into them. This worked to an extent, except that when the actors finally came to emerge from the water and stumble back to the beach, water was pouring from the heads, all but drowning the actors beneath. Had the director wanted to use the original soundtrack, rather than overdubbing it with music, eight million people would have heard a stream of foul and abusive epithets that would have shamed a three badge stoker.

Despite all these problems, I always had a soft spot for the Sea Devils, as their faces looked just like Digby, my cavalier spaniel.

Another location was Norris Castle on the Isle of Wight which was owned by an elderly Grand Dame. She lived in apparent poverty in a vast Victorian folly full of wonderful mediaeval antiques. As I love to explore old houses, I was off on a recce at once. In the enormous kitchens I discovered a book containing recipes going back to the eleventh century. This book had been passed down from owner to owner and was one of the castle's heirlooms. I managed to borrow it as Ingeborg was involved in writing another cookery book at the time, and the recipes in this one were unlike anything we had seen before.

DALEKS!



THE CURSE OF PELADON

By Brian Hayles

Directed by Lennie Mayne

First Transmitted:

29/01/72 – 19/02/72

4 episodes

The Doctor and Jo arrive on the planet Peladon and are mistaken for delegates from Earth attending an intergalactic conference. Delegates from Mars (the Ice Warriors), Arcturus and Alpha Centauri are also present to decide whether Peladon should be allowed to become a member of the Galactic Federation. Unfortunately, there are those who oppose this proposal and they use the fear of Aggedor – mythological beast of Peladon – to try to disrupt the talks. But Aggedor is real, as is the threat to the Doctor when he tries to uncover the truth.

Starring:

Jon Pertwee

The Doctor

With:

Katy Manning

David Troughton

Geoffrey Toone

Alan Bennion

Sonny Caldinez

Stuart Fell

Ysanne Churchman

Peter Murphy Grumbar

Terry Bale

Nick Hobbs

Gordon St Clair

George Giles

Henry Gilbert

Wendy Danvers

Jo Grant

Peladon

Hepesh

Izlyr

Ssorg

Alpha Centauri

Voice of Alpha Centauri

Arcturus

Voice of Arcturus

Aggedor

Grun

Guard Captain

Torbis

Amazonia

It was not often in *Doctor Who* that the Doctor engaged in actual physical combat with his opponents, but in *The Sea Devils* there was a marvellous sword fight between the Doctor and the Master. We actually did some of the fight ourselves, but Roger preferred not to do much of it as he disliked all forms of physical violence. He was therefore doubled by stunt man Derek Ware in the shots where the director could get away with not showing his face. The sequence was choreographed by Derek and when it was finally edited together, you could hardly see the joins. It was very well done indeed and ended the episode on a smashing cliffhanger as the Master threw a knife at the Doctor's back.

Roger, amongst other things, was terrified of water. This was slightly inconvenient as a large part of *The Sea Devils* was set at sea; but we knew that Roger would not let us down. There was one sequence, however, during which I got very angry with one of the production team members.

The scene involved Roger and me floating in the sea whilst wearing inflatable immersion suits. We had a hell of a job trying to persuade Roger to get into his immersion suit in the first place, because he knew we were going to put him in the water, and he didn't want to go in the water. We managed to get him in the suit, and Katy and I talked to him very gently – Katy was always very good



Top: The Ice Warrior Ssorg (Sonny Caldinez).
The Curse of Peladon.

Above: The Doctor investigates ...
The Curse of Peladon.

THE SEA DEVILS

By Malcolm Hulke

Directed by Michael Briant

First Transmitted:

26/02/72 – 01/04/72

6 episodes

Construction work at a sea fort has disturbed a colony of hibernating underwater reptiles – cousins to those met by the Doctor in the caves under Wenley Moor. The Master, held captive in a secure island prison, has persuaded Trenchard, the governor of the prison, to help him wipe out what he describes as saboteurs. In fact, the Master is in contact with the Sea Devils, as they are termed, and plans to initiate a war between them and mankind. The Doctor again tries to negotiate peace, but the Navy bomb the Sea Devils' base, destroying the colony.

Starring:

Jon Pertwee

The Doctor

With:

Roger Delgado

Katy Manning

Edwin Richfield

Clive Morton

Donald Sumpter

June Murphy

Rex Rowland

Declan Mulholland

Hugh Fitcher

Martin Boddey

John Caesar

Eric Mason

Colin Bell

Christopher Wray

Alec Wallis

David Griffin

Brian Vaughan

Royston Tickner

Peter Forbes-Robertson

Pat Gorman

Neil Seiler

Brian Justice

Terry Walsh

Stanley McGeagh

Norman Atkyns

The Master

Jo Grant

Captain Hart

Trenchard

Commander Ridgeway

3rd Officer Jane Blythe

A/B Girton

Clark

Hickman

Walker

CPO Myers

CPO Smedley

CPO Summers

Ldg Seaman Lovell

Ldg Telegraphist Bowman

Lt Commander Mitchell

Lt Commander Watts

Robbins

Chief Sea Devil

Sea Devil

Radio Operator

Castle Guard Wilson

Castle Guard Barclay

Castle Guard Drew

Rear Admiral

I AM THE DOCTOR



at calming Roger down – and eventually we reached the point at which he was about to agree to be floated in the water in order to get an establishing shot before a stuntman took his place as the Master was hauled from the water into a boat. Then an assistant director suddenly butted in with: 'Oh, come on Roger. For God's sake, we've waited long enough already ...' I turned on him immediately.

'Oh belt up!' I said *sotto voce*. 'We've had enough trouble getting Roger into the suit in the first place, and now you come up and start upsetting his confidence. Why don't you just jump in the sea and cool off.'

Michael, the director, hurried over when he saw what was happening and took the assistant director to one side, saying, 'Look, leave Roger alone. Let him do it in his own time.'

Eventually, after about forty minutes, the director got the shot he needed of the Master floating in the water. Roger needed gentle persuasion and calm reasoning to get him to do these things, and the fact that he did made me immensely proud of the man. There are not many who can face up to their fears as Roger did, and this made him one of the bravest men I knew.

Doctor Who, like all television drama, had to stick within its allocated budgets. Location filming was always expensive and Barry had arranged some wonderful places for us to film over the course of the year. Barry had to save money somewhere to fund all this, and it was decided to set *The Curse of Peladon*, the next story we made, entirely in the studio. I have always preferred working on location and I think this is why I don't remember making this story as being so much fun as those where we got away from the studio.

I was very pleased that we had David Troughton, son of Patrick, appearing in that one as the young King Peladon. David has gone on to become one of the top dramatic actors in England, but when he appeared with us in *Doctor Who* he was virtually unknown. I had known his father as we had both served in the Navy during the war, and I always remember that he wore a gaudy-looking tea-cosy on his head when he went into action in his MTB. He said that the standard issue tin hat was too uncomfortable and so he wore his old family tea-cosy instead, much to the consternation of his Commanding Officer.

The story was directed by Australian Lennie Mayne who, many years later, died in a boating accident. He was drowned after floating around in the water for ages as the rescue team couldn't find him. This was a great loss as Lennie was a very talented choreographer and dancer as well as a superb director. He designed and directed a weekly pop-music dance show called *Cool For Cats*, which included in the cast my first wife Jean Marsh and, also, Una Stubbs, who appeared with me in *Worzel Gummidge*.

Lennie was a lovely man, but swore like a trooper. When we were making one story with him, a group of us had to look up and go, 'Gosh! Wow!' in amazement at what we saw. So in rehearsals we

Above: The Sea Devils attempt to emerge from the water. *The Sea Devils*.

all looked up and made faint noises of awe until Lennie came up and said, 'Stop!'

We all stopped and stood there looking at him, wondering what the problem was. He said – and Lennie had a remarkable turn of phrase – 'Jesus Christ-all-bloody-mighty! D'you guys know what you're all looking at? You don't come on and go, "Ooh, that looks interesting!" You're like a bunch of bloody fairies. You say, "F*** me, will you F***ing well look at that!"' The air turned blue when Lennie was around.

So, when we came to do it in the studio for the producer's runthrough, as a gag, I primed the rest of the cast to do it just as Lennie had asked us, using Lennie's language. So, when the time came we all stood there and swore the life out of ourselves.

Now, Barry Letts had, unknown to us, invited a reverend gentleman to the runthrough and he was sitting in the box when we came to the scene, and, as arranged, we all let rip. Lennie went pale, and rushed over to try to stop us, hurriedly pointing out Barry's ecclesiastical visitor. I often wonder what Barry said to his friend to explain our irreverent behaviour.

Because we couldn't go on location for the story, we did some filming at Ealing Studios instead where they had built a rock face for Katy and me to clamber all over while being buffeted by wind machines. Although we were only a few feet from the ground, Lennie cleverly managed to make it look as though we were halfway up a mountain.

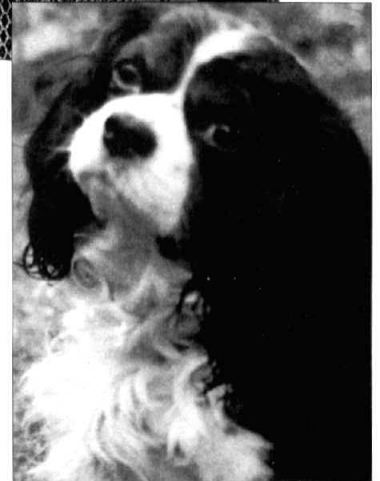
The Ice Warriors also featured in this story. Sonny Caldinez, who played the Warrior Ssorg, became quite a friend of mine, because he was also an all-in wrestler and I used to follow the sport. He was a massive man, built like several tanks, but he was a lovely chap and I was very fond of him. He used to call himself the Brazilian Bombshell – or something similar – but he was actually a West Indian. He told me that on one occasion he turned up for a fight and there were about 500 guys all up close to the ring, all yelling at him in Portuguese. He was smiling and waving to them, but didn't understand a word they were shouting. They all assumed that he, being a Brazilian, would know the language and he was more than a little embarrassed that he didn't. A hurried exit was made by Sonny as soon as the contest finished.

Communicating with the various alien races and monsters on *Doctor Who* often turned out to be a little hit and miss. For some reason it was generally accepted that everyone in the universe spoke the Queen's English, and although I was able to try my hand at Hokien Chinese, there were precious few other opportunities to speak an alien tongue – one memorable occasion came in my very first story when I 'spoke' to Liz Shaw in the language of the planet Delphon, which involved waggling ones eyebrows maniacally. Of course, there are times when words are not enough and one of my favourite moments in *The Curse of Peladon* came when the Doctor attempted to pacify a bear-like creature called Aggedor, using a spinning mirror on top of his sonic screwdriver. The sequence also called for the Doctor to croon an 'old Venusian lullaby' and when it came to record those scenes, Lennie wanted me to sing it.

The words were in the script, and, in fact, the first line of the lullaby had actually appeared in *The Demons* when the Doctor sternly intoned it to frighten off Bok. This time, however, it was to be sung and so I said to Lennie, 'What tune should I use?'

He said, 'Just make something up.' It seemed that no one had given any thought as to what the tune was to be.

I have always modestly prided myself on my singing voice, although others might beg to differ, and I wanted this piece to sound good. After a few moments thought, I hummed the words: 'Klokleda, partha, mennin klatch. Ablark, araan, aroon. Klokeeda shunna teerenatch. Aroon araan aroon'; and realised that the tune of the popular Christmas carol 'God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen' would fit them. So that was the tune that I used. It astonished me that for years afterwards, people



The Sea Devils always reminded Jon of his dog, Digby.

'Everybody on Doctor Who was very welcoming and friendly, particularly Jon, Roger and Katy Manning. It can be very daunting, coming into a series in which all the main characters are well-established and the actors already know each other.'

Ingrid Pitt interviewed by Andrew Evans for *Doctor Who Magazine* number 199.

THE MUTANTS

By Bob Baker & Dave Martin
Directed by Christopher Barry
First Transmitted:
08/04/72 – 13/05/72
6 episodes

An unscrupulous Marshal wants to redevelop the planet Solos so that he can rule it. The natives are mutating into insect-like monsters and no one knows the cause, although the Marshal's atmospheric experiments are blamed. The Doctor and Jo arrive bearing a message from the Time Lords for Ky, one of the Solonians. This message turns out to be critical for all parties to understand what is actually happening on the planet.

Starring:

Jon Pertwee

The Doctor

With:

Katy Manning
Paul Whitsun-Jones
Garrick Hagon
George Pravda
Geoffrey Palmer
Rick James
Christopher Coll
John Hollis
Peter Howell
James Mellor
Jonathan Sherwood
Sidney Johnson
Roy Pearce
David Arlen
Martin Taylor
Damon Sanders
John Scott Martin

Jo Grant
Marshal
Ky
Jaeger
Administrator
Cotton
Stubbs
Sondergaard
Investigator
Varan
Varan's Son
Old Man
Solos Guard
Warrior Guard
Skybase Guard
Solos Guard
Mutt

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would come up to me and ask where the tune came from for the Venusian lullaby. No one connected it with the Christmas carol at all.

I have one final happy memory of making *The Curse of Peladon*. Ben Aris, Mac MacDonald and George Giles were three actors who appeared with me in the 1963 stage musical *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* where they played three Proteans. The opening number of the show was with Frankie Howerd, and the three Proteans. There was a great bit of schtick. A false leg was pushed through the front curtains. Everyone assumed that this leg belonged to one of the Proteans, but when Frankie grabbed it, it came right off. There followed a big routine with the leg which went down a storm on the first night and got tremendous applause. Frankie, for some strange reason, got very irritated by the success of the Proteans and how well this sequence had

gone on the opening night, so he completely screwed them up on the second night by not doing the right business with the leg so that it was impossible for the Proteans to follow the choreography properly. Naturally the scene died.

George Giles was the campest old thing you've ever met in your life, and he had an incredible sense of humour. I came down to rehearsals one day to find George standing there. He had been cast as one of the soldiers and, although this was nine years on from the last time I had worked with him, he once more had me tucked up. On 'Action' he started running up and down in his costume going 'Whoops!' in a high camp voice and waving his sword about effeminately all the time he was fighting. It was quite hilarious watching him. After that I never saw him again. I've no idea what he did or where he went but he was a wonderfully funny man and it was a pleasure to have known him.

The Mutants started as though it were an episode of *Monty Python's Flying Circus*, with a puffing and wheezing Michael Palin-like scrawny and bedraggled man, with a full face of hair, running out of a bank of mists straight for the camera where he stops. It only needed him to utter the word, '...it's...' for the illusion to be complete.

In fact, an admission. I don't really recall anything about the making of *The Mutants*. When you are working on a long-running series, after a time all the individual programmes start to merge and meld together into a single memory. This is, I think, true of all actors who appear in long-running series. I worked on *Doctor Who* for five years, and have fond memories of that period. However, more often than not, the details of the individual stories merge together and become lost in the mists of time.

The location filming was very impressive, considering that we were at the popular tourist attraction

Above: Professor Sondergaard (John Hollis) explains his theories of Solonian evolution to the Doctor and Jo (Katy Manning). *The Mutants*.

TECHNO-SPEAK

'We'd all reverse instantly into anti-matter. Blasted out of the other side of the Universe in a flash of electromagnetic radiation. We'd all become un-people, un-doing un-things un-together. Fascinating.'
The Mutants

of Chislehurst caves. I remember that we had to walk seemingly for miles before we actually arrived at where we were supposed to be filming because we couldn't get vehicles down into the caves to ferry us backward and forward. I got a lot of exercise on that show!

Watching the story again, I am impressed by the visual effects, Christopher Barry's stylish direction and the monsters – wonderful mutant humanoids created by the costume designer, Jim Acheson, who went on to win justly deserved Oscars for his work on the Bertolucci film *The Last Emperor*, on *Dangerous Liaisons* in 1988 and on *Restoration* in 1996. We were very privileged to have someone of Jim's talent working on the show.

I managed to get hold of one of the mutant creatures' masks after we had finished making the story and Sean had it in his small *Doctor Who* museum as one of his most treasured possessions. All these bits and pieces that he collected eventually got swapped for other things – skateboards, footballs and such like – so, sadly, he doesn't have them any more. I'm not sure who is more disappointed by this, me or him.

To end the third season, we had *The Time Monster*, directed by Paul Bernard. There were several scenes on location in this story where Katy and I were driving in Bessie, and while we drove, we had to speak a lot of dialogue. To shoot those sequences, a camera was fixed to the side of the car, and Katy or I would have to lean forward to switch the camera on at the start of the scene and off again at the end. There wasn't room in the car for a cameraman, and the country lanes we were filming in were not wide enough for a trailer on which Bessie could be placed to simulate us driving along.

There was one occasion where we were set up to film a sequence, and I was driving along the lane that had been chosen as the location. When the car was running at a nice steady pace, I leant forward and switched on the camera. Katy and I then went through the scene. When we had finished, I switched the camera off and suddenly realised that I had no idea where we were. At some point I had taken a turning and not realised it. We drove back up the lane, but neither of us could recognise anything. After driving to and fro for ages, we suddenly came across a car in which were some of the crew. The director had become so worried when we hadn't returned from recording the scene that he had sent out search parties to look for us.

Paul had assembled a great cast for *The Time Monster*. We had George Cormack playing Dalios, the old King of Atlantis, alongside Ingrid Pitt as Queen Galleia. George was a lovely old man and he later appeared as the elderly Abbot in my final story, *Planet of the Spiders*. An actor named Donald Eccles was playing Krasis, the high priest of Atlantis, and I heard on the BBC grapevine that he was very good at making paper aeroplanes. During the rehearsals at the Acton Hilton – an affectionate term for the large and cavernous rooms in which the BBC carried out all its rehearsals – we were left alone at one point and I commented to Donald that I too was rather good at making paper aeroplanes and so proposed a plane-building competition as to who could build a plane to travel the farthest.

Once we had finished making our paper planes, we threw them out the window of the rehearsal rooms. Donald just walked the competition. His plane caught a gust of air and easily travelled the farthest, probably to Hammersmith – in any event we completely lost sight of it. When Barry and Paul returned, I don't think that they quite believed that we

TECHNO-SPEAK

'Reverse the temporal polarity!' *The Time Monster*

Ky (Garrick Hagon) holds back a mutant with a flaming brand. The mutant creatures were designed by James Acheson. *The Mutants*.



TERRY WALSH

STUNTMAN

I had not worked with Jon Pertwee before I met him on the *Doctor Who* story *Inferno* back in 1970. As an all-round variety performer, Jon was always great with the business side of the job. He was also a perfectionist and used to agonise over the smallest details. He knew that people wanted to see action — car chases, fights, explosions — and therefore encouraged the use of action over dialogue all the time. He was totally dedicated to giving the audience what he believed they wanted to see.

The Doctor was a very passive character and it was important to us all that he never resorted to physical violence. I therefore suggested the introduction of a form of martial arts that, according to the show, originated on the planet Venus. I was adept at Akido, a form of defensive combat that does not involve attacking, and this was ideal for the Doctor. Especially when stuntmen like myself or Alan Chuntz were on the receiving end as we could back-flip or fly across the room and make Jon's Doctor seem powerful and in control of every situation.

The best example of this form of combat in *Doctor Who* was in the story *The Three Doctors* when the Doctor had to fight with a troll-like creature. I suggested to Barry Letts and the director Lennie Mayne that we show the fight in slow motion using a technique called step printing, which resulted in the actors leaving a flickering trail behind them as they moved. The scene was shot with myself and Chuntzy fighting against a black backdrop and was one of the best staged and most effective fights on *Doctor Who*.

This was what the stunt co-ordinator's job was: to make the pictures in the director's mind come to life. You had to be able to see the possibilities in a piece of action and then develop them to give the greatest impact with the minimum physical danger to the stuntmen. I had trained under the world's greatest stuntman, Paddy Ryan, and he used to make me practice a stunt repeatedly until it was perfect. Later, when we were recording on video rather than using film, I was able to see the results of a stunt immediately after it had been performed, and make any necessary adjustments if a re-take was required.

I remember that Jon always wanted to do all the stunts himself and, because they were great fun to do, I always used to try and convince him that they were really dangerous and that I should do them for him — why should he have all the fun?

I have many happy memories of working with Jon on *Doctor Who*. It was always a pleasure going to work and hopefully our efforts resulted in a show that was both entertaining and as action packed as the audience demanded.

Terry Walsh

had just enjoyed a pleasant hour flying paper aeroplanes.

Many years ago I had a friend called Ken Chaplin. One day he knocked on my door when I was living in Barnes, and asked if he could come in as he was just passing. 'Of course,' I said and gestured him in. Behind him followed a girl and the blood drained from my face because I recognised her as being an old girlfriend of mine. I had known her in every sense of the word and she looked at me and gave a little quizzical smile. I thought that this was terrible. What was I going to do? What was I going to say? I was married now, with children. This could turn out to be terribly embarrassing.

So, I showed them round the house and made coffee for them, and was terribly nervous the entire time because I couldn't quite sort this out in my head. It must have been thirty years since I had known her and yet she looked so young and exactly as I remembered her.

When they were leaving, she thanked me for my hospitality, and then looked me in the eye and said, 'You think you know me, don't you?'

Well, I mumbled something about, 'Well, of course I know you,' and, 'Don't be silly,' and such like, when she stopped me in my tracks by saying, 'Well, you don't. You know my mother.'

It turned out that she was Susan Penhaligon, the daughter of Jean Mickleborough, a great love of my life during the war. She was absolutely identical to her mother: looks, style, charm, voice, everything. Susan also appeared with us in *The Time Monster* in one of her earliest acting parts.

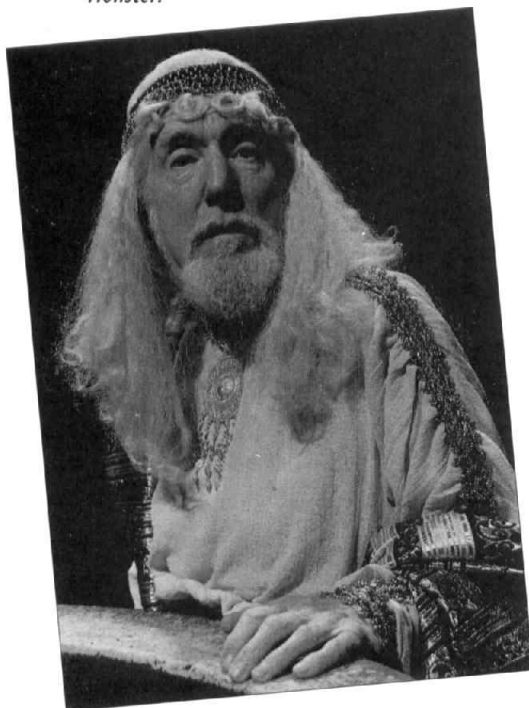
Part of the ancient Minoan myth about Atlantis concerns the bull-headed man, the Minotaur. The script called for the Doctor to have a fight with this mythological creature and an actor called Dave Prowse, who later appeared as Darth Vader in the three *Star Wars* films, was hired to play him. Dave also played the Green Cross Code Man in a long-running series of television advertisements in the seventies, but not many people remember that I was the Road Safety Man before him!

In 1974 I was hired to do a road safety advertisement using the catchphrase 'SPLINK'. The letters stood for the most tortuous sequence of words ever: find a safe place to cross and stop; stand on the pavement near the kerb; look all round for traffic and listen; if traffic is coming, let it pass; when there is no traffic near, walk straight across the road; keep looking and listening for traffic while you cross. How any child was supposed to remember that lot, I don't know.

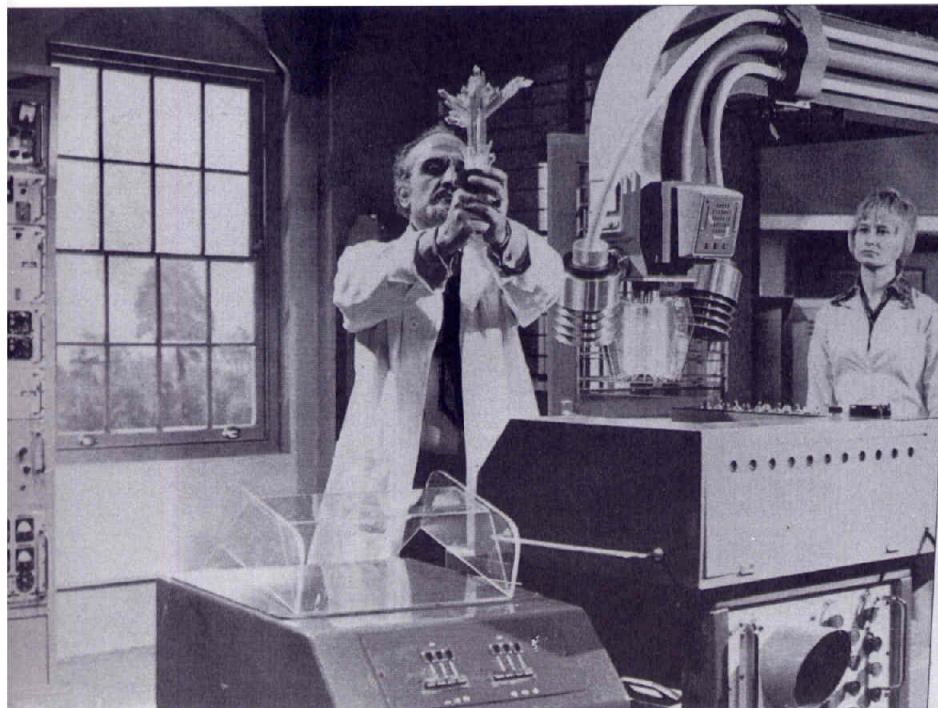
Dave once told me that playing the Minotaur in *Doctor Who* was one of the most embarrassing moments in his life. The problem from his point of view was that the mask was extremely heavy and very hard to see out of, and so when he was fighting with me in the catacombs, he could hardly see me at all.

I think that this was possibly the least of our problems as those scenes with the Minotaur were probably the worst in my entire run on *Doctor Who*. Everything about them was simply awful: me waving my cloak about to Spanish bullfighting music ... everything. It seemed so obvious that Dave couldn't see a thing and we were stumbling aimlessly about engaged in a very obviously faked fight. The Doctor should have used more intelligence and cunning, and the Minotaur should have been far more brutal and animalistic. As with all television, however, in the end, you can only make so

King Dalios (George Cormack). *The Time Monster*.



DALEKS!



many suggestions before you have to buckle down and do what the director wants.

Doctor Who has always been a show of contrasts, containing highs and lows. Just as *The Time Monster* featured possibly my worst moment – with the fight against the Minotaur – it also featured one of the best – in a scene where the Doctor was locked in a dungeon with Jo and we talk about fear, the Doctor recalling his darkest day to make their current predicament seem less terrifying.

As with a similar scene in *The Mind of Evil*, this scene was magical in its simplicity and sincerity. It was understated both in terms of direction and atmosphere and, for me, summed up what *Doctor Who* was all about.

There were a lot of lines to remember for that one scene, as it was, on the whole, a monologue by the Doctor, but somehow I managed it. The end result is easily one of my favourite moments from the series.

After we had finished recording *The Time Monster* in May 1972, we started work immediately on *Carnival of Monsters* which was to form part of the next season. After that I took a brief holiday break before returning to *Doctor Who* once more. What I had not realised was that the stories for the following year marked the tenth anniversary of the show, and that Barry and Terrance had some definite ideas as to how to mark the occasion.

I was about to meet my former selves ...



THE TIME MONSTER
By Robert Sloman and Barry Letts
Directed by Paul Bernard
First Transmitted:
20/05/72 – 24/06/72
6 episodes

The Master is experimenting with time using part of a crystal from the semi-mythical city of Atlantis. He manages to summon and control Kronos the Chronovore and travels to Atlantis to obtain the rest of the crystal. The Doctor and Jo must try to stop him before he unleashes the power of Kronos, but the Master is in league with Queen Galleia and the Doctor comes face to face with the mythical Minotaur.

Starring:
Jon Pertwee The Doctor

With:	
Roger Delgado	The Master
Katy Manning	Jo Grant
Nicholas Courtney	Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart
Richard Franklin	Captain Mike Yates
John Levene	Sergeant Benton
Neville Barber	Dr Cook
Wanda Moore	Dr Ruth Ingram
Ian Collier	Stuart Hyde
John Wyse	Dr Percival
George Cormack	Dalios
Ingrid Pitt	Galleia
Aidan Murphy	Hippias
Donald Eccles	Krasis
Susan Penhaligon	Lakis
Michael Walker	Miseus
Barry Ashton	Proctor
Derek Murcott	Crito
Dave Prowse	Minotaur
Marc Boyle	Kronos
Ingrid Bower	Face of Kronos
Terry Walsh	Window Cleaner
Keith Dalton	Neophite
Simon Legree	UNIT Soldier
Geoffrey Powell	Knight
Dave Carter	Roundhead Officer
George Lee	Farm Worker
Melville Jones	Guard

Above: The Master (Roger Delgado) holds aloft the Crystal of Kronos as Ruth (Wanda Moore) looks on. *The Time Monster*.

Left: Queen Galleia (Ingrid Pitt). *The Time Monster*.



CHAPTER 5

MEETING MY

PREDECESSORS

Although *The Three Doctors* was the first story to be transmitted for *Doctor Who*'s tenth-anniversary season, it was the third story that we made. My work on *Carnival of Monsters* had been completed before we broke for the summer, and *Frontier In Space* was the first story we actually made for the new season. It was some time before I discovered what Barry had lined up to celebrate the anniversary itself.

The first I heard that we were making a special story was when the script arrived on my doorstep. Even that, outwardly, had no clues as the story was, at that time, called *The Black Hole* and was only later renamed *The Three Doctors*. I suppose that Barry might have mentioned something to me beforehand, but I really don't recall it. I do remember thinking that the story was quite clever in the way it managed to bring the past incarnations of the Doctor together.

We knew that Bill Hartnell had been ill and so the writers tried to keep his involvement to a minimum. As it turned out, he wasn't well enough to appear in the studio recordings with Pat and me, and so it was arranged for him to pre-film all his sequences at Ealing Film Studios on the same day that we filmed the fight sequence between my Doctor and Omega's 'champion', a troll-like grotesque played by Alan Chuntz. Bill's contribution would then be shown on the TARDIS monitor during the studio recordings. I did, however, get to meet Bill – with whom I had worked previously, in 1953, on the film *Will Any Gentlemen...?* – during a press call for the story, when Pat and I travelled to Battersea to sit for the cameras.

It was tremendous fun working with Pat, although he had a rather different approach to acting than I did. I have always played it by the book; in other words, I say the dialogue that is in the script, and I take my cues from the other actors as we go along. The rhythm and timing of a scene, and also, the actual process of learning lines and making sense as you say them, depend, for me, on breaking the dialogue down into a series of cue points.

One of the scenes I played with Pat featured him scrabbling about under the TARDIS console trying to unhook the TARDIS force-field generator. In the process he finds his recorder, which he had lost earlier in the story. When we came to record the sequence, I had a line to say to Pat while he was under the console: 'How do we know that he'll take the generator? What if he should refuse?' at which point Pat was supposed to exclaim: 'I've found it! Look.'

What we, in fact, heard was: 'It's dark in here!'

I stopped, completely thrown off course as I hadn't had my cue. I looked down at Pat – who had by now popped his head back out from under the console – and said, 'What are you on about, Pat? That's not my cue. You're supposed to say, "I've found it! Look."'

Pat looked up at me and, in all innocence, said, 'Don't quibble, Pertwee. That's near enough!'

In the end I had to accept the fact that Pat tended to work around his lines a little more than perhaps I was used to, and on the second take, when Pat came out with, 'Ahh! I've found it!', I was ready for him and continued with the scene unfazed. I really had very few problems working with Pat as he was such an accomplished and natural actor.

When we attended conventions together in America later on, we carried the banter from this story, and also from the later story *The Five Doctors*, out on to the convention stages, and used to put on massive arguments, to the delight of the attendees. There was one occasion when I had been passed a small loaded water pistol by one of the fans, and, during a panel discussion, I squirted Pat in the

'I remember playing boopla over the things that divided the spaces at the rehearsal rooms (tall poles to represent corners of rooms), and we all had to sing a salute to Harry Roy or something before we started. That was something to do with Jon Pertwee – I don't know quite what, but Jon adored it! He was lovely.'

Jane How talking about *Planet of the Daleks* in an interview with Anthony Townsend for *Doctor Who Magazine* number 209.

TECHNO-SPEAK

'I'll dismantle the circuitry, reverse the polarity and convert to a low power receiver transmitter with a positive feedback.'
Planet of the Daleks

'Never trust a Venusian shanghall with a perigosto stick.'
The Green Death

*Opposite: The second Doctor (Patrick Troughton) and the third Doctor (Jon Pertwee) in Omega's palace. *The Three Doctors*.*

THE THREE DOCTORS
 By Bob Baker & Dave Martin
 Directed by Lennie Mayne
 First Transmitted:
 30/12/72 – 20/01/73
 4 episodes

Omega, a renegade member of the Doctor's own race, is trapped in an anti-matter universe of his own creation and is draining the Time Lords' power through a black hole. To try and stop him, the Time Lords bring the three incarnations of the Doctor together. The third and second incarnations travel through the black hole and confront Omega in his own universe while the first Doctor acts as an intermediary between the Doctors and the Time Lords. The Doctors defeat Omega and, by way of thanks, the Time Lords restore the third Doctor's ability to, once again, travel in space and time.

Starring:

Jon Pertwee	The Doctor
Patrick Troughton	The Doctor
William Hartnell	The Doctor

With:

Katy Manning	Jo Grant
Nicholas Courtney	Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart
John Levene	Sergeant Benton
Stephen Thorne	Omega
Rex Robinson	Dr Tyler
Patricia Prior	Mrs Ollis
Laurie Webb	Mr Ollis
Denys Palmer	Corporal Palmer
Alan Chuntz	Omega's Champion
Clyde Pollitt	Chancellor
Roy Purcell	President Of The Council
Graham Leaman	Time Lord

I AM THE DOCTOR



ear when he called me an overdressed dandy.

Never one to let a challenge lie, Pat turned up later in the day with an even bigger water pistol and attacked me while I was speaking on stage. The following day, one of the fans had come up to me with a suggestion – and the requisite equipment – and when Pat was doing his bit on stage, I appeared at the back of the hall, wearing a water-filled backpack and carrying the most enormous water cannon I had ever seen. I let rip with the water but Pat had anticipated me, and pulled out an enormous multicoloured golf umbrella. He had the last laugh on me that time.

There was another occasion when we were appearing together on the *Children In Need* show, together with just about everyone else who had ever appeared in *Doctor Who*. We all had to come

out of the TARDIS to present a cheque, and when Pat and I exited, we got 'stuck' in the doorway together and were struggling and muttering insults at each other as we each tried to leave the TARDIS first. Terry Wogan, who was compering the show, started laughing nervously and swaying on the balls of his feet in the way that he does. He came up to us and tried to gently calm the situation down. 'Come on now,' he whispered. 'Calm down lads. This is live you know.' I looked at him and saw that he thought that our banter was for real and so I whispered to him out of the corner of my mouth that it was just an act, but Terry simply chuckled some more and swayed some more and seemed very uncomfortable about the whole incident.

Stephen Thorne was cast as Omega in *The Three Doctors* because of his stature, as well as the power of his voice. He has a magnificent and rich speaking voice and is a great actor. He had appeared in *The Demons* as the satyr Azal, had played an Ogron in *Frontier in Space* and appeared with us in the radio production transmitted in 1996, *Doctor Who and The Ghosts of N-Space*. Omega was a marvellous part to play and Stephen made the most of it. He never seemed to have much luck with getting his face on camera, though – Azal, Omega and the Ogron all involved him having his face covered in make-up or not seen at all, and, of course, in *Doctor Who and The Ghosts of N-Space* he was being heard on radio.

There was one point in *The Three Doctors* where Stephen became worried with a visual effect that was being recorded. He had to lift off Omega's helmet to reveal his face, only his face was no longer there. This was done, as were a great number of the optical effects in *Doctor Who*, by using a process called Colour Separation Overlay. This involved recording the action against a yellow or blue cloth and then electronically replacing the colour with a picture from another camera.

Stephen was standing against a yellow background and his head was covered with a yellow cloth so that when he lifted the helmet, another background could be superimposed in place of the yellow colour, making it look as though his head was missing. The intricacies of these effects were rarely explained to us – we were placed in position and politely asked to get on with it.

The story that was transmitted after *The Three Doctors* was *Carnival of Monsters* although this had actually been made immediately after *The Time Monster* at the start of 1972.

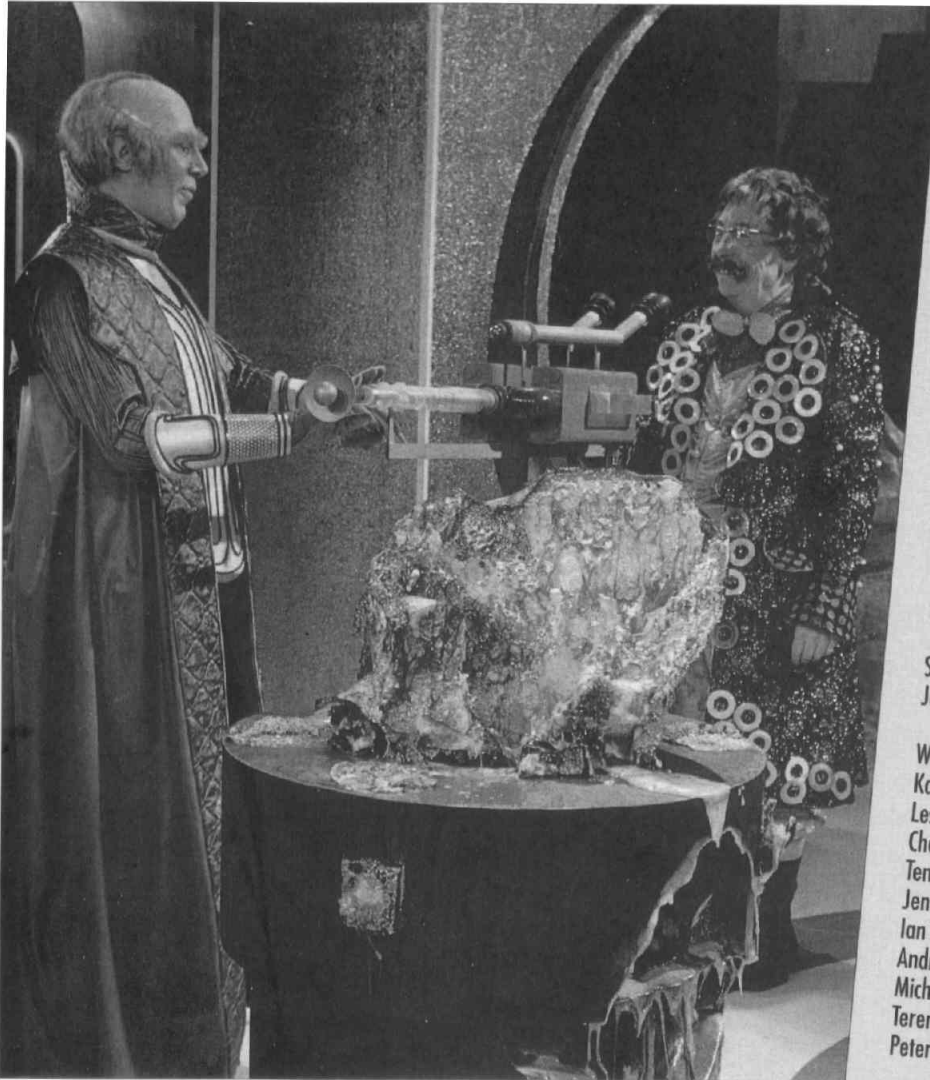
Leslie Dwyer was with us playing the carnival showman Vorg. He was an old-time film actor who had made a lot of British quota pictures in the forties and fifties. When he came onto the studio floor to record his scenes for *Doctor Who*, he noticed that I had a chair with my name printed on the back.

Now, I had that chair because I have a weak back, which dates from being blown up in the war and also from eight years in Music Hall, where I fell backward over an ironing board on to my bottom twice-nightly during my stand-up comedy act. The BBC, therefore, kindly gave me this chair. I



Top: Omega (Stephen Thorne). *The Three Doctors*.

Above: The first three Doctors at a press call. Patrick Troughton, Jon Pertwee and William Hartnell.



CARNIVAL OF MONSTERS

By Robert Holmes

Directed by Barry Letts

First Transmitted:

27/01/73 – 17/02/73

4 episodes

With the freedom to roam in time and space returned to the Doctor, he and Jo arrive on what they think is a cargo ship sailing on the Indian Ocean. In fact, they have been miniaturised and caught inside a mobile zoo owned by an intergalactic showman named Vorg. The Doctor accidentally releases some ravening caterpillar-like monsters called Drashigs and the local dignitaries on Inter Minor – the planet that Vorg has set his machine up on – decide to use the confusion to seize control from the current president.

Starring:

Jon Pertwee

The Doctor

With:

Katy Manning

Jo Grant

Leslie Dwyer

Vorg

Cheryl Hall

Shirna

Tenniel Evans

Major Daly

Jenny Mc Cracken

Claire Daly

Ian Marter

John Andrews

Andrew Staines

Captain

Michael Wisher

Kalik

Terence Lodge

Orum

Peter Halliday

Pletrac

had been working on the show for three years, and it was simply convenient for me to have my own chair which could be carted around the studios and locations. Generally, the BBC did not supply chairs for artists.

Leslie got very upset about this and asked where his chair was, because he'd been in the film industry for years and had always had his own chair. The floor assistant dutifully ran off and obtained a chair from one of the dressing rooms, and brought it over to where he was standing.

Leslie looked at it and said, 'That's not my chair. It hasn't got my name on.'

The floor assistant didn't know what he was talking about, so Leslie explained that he was used to working on film sets, and that on film sets, you had a chair that was your chair and which had your name on the back.

The floor assistant apologised and said that this was the BBC – they didn't have chairs with names on the back. Leslie, however, got most incensed by this. As far as he was concerned, he wanted his name on the back of his own chair and that was that. He never got his wish, though.

To film the sequences on board the cargo ship we actually went on location on a real ship, the RFA *Robert Dundas*, that was sailing down the River Medway to a breakers yard at Sheerness. It was rather unsettling to be filming on a moving ship, but we had to in order for the moving water to be seen over the side of the ship.

Before we joined the ship we were told that we could help ourselves after the shoot to anything on the ship that we liked, but to leave the ship's compass in the binnacle alone, as the ex-captain wanted that for himself.

So, when we had our breaks, Katy and I went around with screwdrivers and removed just about everything that we could. My house is full of brass hooks and other assorted bits that we rescued

Vorg (Leslie Dwyer) and Pletrac (Peter Halliday) after defeating the rampaging Drashigs. *Carnival of Monsters*.

FRONTIER IN SPACE

By Malcolm Hulke

Directed by Paul Bernard

First Transmitted:

24/02/73 – 31/03/73

6 episodes

The Doctor and Jo become caught up in a tense political situation between the planets Earth and Draconia. Each are accusing the other of violating a trading agreement, but the real culprit is the Master who has been organising raiding parties of Ogrons to carry out the attacks. The Doctor, together with emissaries from Earth and Draconia, travel to the Ogron's own planet, where a nasty surprise awaits them.

Starring:

Jon Pertwee

The Doctor

With:

Katy Manning

Jo Grant

Roger Delgado

The Master

Peter Birrell

Draconian Prince

Michael Hawkins

General Williams

John Woodnutt

Draconian Emperor

Vera Fusek

President Of Earth

Harold Goldblatt

Professor Dale

Richard Shaw

Cross

Ray Lonnen

Gardiner

Barry Ashton

Kemp

Madhav Sharma

Patel

Luan Peters

Sheila

Dennis Bowen

Prison Governor

John Rees

Hardy

James Culliford

Stewart

Louis Mahoney

Newscaster

Bill Mitchell

Newscaster

John Scott Martin

Chief Dalek

Cy Town

Dalek

Murphy Grumbar

Dalek

Michael Wisher

Dalek Voice

Roy Pattison

Draconian Space Pilot

Karol Hagar

Secretary

Caroline Hunt

Technician

Lawrence Harrington

Lunar Guard

Bill Wilde

Draconian Captain

Ian Frost

Draconian Messenger

Clifford Elkin

Earth Cruiser Captain

Stephen Thorne

First Ogron

Michael Kilgariff

Second Ogron

Rick Lester

Third Ogron

Ramsey Williams

Congressman Brook

Stanley Price

Pilot of Spaceship

Timothy Craven

Cell Guard

from that ship. Katy obtained a very nice little mahogany chest, but I was best at removing the stuff because I had had the sense to bring tools and a bag with me.

One of the first places I visited was the bridge, and, as I had been in the Navy, I knew that ships always carried two compasses, one in the binnacle and one which was kept as a spare. And they always kept the spare on the bridge. All the way around the outer walls of the bridge was a row of wooden benches with lift-up seats. Under one of these seats I found a piece of wood with a round hole drilled in it which meant that you could put your finger in and pull the wood up.

So I did this, and sitting in a cradle of green baize was the most gorgeous, shiny brass compass. Wonderful, I thought. I had with me my zip fastener bag, and so I took the compass up out of the baize, wrapped it in paper, put it in my bag and took it off the ship. This was OK as far as I was concerned, as we had been told that we could take anything except the compass in the *binnacle*. No one had said anything about not taking the spare compass.

When we got to Sheerness, we got into a smaller boat to go ashore, and a gentleman from the shipping company gestured to Barry to come to one side, where he listened to some problem that was discussed. Barry then came over to us all sitting in the boat, and said, 'Look, chaps, we *told* you that you could take anything you liked but the compass, and ... well ... I don't believe this ... but someone has pinched it!'

We all sat there and looked innocently at each other.

'Now come on. Does anyone know who has removed it?' Barry asked, fixing me with a look that said he thought he knew damn well who'd got it. So I said, 'I'll go and take a look, Barry, and see if I can find it ...' and Barry said, 'Yes, you do that!'

So, off I went with my bag, which was very heavy by now, and returned to the bridge. There, and with great disappointment, I replaced the spare compass in the baize liner under the seat. Returning to the others I said, 'Well, I've looked very carefully, but I can't find it anywhere.' The owner had also gone off to search for it, but he soon returned to say that it had definitely gone missing.

'Surely not,' I said. 'Did you look everywhere ... even under the seats?'

The owner frowned momentarily and then said, 'Of course! There's a spare compass there. No, no. I wasn't talking about the spare compass. I was talking about the one in the binnacle.'

I was staggered. It was the one in the binnacle that had been taken. He'd completely forgotten about the spare one. I could have kept it after all, but, conscious-stricken, I'd given it back.

Many years later, I was at a convention with Terry Walsh, and I told this story on one of the panels. Somewhat sheepishly, Terry said, 'You know who it was who took that other compass?' 'No,' I said, 'I've got no idea.'

'I did,' he said with a wicked grin. He felt safe admitting this so many years after the event – he certainly wasn't going to tell me at the time!

Tenniel Evans was with us on this show. He had played Taffy Goldstein in *The Navy Lark*, and, as well as having helped to get me into *Doctor Who*, Tenniel was a marvellous companion and a most loveable man. With Tenniel, however, you had only to make the noise of breaking wind and he went into sheer hysteria. We used to do this on *The Navy Lark* all the time – as we walked past Tenniel, we'd make a gentle 'paarrp' noise and he'd dissolve into fits of laughter in full view of the audience.

I haven't seen him since he worked on *Doctor Who*, although I know he worked on *The Brothers* with Colin Baker. Apparently, as well as acting, he's now a very good lay preacher. I'm dying to go and hear him preach one day. I want to sit in the front pew, and just before he starts speaking, quietly go 'paarrp' and see what happens.

The sets on *Doctor Who* were always interesting, but *Carnival of Monsters* featured one quite unlike any that I had seen before. According to the story, the Doctor and Jo were trapped inside a machine, and the designer on this story, Roger Liminton, had devised a studio set for the internal workings.

This set was all glowing lights, angled planes of metal and wood, and strangely shaped struts.

There were areas intended as walkways and some sloping drops, and, somehow, Katy and I had to remember where it was that we were supposed to go. At one point during rehearsals, I completely lost sight of Katy and called out to her, 'Where in God's name are you?'

'Over, here!' she called, but I couldn't see her anywhere. It was very easy to get lost in that set.

Another time, we were recording a scene where I was chasing Katy through the set to escape the attentions of the Drashig monsters, which were, supposedly, hot on our heels. Because of the design of the set, we had to run along one corridor and then make an abrupt turn down another. But, when I came to take the corner during studio rehearsals, my boot skidded on the smooth surface of the metal floor, and I found myself flying into a neatly arranged row of coloured perspex tubes along the side of the set. The whole lot came down on top of me with a horrendous crash and I was buried under falling perspex.

The next thing I knew was Katy bravely wading back through the debris to see if I was all right. Amazingly, I had not damaged anything – apart from the set and my pride – and, although my bottom was rather sore for the rest of the day, we were able to carry on. When we came to record the scene, however, I made sure that I wasn't going to slip, by not running after Katy with quite the same amount of enthusiasm.

At one point during the recording of the story, we received a message from Barry – in the producer's gallery – that we had to clear the studio because we were all being too noisy. I went over to Barry when he appeared on the studio floor and said, 'Look, isn't this a bit drastic? We weren't making that much noise.'

Barry took my arm, pulled me to one side and said, 'Please, Jon, play along and get everyone out of the studio as quickly as possible, without causing a panic. There's a bomb in a zip bag on the other side of the studio.'

I then started to quietly encourage people to leave the set; but there was this one chap who utterly refused to budge. He was a puppeteer trying to fix one of the Drashig models for an effects sequence. When he bluntly refused to leave, I had no option but to explain to him what Barry had just told me, and at that he burst out laughing.

It transpired that he had come down to the studio that day directly from staying overnight up north, and that the bag was his. To make sure he was up early enough to catch his train, he had taken a large alarm clock with him, and it was this that could be heard ticking inside his bag. Despite his protests, the BBC's security guards cleared the studio and the fire brigade arrived to check out the bag before the all-clear was announced and we were allowed back in.

The following story, *Frontier in Space*, featured my favourite monsters, the Draconians. As I mentioned before, if you look at the Draconians you can see the humanoid eye and mouth which is what, for me, brings them to life. The only parts of the head that were made of rubber and latex were the parts that didn't have to move, so the actors were able to use a full range of expressions. It amused me when I heard that some of the masks for the Draconian extras had apparently been based on a bust of the popular comedian Dave Allen, because I had given Dave Allen his first job. We were out in Jersey doing a summer season and, apart from when he was a Butlin's Red Coat,



Top: The Doctor and Jo (Katy Manning) escape from jail on Earth. *Frontier in Space*.

Inset: One of the Earth guards. *Frontier in Space*.

I AM THE DOCTOR



Above: On location for *Planet of the Daleks*, director David Maloney positions the camera.

Below: The Draconian Prince (Peter Birrel). *Frontier in Space*.



Dave made his first appearance on stage in my show *Let's Make A Night Of It*.

The Draconians truly came 'alive' for me while we were on location for this story. It was dusk and we were sitting in a quarry while the cameramen were setting up a night shot of Katy, me and Peter Birrel, who was in his full make-up as a Draconian. Peter was a great authority on astronomy and, on this lovely clear night, he began talking about time travel, the stars and the planets. He absolutely transported us with his talking, and, in the half-light with all his make-up on, I found myself believing utterly that we were sitting discussing the universe with an alien from outer space.

Suddenly, the tea lady shouted, 'Right Mr. Perpny, Miss Munning; tea's up!' and the illusion was shattered.

We were also doing some filming on the roof of the Haywood Gallery on the South Bank of the Thames. Around that area there were a lot of homeless people and drunks who would lie all over the place virtually unconscious. One morning we arrived at the location and prepared to start on the first scenes of the day, and the director, Paul Bernard, taking one look at all these bodies lying down exactly where he wanted to film, went over to the actors and stuntmen playing the Ogrons and asked them if they could politely ask the derelicts to move, as he felt that, as they were so big and tough looking, they could handle the situation if things got nasty.

There was this one Irish tramp lying asleep in the arms of Bacchus on a bench, with a half-empty bottle of something potent standing on the ground beside him. So, one of the actors in full Ogron make-up and costume went up to him, shook his shoulder, and said pleasantly, 'Come on mate, shift yourself.'

Now, the Ogrons were giant ape-like creatures, with Neanderthal brows, fangs, hairy arms, and dressed in leather jerkins and carrying futuristic guns. They were most imposing to look at, and, as the men playing them were mostly ex-boxers and wrestlers, the final effect was somewhat alarming.

This tramp stirred, opened his red-rimmed eyes, looked up at the Ogron, and thought he'd gone straight to hell. 'Bejeesus!' he yelled, 'tis the devil himself!' At that he leapt up, screamed and took off as if the hounds of hell were after him. I've never seen anyone move so fast, and I swear that if he had gone in the other direction, he would have crossed the river Thames without getting his feet wet.

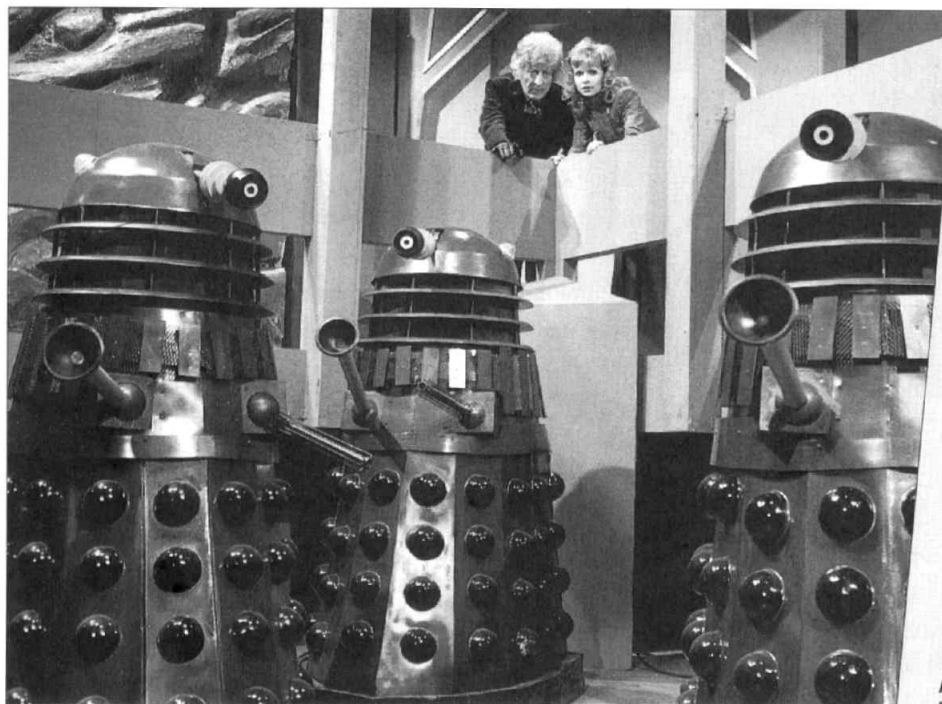
Among the cast members in this story was Harold Goldblatt, who was also with me in one of my first ever radio broadcasts in 1938. This had been for a man called John Barry, and was a production called *Lillibulero*, which he put on every year from Belfast in Ireland. Also appearing in it were Ralph Trueman, and Leo Genn — later to become a world famous film star.

Dennis Bowen, who appeared in *Frontier in Space* as a prison governor, used to live near me in Barnes, and I first met him when I was with the Rex Lesley-Smith repertory company back in 1937 on the West Pier at Brighton, when we were both appearing as character actors at £3 a week.

This story saw the final appearance of Roger Delgado as the Master and generally I felt that poor Roger had a raw deal. Of course no one knew that it was going to be Roger's final story, but despite that, the ending was very confusing. I have watched the episode several times to try and figure out what was happening and I just can't work it out at all.

The reason this was Roger's last appearance was that he was involved in a fatal accident on 18 June 1973. What happened was that Roger had been contracted to appear in a film called *Bell of Tibet*, being made in Turkey. He was supposed to be picked up at the airport at Ankara, but the weather was bad and the plane was diverted to a different airport. When Roger arrived, as a true professional, rather than booking himself into a hotel and waiting for the film company's car to come and pick him up, he decided to take a taxi to where the location filming was taking place. The taxi driver decided to take a mountain road and drove over a precipice after a near collision with another car. Roger was killed instantly, but the taxi driver lived.

MEETING MY PREDECESSORS



Kismet, Roger's widow, tried for years to get insurance compensation because, as far as she was concerned, her husband had been killed while at work. But the French company that was making the film denied all responsibility, because they said that Roger should not have taken the taxi. As far as I know, they didn't pay her any compensation. She also got in touch with the British Actor's union, Equity, but they said they couldn't help either. The poor woman never saw her husband again, and was left penniless.

Ingeborg and I looked after her during some of that time, and it was a very sad time indeed for all of us. Roger was one of my greatest friends and the news of his death hit me, and everyone who had worked with him on *Doctor Who*, very hard indeed.

Frontier in Space led directly into the next story, *Planet of the Daleks*, which featured another of my favourite actors, Bernard Horsfall. Bernard was an excellent actor and a tremendous giggler, and we were both very much on the same wavelength. We also had the very pretty and talented Jane How appearing with us, years before her appearances as Dirty Den Watts's mistress in *EastEnders*.

David Maloney, one of my favourite directors, had a good understanding attitude towards the actors in the making of *Planet of the Daleks*. The long and complicated story was splendid, very nicely directed and with some excellent performances. The only thing that marred it for me was the Dalek spacecraft, which looked far too much like a couple of pie-cases stuck together to be totally convincing. Hazel Pethig, who designed the costumes, was the partner of James Hill, my director on *Worzel Gummidge*, and she designed all the costumes and sets for *Worzel Gummidge* as well.

There was a sequence in this story where we had to escape from a lower level in the Dalek city by building a huge parachute out of some sort of material that the Daleks had left lying about, and using the updraft from the ventilation system to lift us up a vertical chimney. When we came to record this scene in the studio, we found ourselves being hoisted up a short length of chimney over and over again to give the impression that we were travelling up a long tube. At one point we got stuck about halfway, and, because we were each hanging on wires, we started to swing about, bumping into each other. Unfortunately, I became tangled up with Bernard and so, on the next take, I tried to swing deliberately so that I became entangled with Jane instead. My plan didn't work, however, much to my disappointment.

Studio recording of *Doctor Who* was always tiring and there was one occasion when I was particularly exhausted after a long day's work, and I really wanted to take a five-minute break; sit down, relax and have some coffee. So, I said to Katy, 'Come on, I'm knackered. Follow my lead.' We were in the middle of a camera run-through and when the director in the gallery cued us to proceed with

PLANET OF THE DALEKS By Terry Nation Directed by David Maloney First Transmitted: 07/04/73 – 12/05/73 6 episodes

The Doctor and Jo arrive on the planet Spiridon where they team up with a group of Thals who are on a mission to wipe out a Dalek taskforce which is stationed on the planet. With the help of Wester, one of the invisible Spiridonons, they discover the Dalek army in cryogenic storage in ice caverns deep below the planet's surface. Threatened by Daleks, a virulent plague that they plan to release and ice volcanoes, the Doctor must work out how to prevent the army from awakening.

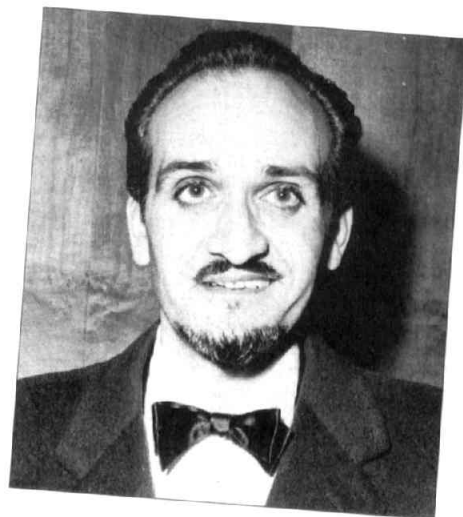
Starring:

Jon Pertwee

The Doctor

With:

Katy Manning	Jo Grant
Bernard Horsfall	Taron
Prentis Hancock	Vaber
Tim Preece	Codal
Alan Tucker	Latep
Hilary Minster	Marat
Jane How	Rebec
Roy Skelton	Wester
Murphy Grumbar	Dalek
John Scott Martin	Dalek
Cy Town	Dalek
Tony Starr	Dalek Supreme
Roy Skelton	Dalek Voices
Michael Wisher	Dalek Voices



Top: The Doctor and Jo (Katy Manning) discover a frozen Dalek army. *Planet of the Daleks*.

Above: Roger Delgado.



I AM THE DOCTOR

the scene, I said, 'So, come on Jo ... I ... go ... take ... away ...', leaving gaps in the sound in classic Norman Collier fashion.

The gallery came back telling us to stop because they had a sound problem, so I waved my hand up and said '... K.'

Then Katy chipped in with, 'Wha ... some ... going ... is?'

After a moment, a message was relayed from the gallery that we were to take a five-minute coffee break as they still had a bad sound problem.

If *Doctor Who* had been accused of being overly frightening in the past, then I really don't know what our critics must have felt about the next story, which featured giant mutated maggots with venomous bites, and green glowing lakes of toxic sludge. This was also to be Katy's last story.

The Green Death was the final story transmitted in the 1972/1973 season, and we travelled on location to Wales to film sequences around the coal mines in Deri. We were able to go down in the mines for a sight-seeing tour, and this proved to be quite a frightening experience. They took us along all these disused workings, and at one point we had to get down on our hands and knees and crawl through some rock tunnels which were only a few feet across. You really got the sense of those thousands of tons of rock and coal pressing down on you. Later that day, I was able to travel in one of the cages down into the lowest part of the mine. This was an experience I will never forget.

One of the miners who looked after us had originally worked as a policeman in the country. Rather a strange switch, I thought, to want to go back down the pits. He was a nice chap and seemed quite happy to be back working as a miner.

Several years later, I was invited back to the mine in which we had filmed. It had been converted into a leisure park. The day I arrived it was pouring with rain, but I was able to see that they had built a club house and a car park and a café, leaving no sign of the old coal mine at all. There were no rails, no heaps of slag, no pit heads, nothing. All the slag heaps had been grassed over and planted with trees, and this vast park had been created with money from Europe. I asked the owners if they had had many visitors and they said, no, they hadn't. For some reason the venue didn't seem to be popular. I thought this was a shame after so much money had been spent.

Tony Adams, who went on to play one of the leads in *Crossroads*, appeared with us in this story. So did one of the regular bit-part actors on *Doctor Who*, John Scott Martin, who was normally to be found playing a Dalek or one of the monsters. Here, he was showing his own face for once – as one of the Welsh miners who became infected by touching the green pollution. Roy Evans, another great character actor, with a wonderfully distinctive and crooked face, also appeared.

This story involved quite a lot of Colour Separation Overlay work, and there was one scene where Katy had to act and react to a giant maggot moving across the floor towards her that took simply ages to complete, because she was so short sighted without her glasses and had no idea where to look.

Katy was sitting on the floor reading a book, and the giant maggot was to enter the room behind her and make its way up to her without her noticing. Then, another actor entered the room, saw the maggot and was promptly attacked by it. The maggot was being operated by wires against a CSO background and this image was then added to the picture of Katy on the floor reading the book. The problem was that Katy could not properly see the monitor showing the composite picture, and, therefore, had no idea of where the maggot was in relation to her.

They tried all manner of things to get her to look in the right place. The floor assistant even made a mark on the carpet where Katy should look, but Katy asked, 'What carpet?'

The maggots were wonderful creations. I obtained one at the end of the filming and Sean had it in his collection for ages. They had tiny rat skulls built into the front end so that there was a working set of jaws, and the bodies were covered with shiny cellophane. Some of the maggots used in the background scenes were made by pulling condoms over a wire frame. I was always impressed by the ingenuity of the people who built these things. Who would have ever thought of using condoms for maggots?

THE GREEN DEATH

By Robert Sloman & Barry Letts

Directed by Michael Briant

First Transmitted:

19/05/73 – 23/06/73

6 episodes

A chemical factory in Wales has been pumping toxic waste into a local coal mine. The pollution has led to the hatching of giant maggots whose bite transmit a fatal infection which turns the victim bright green. The Doctor and Jo find themselves working alongside a local ecologist, Professor Clifford Jones, in an attempt to stop the company which is itself being run by a megalomaniacal computer. Jo falls in love with the Professor and leaves the Doctor to get married and join the Professor's expedition up the Amazon.

Starring:

Jon Pertwee

The Doctor

With:

Katy Manning
Nicholas Courtney
Richard Franklin
John Levene
Stewart Bevan
Jerome Willis
Tony Adams
John Rolfe
Ben Howard
John Dearth
Roy Evans
Talfryn Thomas
Mostyn Evans
Mitzi Mc Kenzie
John Scott Martin
Ray Handy
Richard Beale
Jean Burgess
Brian Justice
Terry Walsh
Roy Skelton

Jo Grant
Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart
Captain Mike Yates
Sergeant Benton
Clifford Jones
Stevens
Elgin
Fell
Hinks
Boss's Voice
Bert
Dave
Dai Evans
Nancy
Hughes
Milkman
Minister of Ecology
Cleaner
Yates' Guard
Security Guard
James

Top: The Doctor and Professor Clifford Jones (Stewart Bevan) argue about mushrooms as Jo (Katy Manning) looks on. *The Green Death*.



RICHARD FRANKLIN

'CAPTAIN MIKE YATES'

I first met Jon Pertwee in a queue for food. It was on one of the location filming days for my first *Doctor Who* story *Terror of the Autons*, and we were all waiting in a queue for *coq au vin* or some such delicious BBC fare. Jon was just in front of me in the queue and, as I was the new boy, he wanted to find out something about me, what I'd done and so forth. I had actually at that time just finished doing a

couple of years radio for the BBC and also some plays down in Bristol. So I told Jon this and he said, 'Oh, very interesting.'

'Radio's a marvellous medium,' I enthused. 'It's great fun.'

'Oh, is it?' says Jon innocently.

'Oh yes. You really ought to try it sometime ...'

I have never been a great follower of other artistes careers and it wasn't until afterwards that I realised that I had been talking to the King of radio. I took a long time to live that down.

This event is indicative of the sort of person Jon was. He was a great mickey-taker but in a very kindly way. He was tough but never destructive. I think 'fun' might be his motto — it's probably on his family crest or something — because he generated an incredible amount of fun in the making of the programmes, both in the bits that didn't show on the screen and those that did. For me it's important to work in that sort of atmosphere and Jon ensured that working on *Doctor Who* was always enjoyable.

I turned up at rehearsals with a crash helmet. Jon spotted this and correctly surmised that I had a bike. He came up to me and, as he is passionate about gadgets and motorbikes, said, 'What bike have you got, Richard? I want to hear all about it.'

My 'bike' was actually a second-hand Honda 50 step-through scooter, but Jon nevertheless insisted on my picking him up from his house in Barnes and driving him up to the rehearsal rooms in Acton.

The previous person I had taken on the pillion was a huge fat man — a producer for a company I was working for — and he literally fell off the back into a puddle as the bike flipped over with the weight as soon as I tried to move off. Now Jon is also a large man and I was terrified of doing the same to him and so I drove very cautiously all the way to the rehearsal room with him on the back shouting, 'Go faster! Go faster! Why won't you go faster?'

He got quite agitated that I wouldn't speed up, but what he didn't know was that the brakes were not working. I had to push my foot against the side of the front wheel in order to stop and, with the additional weight on the bike, I was afraid we might not stop in time.

In *The Daemons* I had to ride a very powerful bike, completely the opposite of my little scooter. Jon was again yelling at me to go faster, but I was very apprehensive of this machine. In the end Barry Letts did it the way you should do it in films: he got a low loader, tethered the bike down and got the shots from the back of the lorry. It took a lot of film time to do this and I think Jon was disgusted with me, especially as the film of me on the bike came out looking pretty good at the end of the day.

Jon certainly helped me as a young actor to gain my confidence and avoid making some terrible mistakes. I remember him making suggestions in the nicest possible way about my performance and, in many respects, I wish that he had taken me more by the scruff of my neck and said, 'Look, Richard, *this* is what you should be doing!' I would perhaps have avoided mistakes later in my career if I had really been taken to task on *Doctor Who*. Any criticism that Jon gave was always kindly meant with the objective first and foremost of making the show the best it could be. The second objective was that the actor he was talking to should do as well as he possibly could.

I never, ever, felt with Jon that he was an actor who didn't want those around him to be as good as possible. There are some in our business who thrive on spite and back-stabbing, but not Jon. He was one in a million and I am pleased to have worked with him.

Richard Franklin



Top: The giant maggots on the slag heap. *The Green Death*.

Above: The Doctor at the colliery. *The Green Death*.

I got the opportunity to play some different characters in this story. The first time was when I posed as an elderly milkman in order to get into the chemical factory. I quite liked that little piece as the character was a chatty Welsh milkman. The other part was an old cleaning lady, but I was rather less pleased with that performance. A bit OTT I thought. However, it was refreshing to get out of the character of the Doctor for a few moments and to do something else.

The sets created by the designer John Burrows for *The Green Death* were superb. They were the best I had seen. How these men managed to come up with the goods on the money they were given has always amazed me.

Stewart Bevan, who played Professor Clifford Jones, was actually Katy's boyfriend at the time. A nice piece of casting, because, of course, Jo ran off with his character up the Amazon at the end of the story leaving the Doctor companionless.

The Doctor didn't have long to get over Jo's departure, as, no sooner had we finished making *The Green Death*, than we were working on the story that introduced her successor.



CHAPTER 6

A TIME TO LEAVE

With Katy having left at the end of *The Green Death*, Barry had to find another assistant for the Doctor and Elisabeth Sladen was brought in very quickly to play this new character, journalist Sarah Jane Smith, in *The Time Warrior*.

Although it may be hard to believe, I am actually shy. This is not helped by the fact that people whom I first meet tend to be a little in awe of me – I don't know whether it's my height, my hair, my nose or what – and Lis, who initially thought that she was auditioning for a one-off part in the show, was apparently petrified of meeting me. I had said to Barry that, as with the casting of Jo, I would like to see the audition for the new girl, or at least get to meet the candidate before Barry made up his mind, and so Barry had told me when she was coming in to audition.

I was somewhat nervous about meeting her for the first time, and so when Barry called me in to say 'Hello', I made sure that I had some moral support in the form of a couple of female friends. I then 'made an entrance' into the room, a girl on each arm and a big smile on my face. Barry, who knew me well enough by now, ignored my theatrics and introduced me to Lis, who shook my hand and said, 'Pleased to meet you,' or some such greeting. In fact, as soon as I saw Lis, I knew that she was perfect for the part. She had that certain feminine helplessness that a Doctor's companion needs, but this was tempered by a strength of character that marked her as a real individual.

As I greeted Lis, I could see Barry standing behind her and he gave me the raised eyebrow signal to query my first impression. When Lis turned back to look at Barry after greeting me, I raised my thumb. If she could act as well as she looked, we had our new assistant. Lis turned out to be absolutely perfect and, although I was in *Doctor Who* for only one year with her, we became great friends.

The Time Warrior was again written by Robert Holmes, and introduced another great adversary for the Doctor, the Sontaran, or 'humpty dumpty' as we named him. To play humpty, we had an Australian actor called Kevin Lindsay. Kevin was a very funny and witty man and I became extremely fond of him. I couldn't outwardly be *too* fond of him as he was gay and very camp. He had come out of the closet years before and wore the most luxuriant clothes you could possibly imagine.

For reasons quite unknown to me, he would generously give me clothes. I was presented with smartly tailored designer shirts, T-shirts, sweaters and some Australian swimming trunks called 'speedos'. The strange thing was that they all fitted, and yet he was at least a foot shorter than I. He was also a brother trencherman so many a good evening was spent over four-star dinners.

Unfortunately, Kevin had a weak heart, and to play the Sontaran he had to wear a constricting padded uniform and a heavy latex and fibreglass head. While we were on location in May 1973, he seemed quite well as the weather was comfortably fresh. However, when we got into the studio, the effort of carrying all that additional weight around under the hot lights started to take its toll.

There was one point in the middle of recording when Kevin was supposed to make an entrance into the scene, but there was no sign of him. We stood around for a bit wondering what had happened before the director called for a break and I went off to try to find him. He was eventually found sitting slumped against one of the studio walls, with the make-up lady holding his hand and a cup of water from which he was sipping. It seemed that he had fainted from exhaustion and may even have had a mild heart attack. I checked that he was OK and left him in the hands of the BBC's doctor.

Kevin was all right, but after that scare, we made sure that from then on he got plenty of breaks

Opposite: Linx the Sontaran (Kevin Lindsay) prevents the Doctor from investigating his ship. *The Time Warrior*.

Below: Sarah Jane Smith (Elisabeth Sladen) and the Doctor in Irongron's castle. *The Time Warrior*.



THE TIME WARRIOR
 By Robert Holmes
 Directed by Alan Bromly
 First Transmitted:
 15/12/73 – 05/01/74
 4 episodes

A Sontaran crash lands in medieval England and, making his base a castle controlled by Irongron, steals scientists from the twentieth century to effect repairs to his ship. The missing scientists alerts UNIT who bring in the Doctor to investigate. He realises that they are being taken into the past and follows in the TARDIS, unaware that journalist Sarah Jane Smith is on board. The Doctor confronts the Sontaran, Linx, and offers to help. However, Linx is determined to leave the planet in his ship – which will destroy the castle and everyone in it.

Starring:
 Jon Pertwee

The Doctor

With:

Elisabeth Sladen
 Nicholas Courtney
 Kevin Lindsay
 John J. Carney
 David Daker
 Jeremy Bulloch
 June Brown
 Donald Pymear
 Alan Rowe
 Jacqueline Stanbury
 Sheila Fay
 Gordon Pitt
 Steve Brunswick

Sarah Jane Smith
 Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart
 Linx
 Bloodaxe
 Irongron
 Hal
 Eleanor
 Professor Rubeish
 Edward Of Wessex
 Mary
 Meg
 Eric
 Sentry

Bloodaxe (John J. Carney) watches as Hal (Jeremy Bulloch) is brought before him accused of trying to kill Captain Irongron. *The Time Warrior*.

I AM THE DOCTOR

and that there was always a chair for him if he needed it. There were also make-up assistants around armed with hair dryers set to cold, who would blow cold air into his costume between scenes to try and cool him down. In fact this was a fairly common sight when we had rubber-clad monsters on *Doctor Who* as all the actors needed to be cooled off from time to time, for, without this treatment, under the studio lights, they got unbearably and dangerously hot.

Kevin also appeared in my final story, *Planet of the Spiders*, playing Cho-je, another incarnation of the Doctor's mentor, the Abbot K'anpo Rimpoche.

The director on *The Time Warrior* was Alan Bromly. I had actually started my career in the theatre working with Alan. It was the second job I had ever had, working for the Rex Lesley-Smith repertory company in 1937. Alan was the leading man in the company along with me, Peggie Bentley, Dennis Bowen and several others. Our leading girl in the company was a beautiful long-tressed blonde called Sheila Brownrigg who became one of my first great loves. Unfortunately, Alan was similarly struck, and won the battle for her hand, hands down.

He and I appeared in a play called *Someone at the Door*, and in one scene I had to ring for the butler. There was a cord hanging by the side of the stage and I went up to it and tugged it to ring the bell. Nothing happened. Silence.

'Try it again,' ad-libbed Alan.

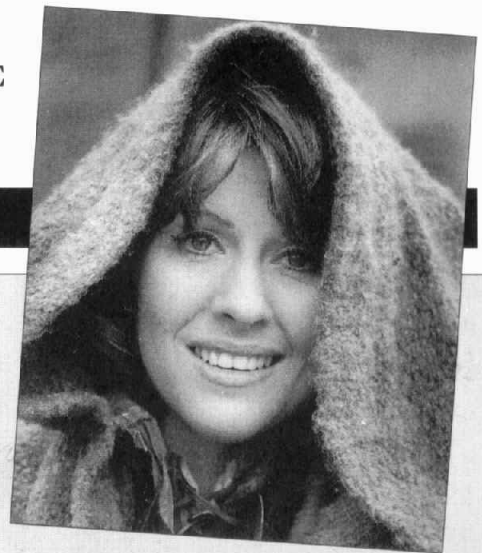
I pulled on the cord again and this time the whole thing came away from the flies and landed like a dead snake at my feet.

Unfazed, Alan said, 'Never mind, I'll call him.'

At that moment someone backstage woke up, and a loud bell rang out as Alan was halfway across the stage. I was completely overtaken with laughter at this point and doubled up with silent mirth. I couldn't speak and there were tears rolling down my cheeks. The audience too was in rapture. Alan was always a very serious actor and he stood there for a moment watching me convulsed with laughter. It was then that I remembered what his next line in the play was to be: 'Tell me Jack, why have you been looking so miserable lately?' I knew this line was coming and it only made me laugh even more. When he eventually managed to ask the question I was instantly convulsed, spluttering, hooting and hissing until the curtain was brought angrily down.



ELISABETH SLADEN



'SARAH JANE SMITH'

Coming in to *Doctor Who* was a daunting prospect. I had been familiar with the sort of family spirit that working in a close company can generate from my time in repertory theatre in Manchester, and although I had appeared on television before, the closest I had got to being a regular character was as Len Fairclough's occasional girlfriend in *Coronation Street*. I was very much coming into *Doctor Who* as a job of work and wondering how I was going to fit in. I never at that time thought for one moment of gaining acceptance within the company; my concerns were with gaining acceptance from the viewers. I was very aware that I was the new girl for them as well.

I remember travelling down to the filming for my first story, *The Time Warrior*, with Kevin Lindsay, who was playing the Sontaran in that story. Kevin was wonderful and one of the things he said to me was that although we were working, we must never forget to have fun with it. He was right, of course.

For my first scene on location I was very nervous and it didn't feel like fun at all. Jon, wanting to be nice and to make me feel appreciated, came and watched me. Unfortunately, he placed this shooting stick that he carried right in my eyeline, sat down on it, folded his arms, and watched me intently. He really meant it as a compliment, but at the time I just wished that he would go away!

I remember travelling back from the location for *The Time Warrior* with Jon in his new sports car — he *always* had a new sports car. I was going to return on the train, but he insisted that I travel back with him. When I was in the car he plonked a map on my knees and told me to map-read. Now this is something at which I am totally hopeless. I really cannot read maps to save my life, and we ended up having to sheepishly ask directions at a motorway service station and endure the truck drivers muttering about *Doctor Who* having lost his way in the TARDIS.

Everyone was so very nice to me. There was Jon, of course, John Levene and Nick Courtney, not to mention the various costume and make-up designers; all of whom had been working on *Doctor Who* for ages, and all of whom gave me lots of support. *Doctor Who* was a very demanding job for a great number of reasons and it was nice that everyone pulled together in the way that we did.

I discovered quite early on that Jon and I had something in common. We both liked cheese with mustard on. I had never before met anyone who liked this, but Jon did. We were busy all the time and so we all tried to ease the way by thinking of each other — for example, if I went and got a cup of tea for myself then I'd get one for Jon as well. I'd make sure that there was somewhere for Jon to sit down if he needed to do so between takes. Little things like that. In the same way, Jon saw to my creature comforts. There were so many occasions when we simply looked out for each other.

The only time that Jon's attitude changed was towards the end of my first year as the time approached for him to leave the series. For the first time he tried to distance himself from the rest of us. I remember he brought his mail into the rehearsal rooms, which he had never done before, and he sat at a little table away from us answering letters. He was deliberately distancing himself, tying up all the ends and quite rightly preparing himself mentally to go. I knew he was in a lot of pain from his back and I remember helping him down onto the floor to record the scene when he changed into Tom Baker.

It was a very strange and tense time. Sarah was supposed to be upset and I had to try and hold that emotion while we were recording the scenes. Jon was tense because it was his last scene, and Tom was naturally apprehensive, as I had been, about recording his first scene. The usual jolly banter between scenes was missing and the atmosphere was strained and quiet. None of us wanted to break each other's apparent concentration and so we all kept quiet and did as we were told by the director.

It really was the end of an era.

Elisabeth Sladen.

After we had finished working on *The Time Warrior* we had our summer break. The following season of stories was to be my last, but I positively didn't decide to leave until I heard that Barry and Terrance had themselves decided to move on at the end of the season. I had been rueful when Katy left, but Lis had joined us in *The Time Warrior* and she had been great to work with. However, the thought of Barry and Terrance moving on, on top of Roger's death and Katy's departure, seemed to me to mark the end of an era.

We were also seeing less of UNIT now, because, according to the plot of *The Three Doctors*, the TARDIS had become operational again and so there was less reason for the Doctor to stay on Earth.

I liked the Earth-bound stories, and the action-orientation that we had brought to the series. The counterplay between the Doctor and the Brigadier worked very well indeed, and I also very much enjoyed working with the UNIT team. I have always been a team man. *The Navy Lark* was conceived as being a team effort, with the talents of the individual performers complementing each other to produce a greater whole. *Worzel Gummidge* was also a team effort, with me, Una Stubbs, Jeremy Austin and Charlotte Coleman playing the children and Geoffrey Bayldon as the Crowman all pulling in the same direction to produce the style and the humour.

Doctor Who was also very much a team effort. Barry and Terrance, me, Katy, Nick, John, Richard, Roger — these people, as far as I was concerned, anyway, made *Doctor Who* work, and the thought of carrying on when everyone else was leaving did not really appeal to me at all.

There were other reasons as well. It was important to me that, at the point when I was to eventually leave *Doctor Who*, I had another job to go into immediately. Therefore, before I said anything to Barry, I briefed my agent to start looking for other work, and when I heard that I had been offered the lead in a production of *The Bedwinner* on stage, I decided that, along with all my other concerns, now was the time to move on.

I therefore took Barry to one side and told him that I wanted to leave. He obviously reported this up the line and I got a call from Shaun Sutton, who asked me if I would consider staying on for a bit longer, and I said that I would, but only if I was paid more. Not a lot, just a little. Shaun asked how much so I named a rise of about twenty per cent. After a moment's silence, Shaun said, 'Well, we'll be very sorry to see you go.'

'Don't you want to discuss it or anything? You know, talk it over with your other directors?' I asked.

I AM THE DOCTOR

The Whomobile, the Doctor's personal form of transport. Top photograph from *Planet of the Spiders*, rest from *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*.



Shaun then explained that they had a set budget for the show and that they couldn't afford any more. So, with a 'well, that's it then', we agreed mutually that I would leave at the end of the season.

In many respects it was what I wanted to do. The business with the money really just softened the blow a little. If they had agreed to my request, then I would have foregone the part in *The Bedwinner* and stayed on for another season. As it was, I now had a cast-iron reason for leaving rather than my simply wanting to stop, which was, if I am honest with myself, the real reason.

Five years in any one series is a long time. I expect that if I had done another year then someone would have said to me that I was making a mistake, that I would get typecast. Yet even leaving when I did I have at a degree been typecast. I can't escape this hook that is *Doctor Who*. I've been called 'the definitive Doctor' by some journalists, which isn't true in my opinion, but I've had longer and more requests to attend conventions, do interviews and to talk about the show than either Bill Hartnell or Pat Troughton; and Tom Baker doesn't seem to like doing that sort of thing much.

We started work on what was to be transmitted as the second story of the season, *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*, in September 1973. This was the story that saw the debut of my own design car, the Whomobile.

I had been at a motor exhibition early in 1973, and there I had seen on display a magnificently prepared car. It was an early Ford and everything had been chromed – the axles, the wheel-hubs, everything – and the paintwork was polished and gleaming. I turned to the man who was minding the stand and asked who had put this car together; and he said, 'I did.'

'You made it all?' I asked in disbelief.

'Yes,' he answered.

I was so impressed that I asked the man, whose name was Peter Farries, if he would consider making for me a little space car. Something for myself to drive around in when making *Doctor Who* personal appearances. 'To look like what?' asked Pete.

'Well, something that looks like it could go in to outer space, or under water, or fly or whatever,' I explained, vaguely.

Pete thought for a moment, and then got out a stub of pencil and a little pad and quickly sketched a picture of a space car. He showed it to me and said, 'You mean something like that?'

I looked at his sketch and said, 'No, not something like that. *That!*' I was so impressed that he had immediately managed to draw a vehicle practically identical to the one I had had in my head.

Over the next few months we corresponded over the details and eventually he contacted me to let me know that he had almost finished it, so I took a trip up to Nottingham to see him. When I saw the car I was incredibly impressed but, also, shocked because it was so big – it was seven feet wide across the wing-tips and took up an awful lot of space. I said, 'That's wonderful, Pete, but I'm not sure if it will fit in my garage as I've only got a small car myself.' He assured me that it was no bigger than a standard car and that there shouldn't be any problem.

It was constructed on a Hillman Imp back end and a Bond three-wheeler front end, and the driver's compartment was a three-quarter-inch steel box which would provide protection in case of an accident, as the body was all made from fibreglass and would simply crumple on impact.

Pete had gone to several fibreglass experts and had asked them how few pieces he could mould the body in, because it was quite a complex shape and very streamlined. They told him that it couldn't be done in less than six pieces, and, so, he went away

A TIME TO LEAVE

and did it in two: top and bottom.

As well as the standard controls for the car, the dashboard incorporated a dummy computer which flashed lights when you pressed the buttons, an inoperative car telephone – before there were telephones readily available that you could put in a car – and, as a final James Bond touch, a button labelled 'Ejector Seat'.

It was a wonderful car to drive. The aerodynamics were perfect and it was very responsive, with a top speed of about ninety miles an hour. What we did find was that, because it was so light, the nose tended to lift when driving at speed, and so we ended up weighting it down with sandbags.

When it was complete I bought it for around three-and-a-half thousand pounds and was very pleased and proud at the reactions I got from everyone who saw it.

On the first day of rehearsals for *Invasion of the Dinosaurs*, I drove it up to the rehearsal rooms and parked it in the car park. When I saw Barry upstairs, I gestured to him to come over and I pointed towards my car sitting below the window and said, 'Look!'

'My God! What is that?' was his reaction.

'That's my Whomobile,' I said.

'It's yours?' asked Barry who could not drag his eyes away from the car. 'Can we use it in *Doctor Who*?'

'Well if you don't, it'll break my heart,' I replied.

That was how it all started, and Barry managed to include the car in the scripts for that first story. Unfortunately, because I left *Doctor Who* at the end of the season, it ended up appearing in only two stories, *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* and *Planet of the Spiders*.

I kept the car for a long time, and eventually I was contacted by a man who told me a very sad story about how he had lost his wife under very tragic circumstances, and that his son had taken it very badly. He went on to say that his son was a big fan of *Doctor Who* and simply loved the car. He wondered if, as I was no longer in the series, I would consider parting with it.

I thought about this carefully and eventually agreed that he could have it for his son on the condition that I could borrow it back, if ever I wanted to, for personal appearances, or parades, or anything like that. He was happy to agree to this, so we did a deal and they came and took my beautiful car away.

Quite a few years later, I needed to borrow the car back and so I got in touch with him. The Whomobile eventually arrived on a low-loader, and I was impressed to see that it was in better condition than when I had owned it. It was polished and clean with the engine tuned and oiled. It had been very well looked after indeed.

At first, I drove the Whomobile to the locations we were using in Central London for *Invasion of the Dinosaurs* because the car was legal and fully licensed to travel on the road; but on one occasion, when I was coming through Piccadilly, a group of West German students were so fascinated by my car, that they forgot to look where they were going and drove their own car right up the back of a bus. I stopped and asked if they were all right but all they wanted to hear about was my car – never mind whatever damage had been caused to their own vehicle.

It slowly dawned on me that there seemed to be a greater number of accidents than usual occurring as I drove through London: a motor cyclist came off at a corner; a car had a near-miss with a pedestrian; another chap walking along the road collided with a lamppost. I started to feel as though I had somehow wandered into one of those old Ealing comedies, where the hero is oblivious to all the accidents he causes as he wanders through the chaos completely unscathed.

Of course, I realised in the end that it was my car that was causing all the excitement, and not me. The Whomobile was distracting everyone to such an extent that it was really too dangerous to take out on the road.

Added to this, I kept getting stopped by the police.

INVASION OF THE DINOSAURS

By Malcolm Hulke
Directed by Paddy Russell
First Transmitted:
12/01/74 – 16/02/74
6 episodes

A group of misguided scientists and politicians intend to roll back time to a new 'golden age' for the Earth. Unfortunately, this will wipe out all but a select few humans. To clear London in preparation for their action, they transport dinosaurs from the past to spread terror. The Doctor tries to stop them, but is hindered by Yates, who is in league with the scientists.

Starring
Jon Pertwee

The Doctor

With:

Elisabeth Sladen
Nicholas Courtney
Richard Franklin
John Levene
Peter Miles
Noel Johnson
John Bennett
Brian Badcoe
Martin Jarvis
Trevor Lawrence
Terence Wilton
Timothy Craven
Carmen Silvera
Dave Carter
Ben Aris
Martin Taylor
George Bryson
John Caesar
Gordon Reid
Terry Walsh
James Marcus
Pat Gorman
Colin Bell

Sarah Jane Smith
Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart
Captain Mike Yates
Sergeant Benton
Professor Whitaker
Charles Grover MP
General Finch
Adam
Butler
Lodge
Mark
Robinson
Ruth
Sergeant Duffy
Lieutenant Shears
Corporal Norton
Private Ogden
R/T Soldier
Phillips
Warehouse Looter
Peasant
UNIT Corporal
Private Bryson

TECHNO-SPEAK

'It's a rhondium sensor. It detects delta particles. At a pre-set spectrum density of 15 ahms, it oscillates this little cylinder there, which promotes a vacuum in there, which wakes me up.' *The Time Warrior*



I'd be driving along, minding my own business, when a police car would pull in front of me and gesture for me to pull over. I'd stop, open the hydraulic roof and wait for the inevitable reaction.

The policeman would look at me, do a double take and then say 'Oh blimey, it's *you!*'

'I know quite well why you've stopped me, officer,' I'd say. 'It's because you want to take a close look at my car. Well, I can tell you that it is exactly the right width, the lights are the right height and everything else has been checked to make sure it's legal.'

'That's as maybe, but you can't drive a hovercraft on a public road.'

'It isn't a hovercraft, constable, it's got wheels. Look under its rubber skirt and you'll see.'



Top: The Doctor is attacked by a pterodactyl. Invasion of the Dinosaurs.

Above: Sarah (Elisabeth Sladen) watches as the Doctor constructs a weapon to use against the dinosaurs. Invasion of the Dinosaurs.

After going through this rigmarole a couple of times, we decided to play it safe, and, when we needed to take the car on location, we would put it on a low-loader and get there unhindered.

Aside from the locations in Central London, we also used an old bombed-out warehouse right beside the BBC's rehearsal rooms in Acton. It's now been redeveloped, but it was a wonderful place for car chases, and you used to see it in just about every series from *Z Cars* to *Doctor Who* because it was right next door to the rehearsal rooms and was so convenient to use.

We used a Tyrannosaurus Rex in this one. The writer, Malcolm Hulke, had done a lot of research on it, but all these kids wrote in and said that it wasn't a Tyrannosaurus Rex because it had the wrong number of claws: a Tyrannosaurus has three and our version had four – or something like that.

It always amazes me the details that the viewers spot, particularly the younger ones.

After battling dinosaurs in London, we were off fighting Daleks again, in the following adventure, *Death to the Daleks*.

We had Michael Briant back with us to direct the show, and, as usual, he managed to make it look really stunning. An ARC quarry in Dorset was called into service as the alien planet, and with clever use of lighting and smoke guns, we had an environment which came over as utterly convincing and eerie.

Michael also assembled a great cast. There were not many people required, and playing the captain was John Abineri, a very fine actor who appeared in a series called *The Last of the Mobicans*, where he played an American Indian. I had worked with him before on *The Ambassadors of Death*, where he played General Carrington. We also had Duncan Lamont as his second in command. Duncan had been at RADA with me, and we used to chase after the same girls when we were teenagers. Duncan was a good friend, but he, too, died rather young. Joy Harrison played the token female member of this expedition and she was simply gorgeous. It always amused me that, even stranded on a hostile alien planet, being attacked by spear-wielding natives and not knowing if you will survive the night, the female members of these expeditions always had perfect make-up and hair. I suppose it's a little like Joan Crawford, who, even when she was dying, still made time to get her make-up and eyelashes in place.

Aside from these few memories, I recall very little from this story, which is a shame as I think it's one of the best ones I did. It is interesting that, although I have this aversion to the Daleks as monsters, the three stories in which I met them are among the best.

My penultimate story as the Doctor was *The Monster of Peladon*, a sequel to *The Curse of Peladon*.

Donald Gee appeared as the traitorous Eckersley. For many years he appeared in an educational series on television playing one of two lorry drivers who taught people how to read and spell. Frank Gatloff, who played Chancellor Ortron, was a very strange man. He lived in Barnes, where I lived, and he always wore black. Black shoes, black socks, a black suit and a black roll-neck pullover topped by a shock of white hair. Whenever I saw him, he was wearing black and so he was always referred to as 'the man in black'.

Playing Queen Thalira was Nina Thomas, another very attractive young lady. She really hit it off with Frank Gatloff but I couldn't get within twelve paces of her. I really couldn't break through to her. Nothing clicked at all. Part of this was probably because she didn't take kindly to our practice of giving each other notes on our performances.

When I was working on *Doctor Who* we had an absolute cast-iron agreement that if we ever saw anything that we didn't like, that we would never hesitate to give each other 'notes'. This is an old theatrical term which originally referred to the fact that as the director watched the rehearsals and the performances, he would jot down on a pad any comments regarding the individual artistes, interpretations, and then, at the end, he would go through these comments with the people concerned. On *Doctor Who* I insisted that this apply to everyone in the cast: myself, Nick, Katy, Lis, Roger, John... everyone. We were all happy to give and receive constructive comments and suggestions on how to improve our performances.

In the whole of my regular run on *Doctor Who*, the only person who objected most strongly to our doing this, and reacted most badly to our making any suggestions whatsoever was Nina Thomas.

It was while we were making *The Monster of Peladon* that Barry released to the press the news that I was not continuing as the Doctor. We arranged a press conference during which Barry, Terrance and I faced the massed lenses of Fleet Street to explain that I was leaving, and that the show would be continuing without me.

I think that this event has overshadowed all the others at this time in my career. When you finish something that you have spent five years of your life working on, the time between the decision to quit and the actual final recording seems to go in a blur. I was looking forward to having a break and getting back to the theatre, and I was also actively looking for other television and film work for the first time in five years.

This brings me to my final story, *Planet of the Spiders*. The most enjoyable aspect of the story was that it featured just about every form of transport that Barry could lay his hands on. Over the years, Barry had become used to my strolling into rehearsals with tales of the latest helicopter, motorboat or car that I had seen the previous weekend at some show or other, and, although I always begged him if we could use them in a *Doctor Who* story, he always replied with an enigmatic smile and: 'We'll see.'

In *Planet of the Spiders*, therefore, I had the time of my life playing with an autogyro, a hovercraft, speedboats, my old yellow car, Bessie, and the Whomobile; all of which Barry – who was directing the story himself – included as a sort of parting gift for me.

The autogyro was hired from a company at Membury Airfield, where we were filming the



When the Daleks discover that their weaponry no longer functions, they are forced to work with the Doctor. *Death to the Daleks*.

DEATH TO THE DALEKS
 By Terry Nation
 Directed by Michael Briant
 First Transmitted:
 23/02/74 – 16/03/74
 4 episodes

The Doctor and Sarah arrive on the planet Exxilon where all the power is being drained by a strange 'living' city. A group of humans is also on the planet searching for the cure to a virulent space plague, a cure also sought by the Daleks. To escape the planet, the humans and Daleks must join forces and somehow the city must be disabled.

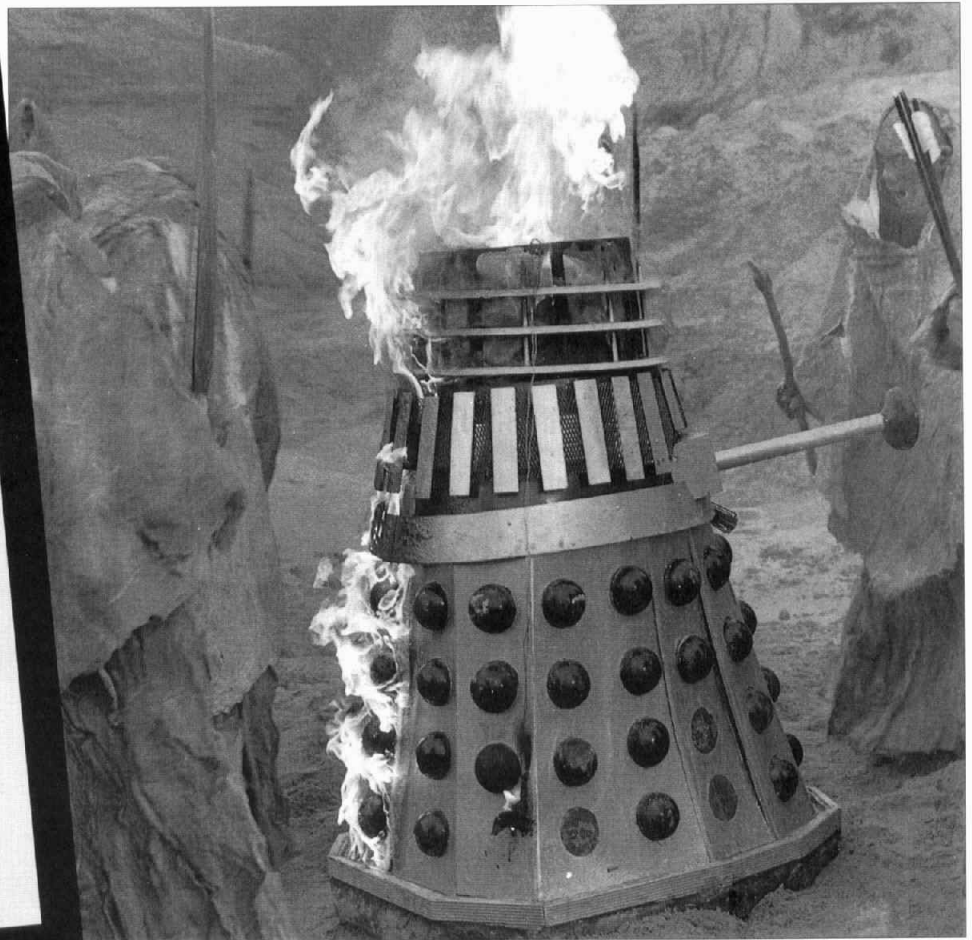
Starring:
 Jon Pertwee

The Doctor

With:

Elisabeth Sladen
 John Abineri
 Neil Seiler
 Duncan Lamont
 Julian Fox
 Joy Harrison
 Arnold Yarrow
 Roy Heymann
 Mostyn Evans
 Murphy Grumbar
 John Scott Martin
 Cy Town
 Michael Wisher

Sarah Jane Smith
 Richard Railton
 Commander Stewart
 Dan Galloway
 Peter Hamilton
 Jill Tarrant
 Bellal
 Gotal
 High Priest
 Dalek
 Dalek
 Dalek
 Dalek Voices



Above right: A Dalek is attacked by Exxilons and destroyed. Planet of the Daleks.

sequence. It was a small one-man helicopter which was powered by a Volkswagen engine with a pusher prop and a free-spinning rotor blade at the top – which you had to get going to give you lift. They were very difficult things to fly and in the story the autogyro was flown by its owner, a man called Curzon-Herrick. Unfortunately, the nearest I got was sitting in it on the ground as they filmed the close-up shots of me apparently flying. I heard that, after we had finished making this story, a pilot took it to a flying-display show where he lost control, crashed and was killed.

The autogyro was one of the few things we used in the show that I didn't buy afterwards. One of my greatest joys is travelling out to my second home in Spain and messing about on and under the sea. I bought one of the little life-saving water-scooters that we had used in *The Sea Devils*, and I also bought the Hamilton jet-boat we used in *Planet of the Spiders*. They had been invented in New Zealand for going over shallow water. They skimmed across on top of the water and were powered by sucking in water underneath and then shooting it out the back in a powerful jet. They could also turn in their own length and were very stable. I had it for many years and got a great deal of enjoyment from it.

From the jet-boat we moved on to a small 'Skima' hovercraft, which again was quite wonderful. There was a scene where I had to drive the hovercraft down the river Severn, turn up the bank and over the top of Stuart Fell who was playing a rather bemused tramp eating a sandwich.

Barry had positioned his cameras at the left-hand side of the bank we were using for the sequence. I was to drive up the bank and go straight over the top of Stuart who was lying just over a grassy knoll out of my vision. I powered up the hovercraft and on 'action' drove it up and over the bank. Unfortunately, I was caught by a gust of wind which took me off course and I wiped out the entire camera crew. This was somewhat fraught as there were two barely-protected propellers on the craft.

The machine was then retrieved from the chaos and repositioned back up the river. The hovercraft's owner came up level with me and shouted, 'You've gotta make allowances for the wind, Mr

Pitney. Make allowances for the wind.'

So, on the next take, I zoomed down the river, over the grass bank and, allowing for the wind, steered to the right. Unfortunately, by now there was no wind, and, unknown to me, Barry had taken the opportunity to move his cameras to the right-hand side of the bank. Unhappily, I ploughed straight into the hapless camera crew once more.

On the third take I got it right. The hovercraft sped down the river, turned right, went straight up the bank, over the top of Stuart and carried on down the field. It was around this point that I realised that I had no idea how to stop. My first two rides had ended in the camera legs and lights, but now there was nothing to stop me, and the field stretched out ahead of me for what seemed like miles. I skimmed at high speed over the field, at the same time trying to work out how to stop. As I said before, the machine was powered by two propellers, one mounted behind me for forward propulsion and the other underneath the machine for lift. I was very aware that if I stopped the lift I was likely to flip the machine over and could easily be decapitated. Eventually, I managed to cut the power to both engines and slowly glided to a halt several hundred yards from the film crew and the assistant director who was by now jumping up and down and waving for me to bring the hovercraft back. Needless to say, I returned on foot.

To play the leading villain we had an actor called John Dearth. I always thought his name to be very fitting, as he had a wonderful skull-like face and tremendous presence. He also liked to take a tippie now and again and would often be found in the BBC Club socialising into the small hours. He was a marvellous character and created a worthy final opponent for my Doctor.

I mentioned previously about Kismet Delgado being left penniless following Roger's tragic death. She had little choice but to try and find some work. So, with the help of a group of sympathetic friends, she was given an Equity ticket and got a couple of jobs on radio. When we came to do *Planet of the Spiders*, we needed someone to do the voice for the Queen Spider,



'Jon was a very glamorous, over-the-top Doctor. He wanted to look good and I found it an absolute pleasure to make him look good. It was a smashing image – the sort of stylish, sophisticated, charming, witty man that was the Doctor was also Jon.'

Michael Briant interviewed by Richard Marson for *Doctor Who Magazine* number 97.

THE MONSTER OF PELADON

By Brian Hayles

Directed By Lennie Mayne

First Transmitted:

23/03/74 – 27/04/74

6 episodes

The Doctor returns to the planet Peladon, some fifty years after his previous visit. He and Sarah discover that the spirit of Aggedor is apparently haunting the mines and striking terror into the miners. But is the spirit genuine and what secret hides behind the locked and alarmed door to a disused refinery? The answer pits the Doctor, once more, against one of his greatest foes.

Starring:

Jon Pertwee

The Doctor

With:

Elisabeth Sladen

Sarah Jane Smith

Nina Thomas

Thalira

Frank Gatloff

Ortron

Rex Robinson

Gebek

Donald Gee

Eckersley

Alan Bennion

Azaxyr

Sonny Caldinez

Sskel

Stuart Fell

Alpha Centauri

Ysanne Churchman

Voice of Alpha Centauri

Michael Crane

Blor

Ralph Watson

Ettis

Graeme Eton

Preba

Gerald Taylor

Vega Nexos

Nick Hobbs

Aggedor

Terry Walsh

Guard Captain

Roy Evans

Miner

Max Faulkner

Miner

Queen Thalira (Nina Thomas) and Ortron (Frank Gatloff).

The Monster of Peladon.

PLANET OF THE SPIDERS

By Robert Sloman & Barry Letts
Directed by Barry Letts
First Transmitted:
04/05/74 – 08/06/74
6 episodes

Mike Yates alerts Sarah to mysterious goings on at a Tibetan meditation centre in England, and the Doctor is called in to investigate. Giant spiders from Metebelis 3 are trying to reclaim a blue crystal taken by the Doctor so that their leader, the Great One, can complete her web and extend her powers across the universe. The Doctor is forced to face his fear and to return the crystal, but the radiation from the Great One's cave destroys the Doctor's body and he is forced to regenerate.

Starring:
Jon Pertwee The Doctor

With:	
Elisabeth Sladen	Sarah Jane Smith
Nicholas Courtney	Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart
Richard Franklin	Mike Yates
John Levene	Sergeant Benton
Cyril Shaps	Professor Clegg
John Kane	Tommy
John Dearth	Lupton
Kevin Lindsay	Cho-Je
George Cormack	K'ampo
Christopher Burgess	Barnes
Andrew Staines	Keaver
Carl Forgione	Land
Terence Lodge	Moss
Gareth Hunt	Arak
Jenny Laird	Neska
Joanna Monro	Rega
Geoffrey Morris	Sabor
Ralph Arliss	Tuar
Michael Pinder	Hopkins
Chubby Oates	Policeman
Pat Gorman	Soldier
Terry Walsh	Man with boat
Stuart Fell	Tramp
Ysanne Churchman	Spider Voice
Kismet Delgado	Spider Voice
Maureen Morris	Spider Voice
Walter Randall	Guard Captain
Max Faulkner	Guard Captain

I AM THE DOCTOR



so Kismet was brought in. This was her first television role and brought in a little money so that she could start to rebuild her life. It was the least that we on *Doctor Who* could have done.

My memory of those final days is a bit of a blur as we were working very hard to complete the story. I do know that I was in considerable pain from my back. This all started when, as a young man, I decided to make an attempt at the World water ski-ing speed record. I rationalised that, as the speed was determined by how fast whatever was towing you could go, I therefore arranged to be towed up the Hawksbury river in Australia by a shark-spotting sea-plane. All was going fine until we came to a bend in the river when the

pilot of the sea-plane hit a thermal and soared in the air, taking me with him. Not wanting to ski over dry land I let go and rolled over and over across the river at something above 80 miles per hour. Luckily I was fairly inebriated at the time, so came to no immediate physical harm.

During the making of one *Doctor Who* story – I don't remember which – I had fallen awkwardly during one of the action scenes, and this set my back off again. I eventually discovered that I had damaged discs between the fifth and sixth lumbar of my back. I have also been stricken with a cartilage in my left knee that can dislocate itself. This is agony when it happens and results in my being unable to straighten my leg. Luckily, Terry Walsh, as well as being a superb stuntman, also knew just how to pop my knee back into place, and, also, how to manipulate my back to ease the pain. I don't know what I would have done without him on some occasions.

My back had been getting steadily worse, and when we came to do *Planet of the Spiders*, I was in such agony that I would do anything to ease it, and someone had suggested keeping my spine rigid by wearing a surgical corset.

That seemed like a good idea and so I ordered one to be especially made. It certainly eased the pain whilst on one occasion earning me an unfortunate reputation. We were at an Army camp – Marchant Barracks in Devizes – for part of the location filming, and I had been allocated one of the huts to use as a dressing room. It had been pouring with rain, so after only two shots, I had to get out of my wet clothes and have my lank hair put in heated rollers. So, there I was sitting in this hut, wearing nothing but a pair of long johns and the whale-bone corset, with my hair all in curlers, when suddenly the door banged open and in walked the sergeant major.

He took one look at me sitting there, turned purple, turned on his heel and bellowed to the men behind him, 'I don't believe it. *Doctor Who's* a poofster!'

He never looked at me in the eye again for our entire stay.

My last days on *Doctor Who* were very tiring. There was a lot of special-effects work to be carried out and I was shattered. In fact, I was too shattered to feel tired. Even recording the scene when I was transformed into Tom Baker was an exhausting affair, although this was done prior to my final day. I had to lie on the floor as they recorded me and then lie still for ages as they got Tom into exactly the right position to cross-fade the picture from me to him.

It was the end of an era for me in many respects, and by then I was looking forward to moving on. *Doctor Who* had been an exciting and challenging job, and had also been very satisfying. While I was making my final season I received a letter from the single mother of what she described as a 'difficult and disturbed' child who was a great fan of the programme. I wrote back to the child personally and sent her a photograph as I always did. A week or so later I received another letter from

The present Doctor Who story is one of the best, even though the Daleks are not in it. Instead there are some very nasty spiders which are going to take over unless the Doctor proves even more resourceful than usual. He will do so, of course, but he is himself going to be ex-ter-mi-nat-ed in the process, and Pertwee will be metamorphosed into Doctor No 4. His imminent demise will be essential viewing.

Richard Boston writing about *Planet of the Spiders* in an unknown newspaper circa 1974.

Above: Sarah (Elisabeth Sladen) is startled by the appearance of a giant spider. *Planet of the Spiders*.

the mother thanking me for my trouble and letting me know that her daughter now carried my picture with her everywhere. I had inadvertently become a father figure to this autistic child, and my unseen influence had caused her behaviour to completely settle down. She is now married and has two lovely children of whom I am the godfather. This may well have been an exceptional case, but I truly believed that *Doctor Who* was a great force for good, and that, in spite of Mrs Whitehouse's criticisms, there was nothing in the show that could harm children.

Almost as soon as I left *Doctor Who* I went into rehearsals for the lead in Tony Lesser's play *The Bedwinner*, directed by William Franklyn and co-starring Roland Culver and Lynda Baron. I played a business executive, tired out by life in the fast lane. When my stage-wife, played by Lynda, gets promoted in her job, my character decides to settle down to life as a 'new man', but rapidly discovers that this is not as easy as it looks.

Even with the play running I still had some free time and was looking hard for something else to do on television. I had made a guest appearance on the Thames television show *Whodunnit?* in 1973, and my one-off appearance had seemed to go down well. The idea behind the programme was that there was a compere, Edward Woodward, and a panel of celebrities – who changed each week – whose job it was to watch a recording of a short mystery play in which someone is killed and then to try to follow the clues, and to cross-examine the actors and actresses playing the various characters in the play – to try to ascertain who the murderer was. The trick was that everyone except the killer had to answer truthfully.

During the rehearsals I went up to Lance Percival, one of the writers, and said, 'If you let me know who the murderer is, I promise that I won't get it right, but I'll make it sound as though I am very, very close and then get it wrong at the last moment. I think the audience'll love that.' I don't recall whether he actually let me in on the secret or not. I suspect that he didn't as they made a big thing about keeping the details quiet. I do know that my appearance was criticised by some as sending the show up, while others obviously saw possibilities in my approach.

After the first year, Thames decided that they wanted to get someone else in to compere the show. My agent got wind of this and I went along to audition along with a great many other people. I was told afterwards that Philip Jones, the Head of Light Entertainment at Thames, apparently started off saying that he wanted me to host the show, but by the end of all the auditions he had changed his mind and wanted someone else. I never knew who this other person was, but they eventually came back to my agent to ask if I would do it after all. Of course, I was more than happy with this, so I hosted *Whodunnit?* for nearly five years, until the show was finally taken off the air as being too expensive.

Spontaneity was the most important factor in *Whodunnit?* It was a show that allowed me to talk off the top of my head, to improvise and to have fun, rather than to learn pages and pages of dialogue for a drama series like *Doctor Who*. I also think that, to begin with, its popularity might have been due to people thinking it was 'Doctor Whodunnit'. In some countries, like New Zealand for example, it was frequently topping the ratings. People seemed to enjoy its cerebral qualities.

Although I had spent many years with *Doctor Who*, it didn't at this time appear to have affected my career adversely. It had given me a very public profile, and my face was known everywhere I went in the world. Little was I to know, that although I had hung up my cloak and the keys to Bessie on a regular basis, I was never to be quite free of my time-travelling alter-ego.



After the cells of his body have been destroyed by radiation from the cave of the Great One on Metabelis 3, the Doctor regenerates once more. *Planet of the Spiders*.

WORZEL GUMMIDGE



Above: With corn hair and a carrot nose, Worzel Gummidge became a firm children's favourite.

Below: The plasticine model of Worzel Gummidge created for a potential animated series.



One of the things that I had always hoped to be offered was a big international picture, so I thought my opportunity had arrived when I was contacted by a producer, Gareth Wigan, who asked me to go to meet him with a view to my playing the living scarecrow, Worzel Gummidge, in a film version of Barbara Euphan-Todd's books written by two of England's top writers, Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall. They had remembered me as the Postman in *Waterlogged Spa* and *Puffney Post Office* and knew that my 'mummerset' voice was exactly right for Worzel and also that I was, at that time, tall and thin.

The film was about the scarecrow equivalent of the Watt Tyler rebellion in which the scarecrows rise up against the farmers who intended to destroy them by fire at the end of the farming season. I loved this idea and said that I'd be delighted to do it, but ultimately they were not able to get the money or the distribution they needed and decided to abandon the project altogether.

I thought that the idea was far too good to be simply thrown away, and so I asked Keith and Willis to prepare an outline for a television pilot which my agent and I took to Shaun Sutton at the BBC.

I said to him, 'I've got a wonderful idea here for you, Shaun, which properly handled could be a sensational success. I know it. I feel it in my bones.' And then and there I gave him the outline for *Worzel Gummidge*.

'Great!' he said, 'I'll read it with great joy.'

So, he took it away and read it with great joy and rang me up two days later and said, 'About *Worzel Gummidge* ...' And I said, 'Yes?!' and he said, 'No.'

'Why?' I asked, completely amazed by this. 'It's too fantastic,' he said, 'I don't think it would work. It's too way out. A scarecrow that comes to life ...?'

'But it's been a very successful book.,' I said, but Shaun was adamant, and told me that he was sorry but they didn't want to take it.

So I took it to Thames, with whom I'd been working for on the very successful *Whodunnit?* series for the last four years.

Richard Stone and I spoke to Philip Jones, and said, 'Here you are, Philip, here's something great for you. You're very lucky because Shaun Sutton has turned it down flat at the BBC and you're next in line. It's a joy and you're going to love it.'

So Philip took it away with great excitement and rang us back two days later and said, 'About *Worzel Gummidge* ...' And I said, 'Yes?!' And he said, 'No.'

I was amazed. 'You mean to say you don't like it?' I asked. 'Frankly, no,' he said. 'I can't see it working as a TV series.'

So I began to lose faith in the project. It was only by a bit of luck through my agent, that he got in touch with a very perspicacious and extraordinarily talented man named Lewis Rudd at Southern Television who said that he really liked the idea and that Southern Television would be happy to do it.

So we made the first series with Southern, and after only the first four episodes going out we had become something of a cult. We were the media's darlings and whenever we did a press call we had something like a hundred and fifty photographers turn up. They literally arrived in coaches to take pictures of us all. Scarecrows, it seemed, were wondrously photogenic.

Worzel's make-up and costuming took simply ages. They started off using real straw around my wrists which chafed terribly until they realised they could use raffia which was much softer. All Worzel's clothes were stressed and dirty with straw sticking out everywhere, and there was even a robin's nest fitted as though in my stomach with requisite robin in situ. They usually put my make-up on while I was asleep. I would arrive for filming around seven o'clock in the morning, have a cup of tea, and then doze off in the make-up chair. When I woke up, they put the finishing touches on: corn eyebrows, carrot root beard, sugar puff warts etc, and that was it. Worzel also had a lot of different heads that he could wear, each being different in some respect and needing a completely different

make-up to achieve. Each of these make-ups took about an hour and a half to complete.

I had brought in the idea of the heads because I thought *Worzel Gummidge* was going to get tedious if the character was always in the same place and was always the same person. The Doctor was able to go from place to place and from time to time in the TARDIS so how could we have Worzel do the same? It suddenly came to me in a blinding flash, that if, according to the plot, the Crowman makes the scarecrows, then he could also make different heads and leave them lying around waiting to be used. A thinking head for thinking, a singing head for singing, a dancing head for dancing (albeit an eighteenth century one – not much use in village hops) and even a handsome head for courting, with false teeth included.

The series played over a period of ten years, but eventually Southern Television lost their franchise and the show was shelved. We had received an incredibly positive reaction from the press over the years with marvellous notices appearing in the papers and it seemed so silly that this show, that everyone liked, was off the air. The *Star* newspaper actually ran a campaign with car stickers proclaiming 'Bring Back Our Worzel'.

We tried for ages to find a new producer, and I eventually met a man by the name of James Mitchell, who had made the very successful *The Irish RM* with Peter Bowles, and whose company was based in Ireland. He wanted us to do a series of *Worzel Gummidge* in Ireland, and I thought this was a superb idea, as I much admired Irish character actors.

I was in Bolton on tour when we were told, out of the blue, that the whole Irish series had been cancelled. I had had many meetings with Mitchell and everything had seemed to be going fine. However, Mitchell had an American partner and this wretched man had apparently gone on television in the United States and had made some pretty snide remarks about Harlech TV, a fifty-per-cent partner in the projected series. Lord Harlech heard about this and was absolutely furious. He said that he didn't want to be in business with people of that ilk and so pulled the plug on the whole series.

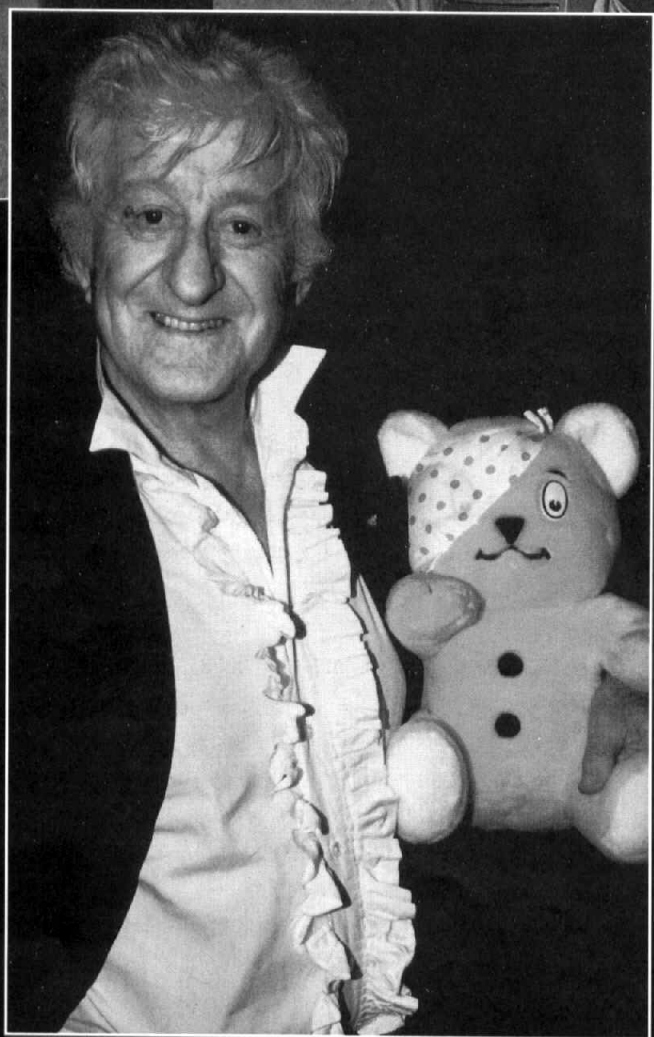
This was a few days before we were due to leave for Ireland. I had the travel, the hotel, the hire car all arranged and the whole lot had to be cancelled. I could not believe it. I was naturally very upset. There was absolutely nothing we could do, however, and so I went off to my apartment in Andorra for a holiday, and, instead of working on the series, wrote *Moonboots and Dinner Suits*, the first volume of my autobiography, in the mornings and skied for the rest of the day.

A few years later, a producer in New Zealand called Grahame McLean picked up on the series. He had been interested in *Worzel Gummidge* and had been trying to get the rights to transmit the original series out there. He had made two or three films which were pretty good, and he now wanted to make *Worzel Gummidge*. So we all went out there and worked with him to make a new series called *Worzel Gummidge Down Under* for Channel 4. Although this was the biggest television project ever made in New Zealand, it was never shown in that country.

I've recently been involved in an animated pilot for a new series of *Worzel Gummidge*, using plasticine figures of Worzel and Aunt Sally, as in Tony Hart's 'Morph' or *Creature Comforts*. The pilot show has already been sold to a company – who shall remain nameless – who say that they'll show it. But the amount of money that they would pay per episode for a series would just about pay for the first letter of the opening credits. We are therefore involved at the moment in trying to raise finance for the series. I hope we succeed as I believe that, like the Doctor, Worzel is a timeless character who has the ability to run and run.



What might have been: Worzel and Aunt Sally (Una Stubbs) find themselves outside one of the most famous residences in the world.



CHAPTER 7

THE CONTINUING STORY

After appearing in *The Bedwinner*, I found that my association with *Doctor Who* seemed not to have had any detrimental affect on my career and I managed to land parts in several other theatre productions including *Don't Just Lie There, Say Something* and the musical *So Who Needs Marriage*.

In 1976 I was starring in the musical *Irene* in London's West End, and my name was splashed in six-foot-high letters across the front of the Adelphi theatre. My old friend Kenneth More had for six months been appearing in another play in the Savoy theatre across the road, and, one day, I bumped into him on the street outside. We greeted each other warmly and, after the initial pleasantries, he said, 'Haven't seen you for ages, mate. What are you doing these days?' I put my arm around his shoulders in a fatherly way and pointed him towards our theatre and to my name prominently displayed above it. Even though he had been coming and going from his theatre every day, he hadn't noticed my considerable billing on the hoarding across the road. Something not unusual amongst actors I'm afraid to say.

I also managed to obtain a couple of nice film roles: *One of Our Dinosaurs Is Missing* for Disney, in 1976, and *Adventures of a Private Eye*, in 1977.

It was also in 1977 that I was asked to attend my first *Doctor Who* convention. This took place in a little church hall in Battersea and was organised by Keith Barnfather – now a very successful video producer and director who runs his own video production company. The convention was a splendid little affair and everyone was very friendly and pleasant. I drove there in my much envied Fiat X19, met everyone, gave a talk on stage, signed autographs and generally had a great time.

I remember that convention particularly, because, not only was it the first *Doctor Who* convention that I attended, but it was also the first held anywhere. This was just the beginning, and since then I have appeared at literally dozens of *Doctor Who* conventions, meetings and charity events all over the world. So many, in fact, that I find it hard to distinguish between them all.

For as long as I have been in showbusiness, I have been asked to make personal appearances. It's something that goes with the territory, like being recognised in the street. Over the years I have made hundreds of appearances at fêtes, carnivals, shops, conventions, schools, offices and factories – the oddest place, I think, being Wormwood Scrubs prison. I very much enjoy meeting people and travelling, and *Doctor Who* has enabled me to do both these things.

Travel is one of my passions. I've always been very keen on work that takes me abroad. After the war ended, I made a deal with myself that I would always try to go out to any field of action where British troops were involved in order to entertain them. This was because I had appreciated it so much when people came to entertain me when I was in the Navy. As a result I ended up out in Korea, Malaysia, the Greek war in Cyprus, the Mau Mau war in Kenya and many, many other fields of action around the world. When I had finished my schedule of shows, I always asked to be left there rather than brought back to England. By the time I had finished my tour, I'd have met lots of people and had been frequently asked to stay with them and see a bit more of the country.

My attitude towards the opportunity that *Doctor Who* gave me to see the world was the same. The conventions in England were not terribly exciting from that point of view. The organisers in this country didn't have the flair that the Americans had, and, to be fair, they didn't have the same budgets. The American conventions were always very exciting. I think the first one we did out there was in Chicago in the early eighties and they had something like 3000 people attending – by comparison,

LOOK OUT, LOOK OUT, THERE'S A DALEK ABOUT

Those immortal Dalek words, "you will be ex-ter-min-ated", will soon be striking fear into the heart of Battersea.

For on August 6 that celestial police box, the Tardis, will fly into Battersea's Broomwood Church Hall (complete with no less than two Dr. Whos, three Daleks and, all being well, a couple of Cybermen and Krotons) for the first convention of the Dr. Who Appreciation Society.

"Jon Pertwee, Dr. Who the third and, we hope, Tom Baker, the fourth and present Doctor, will be there," said an excited Keith Barnfather, one of the organisers and a dedicated Dr. Who fan.

"We will have the Tardis that was used in one of the films, a Dalek from the film and two we made ourselves.

"And we're hoping for some more props from the BBC."

For the 200 or so Dr. Who fanatics at the convention, ages ranging from six to 46, the day will be spent listening to lectures given by the producers and special effects men of the programme, and watching old Dr. Who films.

Report from the *Evening News*, 15 June 1977.

Opposite top: A photocall to promote *The Five Doctors* in 1983. Left to right: Richard Hurndall as the first Doctor, Peter Davison as the fifth Doctor, a waxwork dummy of Tom Baker as the fourth Doctor, Jon as the third Doctor and Patrick Troughton as the second Doctor.

Opposite bottom left: Jon in 1993 with Pudsey Bear, mascot of the BBC's annual *Children In Need* charity appeal.

Opposite bottom right: In 1993, Reeltime Pictures released a special video which reunited the cast and crew of *The Dæmons* at the original location to talk about the show. Pictured at Aldbourne with Jon are John Levene, Nicholas Courtney and Richard Franklin.

THE FIVE DOCTORS

By Terrance Dicks

Directed by Peter Moffatt

First Transmitted: 25/11/83

1 episode

The different incarnations of the Doctor are brought to a Death Zone on the planet Gallifrey to battle monsters from their past. Someone is getting them to fight against a Dalek, Cybermen, a Yeti and a Raston Robot to clear the way into Rassilon's Tomb. There is a legend that eternal life can be obtained there, but who on the Time Lord High Council is seeking immortality, and can the Doctor – in all his incarnations – survive?

Starring:

Peter Davison	The Doctor
Jon Pertwee	The Doctor
Patrick Troughton	The Doctor
Richard Hurndall	The Doctor
Tom Baker	The Doctor
William Hartnell	The Doctor

With:

Janet Fielding	Tegan
Mark Strickson	Turlough
Anthony Ainley	The Master
Philip Latham	Lord President Borusa
Dinah Sheridan	Chancellor Flavia
Paul Jerricho	The Castellan
Elisabeth Sladen	Sarah Jane Smith
Nicholas Courtney	The Brigadier
Carole Ann Ford	Susan
Stuart Blake	Commander
David Savile	Crichton
Ray Float	Sergeant
Richard Mathews	Rassilon
Keith Hodiak	Raston Robot
David Banks	Cyber Leader
Mark Hardy	Cyber Lieutenant
William Kenton	Cyber Scout
John Scott-Martin	Dalek Operator
Roy Skelton	Dalek Voice
Richard Franklin	Captain Mike Yates
Frazer Hines	Jamie
Caroline John	Liz Shaw
Wendy Padbury	Zoe
Lalla Ward	Romana
John Leeson	Voice Of K-9
Lee Woods	Yeti
Stephen Meredith	Technician
John Tallents	Guard

I AM THE DOCTOR



the average number for a British convention was around the 300 mark. Can you imagine 3000 people all assembled in one hall together? Those early conventions in America were run well, albeit on a totally commercial basis, but some guests saw fit to take great advantage of the organisers' generosity. There were minor members of the *Doctor Who* team who would fly over, not with their wives, but with their mistresses and girlfriends. Certain people went over with their entire family – four kids and a wife. Some people ran up the most enormous bills at the bar and on the telephone. All of which they expected the convention organisers to fund. Unfortunately, the organisers didn't want to upset the apple cart and so paid up. It just got ridiculously silly and the amount of money that was being wasted was enormous.

What was nice was that it gave me the opportunity to see again, on a semi-regular basis, the members of my *Doctor Who* team, and also to meet and get to know people who had appeared on the show both before and after my time.

Attending these conventions gave me the opportunity to go to places I'd never been. In 1986, BBC Enterprises created a huge bus to tour the whole of America with a *Doctor Who* exhibition. I literally travelled the whole of America in a hire car and saw the country with all expenses paid. We did two shows on a Wednesday in a small town and then two shows on Saturday and Sunday in a big town. Ingeborg and I had the most wonderful time and we now know America better than most Americans!

I was able to go to Canada for some conventions, which I enjoyed, as I had never been there before. And I was able to return to Australia for a big convention in Brisbane one year. Yes, being in *Doctor Who* allowed me to see more of the world than most other men.

Doctor Who has been very good to me over the years. A lot of paid work has come my way through its connection: things like the special videos, audio readings, radio plays and so on. In addition the BBC are always releasing my old stories on video and selling the tapes all over the world. This results in what I term my *Doctor Who* pension. Almost every week I get a cheque from somewhere in the world for repeating one of my *Doctor Who* stories on television. It's marvellous that it keeps on going. My radio series *The Navy Lark* is pretty much the same. They have already released over sixteen episodes of *The Navy Lark* on audio tape and they are all doing very well indeed.

Despite this considerable activity related to *Doctor Who* after I had left the show, I didn't really believe that I would ever return to play him. I was therefore delighted when John Nathan-Turner, who was the producer at the time, contacted me about being in a story called *The Five Doctors* for the show's twentieth anniversary in 1983. I jumped at the chance. I couldn't think of anything more challenging than to work with Peter Davison, who was then playing the Doctor; and to see and work with Pat and all my other old regulars again. How Peter Moffatt, the director, put up with us I don't know. There were so many moments when we'd break away from rehearsing and recording to reminisce and Peter had a hard job to pull us back to the task at hand. Initially I was concerned as to how Lis

Above: The first three Doctors (Jon, Patrick Troughton and Richard Hurndall). *The Five Doctors*.

and I were going to work together again after this long period apart, but we managed to reel off our first scene in a single take with absolutely no problems at all. It was as though we had never stopped.

We were out on location in North Wales for the location filming and it was a simply freezing day – we always seemed to get extremes of weather when we went on location – and this time we were perched halfway up a mountain in Snowdonia. There was a scene where my Doctor had to construct some sort of hang-glider device from a pile of metal poles and wire that he had collected from elsewhere. This was to enable him and Sarah to get from the mountain to the top of a massive tower which was the central focus of the story. I took one look at this pile of stuff, that the visual effects boys had left in front of me, and said, 'I can't build a hang-glider out of this. How is it supposed to go together?' Peter Moffatt came up and said, 'Just start to fit some of the pieces together and we'll cut back to you later with it finished.' 'That's ridiculous,' I said. 'You'll never get the viewers to believe that the Doctor's made a hang-glider from a few metal struts and a snip-pet of wire!'

We argued the point for a few minutes before John Nathan-Turner came up to see what the delay was. Remember that it was bitterly cold and the cast and crew were starting to shiver. In the end John, Peter and I retired to one of the cars and sat in it with the heater on full as we discussed how best to handle the problem. In the end we agreed on a feasible solution – the Doctor would make a lasso out of the wire and throw it over one of the balustrades on the tower. He and Sarah would then slide down the wire. That made far more sense to me than the Doctor building a glider out of a heap of junk.

It was while working on *The Five Doctors* that I found myself talking to Pat Troughton about fandom and science fiction conventions. He was quite interested as he had never, as yet, attended one; always being a little shy of standing up in front of a large crowd. I managed to persuade him that they were great fun and that he should come along to the next one we did.

As it happened I had been invited to a factory the following weekend to meet the workers and to tour the facilities, and so I asked Pat if he would like to come with me. 'D'you think that'd be OK?' he asked. 'Of course!' I said.

When we got up there, we were treated like royalty. There was a chauffeur-driven Rolls, a grand tour around the factory – which made top grade suitcases – and, finally, some excellent wine and a lunch with the managing director. At the end, they very kindly presented us each with a set of beautiful initialled suitcases. Pat was like a child in a sweet shop. When we were on our way back, he turned to me and said, 'Do you do many of these things?'

'Quite a few,' I replied.

'Do you always get treated like this?'

'Usually.'

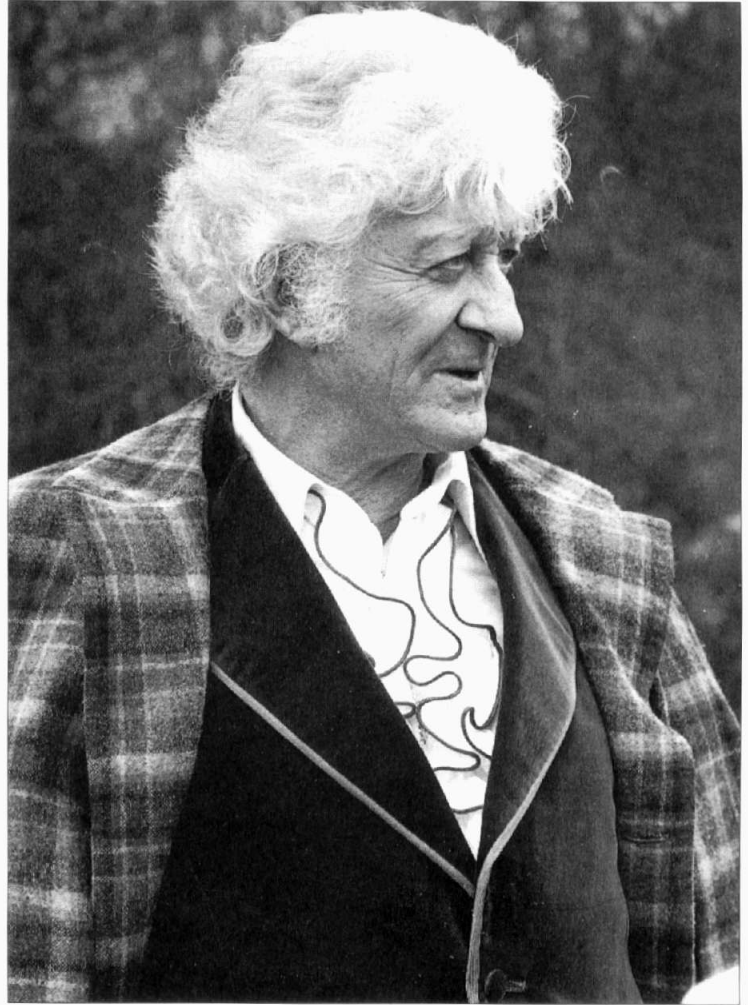
'Do they often give you gifts?'

'Quite often.'

'Well, let me know the next time you're asked and I'll come with you.'

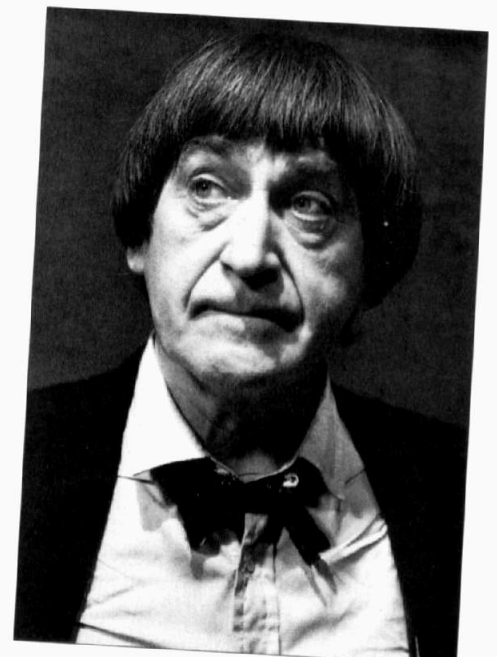
After this, Pat was a lot more relaxed about going out and meeting people; so, when the BBC organised a massive convention at Longleat House to celebrate the twentieth anniversary, Pat turned up and had a whale of a time. After that there was no stopping him. He came out to several conventions in America with us and together we sparred verbally on stage to everyone's evident pleasure.

Like many others I was devastated when I heard that Pat had suffered a fatal heart attack while



Above: Jon jumped at the chance to return to the role of the Doctor. The Five Doctors.

Below: The second Doctor, played by Patrick Troughton. The Five Doctors.





Jon with resident *Whodunnit?* panellists Liza Goddard and Patrick Mower in 1974.

I AM THE DOCTOR

attending an American *Doctor Who* convention in 1987. Pat had always been so full of energy and life and the thought that I would never see him again filled me with sadness.

The Five Doctors was the only time that I worked on *Doctor Who* with Anthony Ainley, although I knew him and his family well as Anthony Ainley's father, Henry Ainley, was my godfather. Henry was a marvellous actor and a great friend of my father's.

I mentioned before about the practice we developed while I was playing the Doctor of giving each other constructive comments and notes on our performances, and I said that Nina Thomas was the only person who objected to this. Well, Anthony Ainley also objected when we came to make *The Five Doctors*. He got terribly angry and upset with me when I made a suggestion to him about something in rehearsal. He considered that he had been in the business for long enough not to be given notes by another actor, and that he would consider comments only if they came from the director. I apologised if I had upset him and explained that this was how we had always worked, but he took a long time to get over it.

In fact, he wrote me a letter – terribly upset and offended – saying that he had never been treated like that before in his life and how outrageous I had been and so on. I felt that this was rather an extreme reaction to what had, on my part, been a genuine attempt to offer advice, and so I decided, rather evilly, to have a little joke at his expense. The next time I spoke to him, I said, 'Thanks for your letter, Ant, it was really very good indeed. Very funny. In fact, I was up at the BBC Club the other day with some friends, and they all thought it was terribly funny as well ...'

Anthony's face paled but I carried on, inventing the people who had supposedly been with me in the Club, although, of course, I had done no such thing.

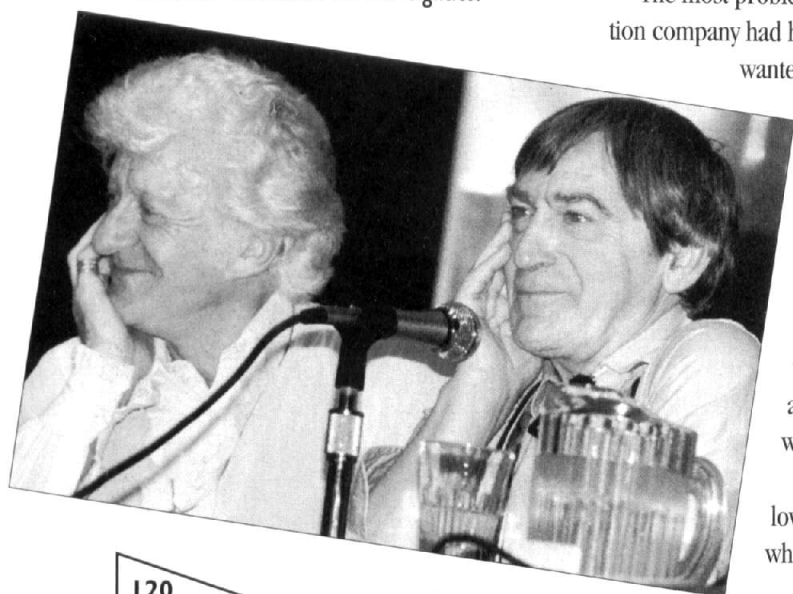
After *The Five Doctors*, I would have been more than happy to return for further anniversary stories, had they wished to have done them. What I did not expect was to be telephoned out of the blue, late in 1988, by theatre producer Mark Furness and asked if I would consider starring in a spectacular new part-musical stage version of *Doctor Who*. Of course I agreed, as the opportunity of getting back on the road once more with a small team of players appealed to me immensely.

The Ultimate Adventure, as the play was eventually called, was written for my Doctor by Terrance Dicks, so I had no problem in slipping back into the role. It did, however, require a different approach from me in terms of playing the character. When you are acting on television, it is the small details that define the character; the understatement and the quiet moments in the performance. When you are performing on stage, however, everything needs to be slightly larger than real life. I therefore had to adapt my Doctor's character to the theatrical medium.

The most problematic aspects of *The Ultimate Adventure* were the technical ones. The production company had hired in some massive laser-beam projectors which never seemed to do what we wanted them to do. There were also tremendous problems with the lighting and the

sets. In Chinese or Japanese theatre it is common for the sets and costumes to be changed in full view of the audience. The way they arrange their stage is to have the action continuing on one half of the stage, which is lit with harsh white light, while the stage hands change the set on the other half of the stage, which is in semi-darkness. On *The Ultimate Adventure*, they tried to use this technique with the scenery changes being done in full view of the audience. Unfortunately, it really didn't work and the sight of the stage hands clod-hopping their way across the boards while we were trying to act out a scene just yards away from them became totally distracting, both for us and for those trying to watch and follow the play.

Despite all the problems, which can crop up in any theatrical production, I still loved appearing in theatre. There is an immediacy and a *frisson* which you get when appearing live on stage that is almost totally missing from television, film or



Jon and Patrick Troughton on stage at an American convention in the eighties.

radio work. You also receive immediate feedback from your audience. You know, there and then, whether they have enjoyed what they have seen or not. Although I never wanted my Doctor to be a comic, I always felt that there was room for a lighter side to his character and so on television I occasionally tried to play certain scenes for humorous effect. I never knew whether my intentions were well received or not, but with the stage version, I did know because the audience reacted accordingly.

I was contracted to appear in *The Ultimate Adventure* for the first ten weeks of its run, and in that time I missed only two performances. That was during a week in Birmingham when I was very tired and recovering from a slight cold. I had stayed up late the previous night and when we started the first performance on the following day, my mind went completely blank. I could not remember any of the lines and my legs were shaking. All I could do was to apologise to the audience and walk off the stage.

This, it has to be said, is an actor's worst nightmare. The vast majority of the times that you are feeling tired or ill on stage, you somehow manage to keep going. But, on this occasion, I was feeling so sick that I couldn't carry on, even though I hated to let the people, who had come to see the show, down. As the showbusiness adage runs, 'the show must go on', so David Banks, who was appearing in the play as the leading mercenary Karl, as well as understudying me, stepped in and played the Doctor admirably for two performances.

It was while working on a radio adaptation of *Superman* for the BBC at the start of the nineties that I met a talented young radio producer called Dirk Maggs. When we had finished working on *Superman* I suggested to him that as *Doctor Who* had seemingly bitten the dust on television, a radio version seemed like a good idea. I also suggested getting Barry Letts in to write it as he knew what made the show work. Dirk agreed and said he'd see what he could do. I then heard nothing for ages until a brilliant young radio producer called Phil Clarke phoned me up to say that he had taken over from Dirk Maggs and that *Doctor Who* on the radio was going ahead.

Of course, I was delighted, and when I heard that the script was, at my original request, to be written by Barry Letts and to star Nick Courtney as the Brigadier and Lis Sladen as Sarah Jane Smith, then I was all the more pleased. It would be wonderful to get back on to radio after so many years away.

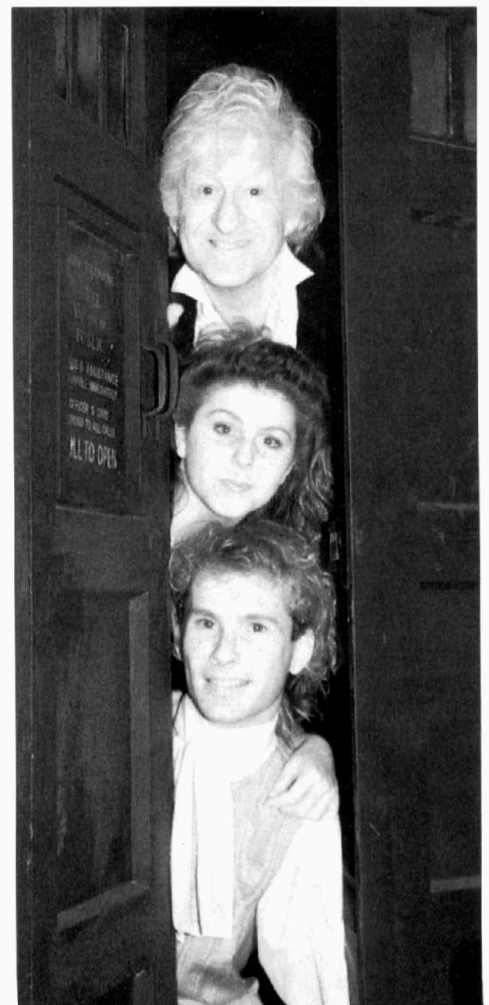
The BBC commissioned only five episodes to start with, although I understand that the original idea was to do ten. *The Paradise of Death* was eventually transmitted on BBC Radio 5 and the BBC didn't realise the success that they had on their hands until it was repeated on Radio 2. What happened during the repeat was that they mistakenly played the wrong tape for the last episode so that instead of airing episode five, they aired episode 4 again. The BBC's switchboard was jammed with people asking why they had repeated last week's episode and whether the next episode was going to be transmitted or not. At the time, the BBC department which deals with the radio listening figures was on strike and so no proper figures had been compiled. The large number of telephone calls apparently convinced the BBC that the show had been successful enough to commission another story and so, at the end of 1994, we made *Doctor Who and the Ghosts of N-Space*, again written by Barry Letts and produced by Phil Clarke.

When I heard that the BBC were planning something for the thirtieth anniversary of *Doctor Who* in 1993, I was, again, quite excited by the prospect of working with the old team, especially as Alan Yentob, the controller of BBC1 had reportedly allocated a budget of something like a million pounds to it. Over the years I had met and had got to know Colin Baker, Peter Davison and Sylvester McCoy at *Doctor Who* conventions all over the world, and when we discussed this special programme, they all seemed quite interested in the project, although I gathered that none of us or our agents had been approached formally about it or had seen the scripts. We naturally looked forward to a well-scripted show like *The Three Doctors* or *The Five Doctors*, which contained good parts for all the Doctors. We kept hearing and reading things in the *Doctor Who* magazines about the show but we still heard nothing officially.



Above: Jon with Thora Hird on a 1994 edition of *That's Showbusiness*.

Below: At a press call for *Doctor Who — The Ultimate Adventure* in 1989. Jon with his stage companions Rebecca Thornhill and Graeme Smith.





Jon with the Rainiers.

I AM THE DOCTOR

I was on holiday in Spain around the middle of 1993 when I got a call from Sylvester. Syl said, 'Have you heard about the thirtieth anniversary show?'

'No,' I replied.

He then asked if I had read the script. 'No. No one has sent me a script.'

'Well, don't bother,' he said.

I asked why this was and Sylvester explained that the script was very one-sided. It was called *The Dark Dimension*, had been written by a fan and was all based around Tom Baker's Doctor. The rest of us were reduced to walk-on cameos. 'Peter's not happy,' said Syl. 'Neither is Colin and nor am I.' So I said that he could take it from me that I wouldn't be happy either.

He then later told me that the BBC, or whichever part of that organisation was involved, gave out a story that the reason the show had been cancelled was that we had refused to do it. Now, first of all, we didn't refuse to do anything – it was just that we weren't happy with the script in that form. If they had got something properly balanced with each of the Doctors being given a fair crack of the whip, then we would have done it with alacrity and enthusiasm.

We then had to stand up and refute what the BBC had said, and we gave a few interviews to try to give our side of the events. We had discovered that most of our agents had not even been approached to negotiate the script or to confirm that we would be available to do it. Some had been sent scripts and that was it. No one had been in touch to discuss the money or anything. We later heard that Tom had, allegedly, been sent a contract to the value of around twenty-five thousand pounds which, good for him, he had quickly signed. And we understood that even though the production was eventually cancelled, he still got his money. Whether this was true or not I don't know, but it made the rest of us somewhat beady.

What we ended up doing for the anniversary was *Dimensions in Time*, a special *Doctor Who* adventure that made use of an innovative three-dimensional process which John Nathan-Turner organised for 1993's *Children in Need* appeal. The idea behind it was *Doctor Who* meets *EastEnders* and it turned out to be a bit of a poo. We were all to arrive at Albert Square and I was to shoot a scene with Lis Sladen which we did. But when it came to our next scene, it was Bonnie Langford who came up and said 'Hello'. So I said, 'Hello Bonnie! What're you doing here? Where's Lis?' and Bonnie said, 'Having a cuppa. I'm in the next scene with you.' Now, this puzzled me immensely. 'Dear Bonnie,' I said, 'It's lovely to see you, but you're not my companion. Lis is.'

'Not in this scene,' said Bonnie.

'I think you've got it wrong,' I said.

'No,' said Bonnie, 'It's you who's got it wrong!'

We went on like this for a bit before Bonnie commented that I couldn't have read the script very well. 'I thought I had,' I said. 'But obviously I haven't.' It turned out that the Doctors and companions were all mixed up for some reason that few of us could fathom.

Then I saw Wendy Richards across the square, standing with Gillian Telforth, so I went over for a chat. Both of them looked really tired and ill, and I eventually asked Wendy if she wanted a chair to sit down, or a cup of tea, or something. She narrowed her eyes suspiciously and asked why I was being so nice to her.

'Well,' I said, 'you look a little tired, that's all. You don't look very well.'

Wendy rolled her eyes to heaven, burst out laughing and said, 'It's make-up, you silly bastard!'

I was staggered. 'It's what?'

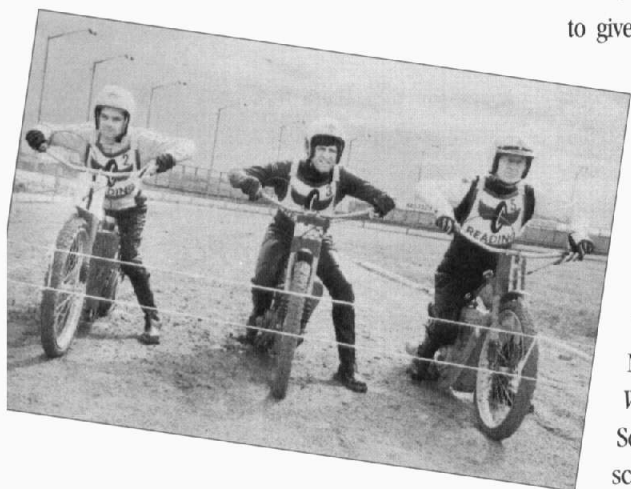
'It's make-up! You haven't read your script very well, have you?'

'Do you know, that's the second time I've been asked that today!'

'We're supposed to be forty years older, you twit!' explained Gillian.

'Thanks for telling me!' I smiled back. Do you know I still have no idea why they were forty years older.

Later, we were doing some scenes at the *Cutty Sark*, and by this time I had simply accepted that,



David Jason, Ed Stewart and Jon line up for a spot of celebrity bike racing.

THE CONTINUING STORY

to me, the script was all over the place. So, when Debbie Watling turned up to play the Doctor's companion Victoria in the scene, a character who had appeared with Pat Troughton's Doctor years before, I just smiled and went with the flow. Obviously, any internal logic that there might once have been in *Doctor Who* was now being thrown to the four winds. Most of us did not know what was going on, so the day was fraught in the extreme.

When we had finished making *Dimensions in Time* it was transmitted in 3D. I put the special coloured glasses on to watch it but I couldn't see any three-dimensional effects at all. To me it all seemed completely one dimensional and flat. Something wrong with my eyes evidently.

Although a lot of good things happened for the anniversary, what we had all wanted to do was to make that anniversary film. It seemed so sad that the BBC and BBC Enterprises couldn't get it together to make the programme. What a world-seller it would have been. I think the BBC not only lost confidence in it but were also caught in the middle of negotiations for Stephen Spielberg's prospective *Doctor Who* film in America.

It has now been taken over by Philip Segal with the Doctor being played by Paul McGann, which seems to have rekindled a great deal of interest in the series as a whole.

Only rarely does anything other than science fiction attract fandom to the extent of thousands of people attending conventions. The only other media aspect I can think of is the horror film industry. *Worzel Gummidge*, despite its enormous success, didn't attract the same sort of fan following. A fan club was set up but it didn't work out and we had to abandon it. I don't believe you could ever have a *Worzel Gummidge* convention. Open fairs or agricultural and horse shows, yes – but conventions, no.

Science fiction, on the other hand: *Doctor Who*, *Star Trek*, *Blake's 7*, *Red Dwarf* ... all these shows have enormous fan followings. Science fiction seems to have that effect on people. It is, I suppose, where fandom started in the first place, and the most enthusiastic of fans all seem to be science fiction ones.

Doctor Who has given me an enormous amount of pleasure, and recognition in the street is most agreeable when people are friendly.

Perhaps I played the Time Lord for too long for me to have *carte blanche* as an actor now, because I'm continually faced with the ridiculous situation of people turning me down for parts because, they say, I am too well known as the Doctor.

A typical example occurred when I was sitting in an agent's office and the telephone rang. The person on the other end was obviously making some apology to my agent for not wanting to use me in a cameo in their production. I listened for a moment and then gestured for him to give me the receiver. 'It's Jon Pertwee here,' I said. 'I understand that you're turning me down for this part of a drunken old Indian Army colonel with gout? But that part would be perfect for me.'

'Oh, come on Jon,' this voice said. 'We can't let you play a part like that.'

'Why on Earth not? It's just the sort of part that I want to do at my age.'

'Yes, but *Doctor Who*...' came the apologetic reply.

Oh my God, I thought. Not the old, old story.

'Tell me,' I said. 'What does a folk hero in a cloak, a frilly shirt and dandified hair have to do with a filthy old scarecrow with a carrot for a nose and straw sticking out of every orifice?'

'True,' he said. 'But there are always exceptions that prove the rule.'

'Precisely! That's just the point I'm trying to make. If I can play a dirty old scarecrow after playing the elegant Doctor Who, then why can't I play an old colonel with gout?'

Silence prevailed.

I finished working on *Doctor Who* over twenty years ago, and in all that time I have only worked in BBC television drama once. That was in 1992 for an episode of the *Virtual Murder* series playing an ageing Basque arsonist and pornographer, and, in my opinion, one of the best



Jon returns from holiday in the company of Roger Moore and Joan Collins.



things I've ever done.

I was speaking to some friends about the show just after it had been transmitted and they commented that my death scene moved them to tears. They claimed that you could literally see the light go out of my eyes when I 'died'. When I looked at my video of the episode, I could see what they meant, but it actually had had nothing to do with me. Someone in the studio had done something with the lighting that made a subtle difference to my eyes. I was very proud of my Basque arsonist. My producer, Brian Degas, had said, 'You wait. After that performance you'll wake up to the beginning of a whole new career.' Well, it had better hurry up. I'm 76 now and soon there won't be much time for a new one. Unfortunately, the series was not well received or reviewed and has since disappeared into television oblivion.

Of course, I've worked for other TV stations – *Worzel Gummidge* being a classic example. I've appeared on stage and in films. I've put together my own projects, like my one-man show which has been running for some three years now in its current form. I can never understand why the BBC are so reticent to use an actor that they had built up in the first place?

Of all the living Doctors, Peter Davison seems to have had no problems with this sort of typecasting. Tom Baker, who was in *Doctor Who* for far longer than I was, has had some wonderful parts in things like *Medics* and *The Chronicles of Narnia* – which, incidentally, I was also up for a part in, playing the Uncle. Somehow I seem to have been gently bypassed as a serious actor. Too long enjoying life and working in light entertainment perhaps.

I realise that I have been very lucky in that I have had three massive successes in my career to date: *The Navy Lark*, *Doctor Who* and *Worzel Gummidge*. These have kept me in the public eye for far longer than many of my contemporaries. If I had stayed in films and on stage as a character actor, for example, eventually the parts would have dried up, as they have for a great many of our top actors. It seems that when you reach a certain age, the producers and directors stop using you, with the result that everyone thinks you're dead!

I'm glad to say that at 76 years of age I'm busier than ever, with science fiction conventions, business conferences, a new Christmas show based around Raymond Briggs' *The Snowman*, television guest appearances, radio work, a new filmed documentary series and a new prospective radio series. All this on top of my touring one man show and numerous evenings of music and comedy around the country.

Retire! Certainly not. Actors don't retire, they fade away like old generals.

I don't want to rust away, I want to fade away. Like the TARDIS.

But not just yet.



CREDITS

The following is as complete a list of Jon Pertwee's credits as can be determined at this time. Jon made many hundreds of personal appearances and guest appearances on TV and radio and these have been excluded.

1935 *Twelfth Night* [Frensham Heights School]
 1936 *Lady Precious Stream* [Frensham Heights School]
 1936 *Iphigenia* [RADA]
 1936 *Dinner At The Ritz* (New World) [Film]
 1937 *Do You Remember?* [Theatre]
 1937 *Oil* [Theatre]
 1937 *The Amazing Doctor Clitterhouse* [Theatre]
 1938 *A Yank At Oxford* (MGM) [Film]
 1938 *Candida* [Theatre]
 1938 *Interference* [Theatre]
 1938 *Lillibulero* (BBC) [Radio]
 1938 *Love from a Stranger* [Theatre]
 1938 *The Green Eye of the Little Yellow God* [Theatre]
 1938 *The Music Box* [Theatre]
 1938 *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles* [Theatre]
 1938 *Voyage to the Sun* [Radio]
 1939 *Young Man's Fancy* (Ealing) [Film]
 1939 *Backstage Wife* (Luxembourg) [Radio]
 1939 *Goodbye Mr Chips* [Theatre]
 1939 *Independence* [Theatre]
 1939 *Marmaduke Brown* (Luxembourg) [Radio]
 1939 *Mr Reeder* (Luxembourg) [Radio]
 1939 *Stella Dallas* (Luxembourg) [Radio]
 1939 *The Four Just Men* US title: *The Secret Four* (Ealing-Capad) [Film]
 1939 *There Ain't No Justice!* (Ealing) [Film]
 1939 *To Kill A Cat* [Theatre]
 1939 *Young Widow Jones* (Luxembourg) [Radio]
 1939 – 1940 *Judgement Day* [Theatre]
 1942 *George and Margaret* [Theatre]
 1942 *Night Must Fall* [Theatre]
 1945 – 1948 (*Mediterranean*) *Merry-Go-Round* (BBC) [Radio]
 1946 *Evangeline* [Theatre]
 1946 *Little Show* (BBC) [TV]
 1946 *Toad of Toad Hall* (BBC) [TV]
 1947 *All Star Concert* [Theatre]
 1947 *Captain Kettle* (BBC) [Radio]

1947 *Merry-Go-Round* (BBC) [TV]
 1947 – 1952 *Up The Pole* (BBC) [Radio]
 1948 *A Piece Of Cake* (Production Facilities) [Film]
 1948 *Bubble & Squeek* (Pathe Cartoon) [Film]
 1948 *Concerts* [Theatre]
 1948 *Listen My Children* (BBC) [Radio]
 1948 *Penny And The Pownall Case* (Production Facilities) [Film]
 1948 *The Amazing Adventures Of Commander Highprice* (BBC) [TV]
 1948 *Trouble In The Air* (Production Facilities) [Film]
 1948 *William Comes To Town aka William At The Circus* (A R Shipman & David Ciplan) [Film]
 1948 – 1949 *Vaudeville* [Theatre]
 1948 – 1949 *Waterlogged Spa* (BBC) [Radio]
 1949 *Dear Mr Prohack* (GFD/Wessex) [Film]
 1949 *Helter Skelter* (GFD/Gainsborough) [Film]
 1949 *Murder At The Windmill* US title: *Murder At The Burlesque* (Daniel Angel & Nat Cohen) [Film]
 1949 *Stop Press Girl* (Rank/Aquila) [Film]
 1949 – 1950 *Dick Whittington* [Theatre (Panto)]
 1950 *Miss Pilgrim's Progress* (Daniel M Angel) [Film]
 1950 *Puffney Post Office* (BBC) [Radio]
 1950 *The Body Said No!* (New World/Angel) [Film]
 1950 *Variety Tour* [Variety]
 1950 – 1951 *Mother Goose* [Theatre (Panto)]
 1950 – 1951 *Up The Pole* [Revue]
 1951 *Cabaret Tour – Australia* [Variety]
 1951 *Mr Drake's Duck* (Daniel M Angel/Douglas Fairbanks) [Film]
 1951 *Variety Season in London's West End* [Variety]
 1952 *Ranch in the Rockies* Ice Follies Show [Variety]
 1952 – 1953 *The Forces Show* (BBC) [Radio]
 1953 *Light Up Again* (BBC) [Radio]
 1953 *Evans Above* (BBC) [TV]
 1953 *Midday Music-Hall* (BBC World Service) [Radio]
 1953 *Pleasure Boat* (BBC) [Radio]



A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum



I've Gotta Horse

1953 *Variety Show* (Shepherd's Bush Empire) [Variety]
 1953 *Vic Oliver's Variety Playhouse* (BBC) [Radio]
 1953 *Will Any Gentleman...?* (ABPC) [Film]
 1953 – 1954 *Cinderella* [Theatre (Panto)]
 1954 *Cabaret Tour – Kenya* [Variety]
 1954 *Cabaret Tour – The Far East* [Variety]
 1954 *Knock On Wood* (Paramount) [Film]
 1954 *The Gay Dog* (Coronet/Eros) [Film]
 1954 *Variety Tour* [Variety]
 1955 *A Yank In Ermine* (Monarch) [Film]
 1955 *Pertwee's Progress* (BBC) [Radio]
 1955 – 1956 *Jon Pertwee Goes Round The Bend* (BBC) [TV (Presenter)]
 1955 – 1956 *Midday Music Hall* (BBC) [Radio]
 1955 – 1956 *Worker's Playtime* (BBC) [Radio]
 1956 *It's A Wonderful World* [Film]
 1956 *Welsh Rarebit* (BBC Radio Wales) [Radio]
 1957 *Let's Get Together* (Associated-Rediffusion) [TV (Presenter)]
 1957 *Rise Above It* (BBC) [TV]
 1957 *The Jon Pertwee Show* touring Kenya [Variety]
 1957 *The New Thriller Serial: Dangerous Cargo* (ITV) [TV]
 1957 – 1958 *Can Do* (ABC/Ross Television) [TV (Presenter)]
 1958 *Ivanhoe: The Swindler* (Screen Gems/ITC/Sydney Box) [TV]
 1958 *The Ugly Duckling* (Hammer) [Film]



There's A Girl In My Soup



The Bedwinner

I AM THE DOCTOR



A Funny Thing Happened... the film.

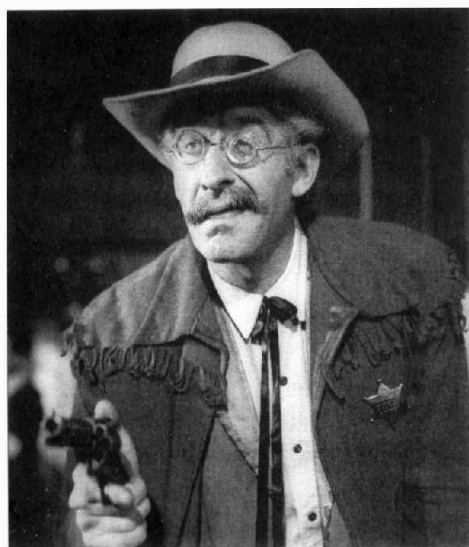


Carry On Cleo

- 1958 *Bertram Montague's Traditional Pantomime: Dick Whittington and his Cat* (BBC) [TV]
- 1958 *Touch It Light* [Theatre]
- 1959 – 1976 *The Navy Lark* (BBC) [Radio]
- 1960 Cabaret Tour – Nairobi [Variety]
- 1960 *Just Joe* (Parkside) [Film]
- 1960 *Not A Hope In Hell* (Parkside) [Film]
- 1960 WRNS Reunion @ Royal Festival Hall [Variety]
- 1961 *Glencannon: Champagne Charlie* (ITV/Gross-Krasne) [TV]
- 1961 *Nearly A Nasty Accident* (British Lion/Britannia/Marlow) [Film]
- 1962 *For Deaf Children* (BBC) [TV]
- 1962 *Let's Make A Night of It* (Pier Pavilion Summer Show) [Variety]
- 1962 *Songs for Vulgar Boatmen vol 1* (Phillips) [Audio (LP)]
- 1963 *Housewife's Choice* (BBC) [Radio (Presenter)]
- 1963 *Ladies Who Do* (British Lion/Bryanstone/Fanfare) [Film]
- 1963 *Pop Inn* (BBC) [Radio (Presenter)]
- 1963 *See You Inside* [Variety]
- 1963 *The Dickie Henderson Show: The Hypnotist* (Associated Rediffusion) [TV]
- 1963 *The TV Lark* (BBC) [Radio]
- 1963 – 1966 *A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum* [Theatre (Musical)]
- 1964 *A Funny Thing Happened On The Way to the Forum* (Original Cast Recording) [Audio (LP)]
- 1964 *Carry On Cleo* (Anglo Amalgamated/Peter Rogers) [Film]
- 1965 *Carry On Cowboy* (Anglo Amalgamated/Peter Rogers) [Film]
- 1965 *How To Undress In Public Without Undue Embarrassment* (Welbeck) [Film]
- 1965 *I've Gotta Horse aka Wonderful Day* (Windmill/WB-Pathe) [Film]
- 1965 *My Fair Lady* [Audio (LP)]
- 1965 *Oliver* [Audio (LP)]
- 1965 *The Roy Kinnear Show* (BBC) [TV]
- 1965 *You Must Be Joking!* (Columbia/Ameran) [Film]
- 1965 – 1966 *Little Red Riding Hood* [Theatre (Panto)]

- 1966 *A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum* (UA/Quadrangle) [Film]
- 1966 *Carry On Screaming* (Anglo Amalgamated/Peter Rogers) [Film]
- 1966 *Children's Favourites* (Music for Pleasure) [Audio (LP)]
- 1966 *Jackanory: Halloween stories* (BBC) [TV (Presenter)]
- 1966 – 1967 *There's A Girl In My Soup* [Theatre]
- 1967 *Beggar My Neighbour* (BBC) [TV]
- 1967 *Jackanory: Little Grey Rabbit stories* (BBC) [TV (Presenter)]
- 1967 *The Avengers: From Venus With Love* (ABC) [TV]
- 1968 – 1969 *Oh, Clarence!* [Theatre]
- 1969 *My Dear Gilbert* [Theatre]
- 1969 *Under The Table You Must Go* [Film]
- 1969 *Up In The Air* (Fanfair) [Film]
- 1970 *Brothers In Law: Without Due Care* (BBC) [Radio]
- 1970 *The House That Dripped Blood* (Amicus) [Film]
- 1970 – 1974 *Doctor Who* (BBC) [TV]
- 1971 Cabaret Tour – UK [Cabaret]
- 1971 *This Is Your Life: Jon Pertwee* (Thames) [TV (Subject)]
- 1972 *Bisto* [TV Advert]
- 1972 *Jackanory* (BBC) [TV (Presenter)]
- 1972 *Who Is The Doctor?/Pure Mystery* (Purple) [Audio (Single)]
- 1973 *Disney Time* (BBC) [TV (Presenter)]
- 1973 *Tommy* [Theatre]
- 1974 *Four Against The Desert* [Unreleased Film]
- 1974 *It's Time For Me* (HTV West) (untransmitted?) [TV (Presenter)]
- 1974 *The Bedwinner* [Theatre]
- 1974 – 1978 *Whodunnit?* (Thames) [TV (Presenter)]
- 1974 (?) *Road Safety ("SPLINK")* [TV Advert]
- 1975 *An Evening with Jon Pertwee* (One Man Show) [Variety]
- 1975 *Don't Just Lie There, Say Something* [Theatre]
- 1975 *One Of Our Dinosaurs Is Missing* (Walt Disney) [Film]
- 1975 *So Who Needs Marriage?* [Theatre]
- 1975 *The Goodies: The Goodies In Wacky Wales* (BBC) [TV]
- 1975 – 1976 *Aladdin* [Theatre (Panto)]

- 1975 (?) *The Jon Pertwee Sketchbook* (BBC) [Radio]
- 1976 Opens Restaurant 'Pertwee's Take-Away' in Acton [General]
- 1976 *The Seven Faces of Jon* (One Man Show) [Variety]
- 1976 – 1978 *Irene* [Theatre (Musical)]
- 1977 *Adventures Of A Private Eye* (Salon/Alpha) [Film]
- 1977 *Irene* (Original Cast Recording) [Audio (LP)]
- 1977 *Jackanory: Binkie and the Quackenbush Dragons* (BBC) [TV (Presenter)]
- 1977 Making a pilot for a TV series about English Pub Habits [General]
- 1977 *The Jubilee Navy Lark* (BBC) [Radio]
- 1978 Cabaret Tour – Middle East [Variety]
- 1978 Cabaret Tour – UK [Variety]
- 1978 Introduction to *Whodunnit?* book (ITV Books/Arrow) [General]
- 1978 *No 1 Of The Secret Service* (Shonteff) [Film]
- 1978 *The Jon Pertwee Book of Monsters* (Methuen) [General]
- 1978 *Wombling Free* (Rank/Ian Shand) [Film (Voice Over)]
- 1978 – 1979 *Cinderella* [Theatre (Panto)]
- 1978 *Heinz Noodle Doodles* [TV Advert (Voice Over)]
- 1978 *Noodle Doodle Man* [Audio]
- 1979 *Dracula talking book* (Zeus Recording Company) [Audio (Cassette)]
- 1979 *The Water Babies* (Ariadne/Studio Miniatur Filmowych) [Film (Voice Over)]
- 1979 – 1980 *Jack and the Beanstalk* [Theatre (Panto)]
- 1979 – 1980 Overseas Cabaret (Australia/New Zealand) [Variety]
- 1979 – 1981 *Worzel Gummidge* (Southern) [TV]
- 1980 Voted TV Personality of the Year [General]
- 1980 Won Variety Artists Federation Award (best actor) for Worzel Gummidge [General]
- 1980 Won Variety Club of Great Britain Award for 'ITV Personality' [General]
- 1980 *Worzel's Song* (Decca) [Audio (Single)]
- 1980 *Worzel Gummidge No. 1: New Friends for Worzel/Village Fete* (Kidstuff) [Audio (Cassette)]
- 1980 *Worzel Gummidge No. 2: Scarecrow Hop/The Tea Party* (Kidstuff) [Audio (Cassette)]
- 1980 *Worzel Gummidge No. 3: The Saucy Nancy/Worzel's 'Ansome' Ead* (Kidstuff) [Audio (Cassette)]
- 1980 *Worzel Gummidge No. 4: A Fair Old Pullover/A Little Learning* (Kidstuff) [Audio (Cassette)]
- 1980 *Worzel Gummidge No. 5: Worzel's Nephew/The Trial of Worzel* (Kidstuff) [Audio (Cassette)]
- 1980 *Worzel Gummidge No. 6: Worzel Gives a Lecture, Worzel's Wedding* (Kidstuff) [Audio (Cassette)]
- 1980 *Worzel Gummidge Sings* (Decca) [Audio (LP)]

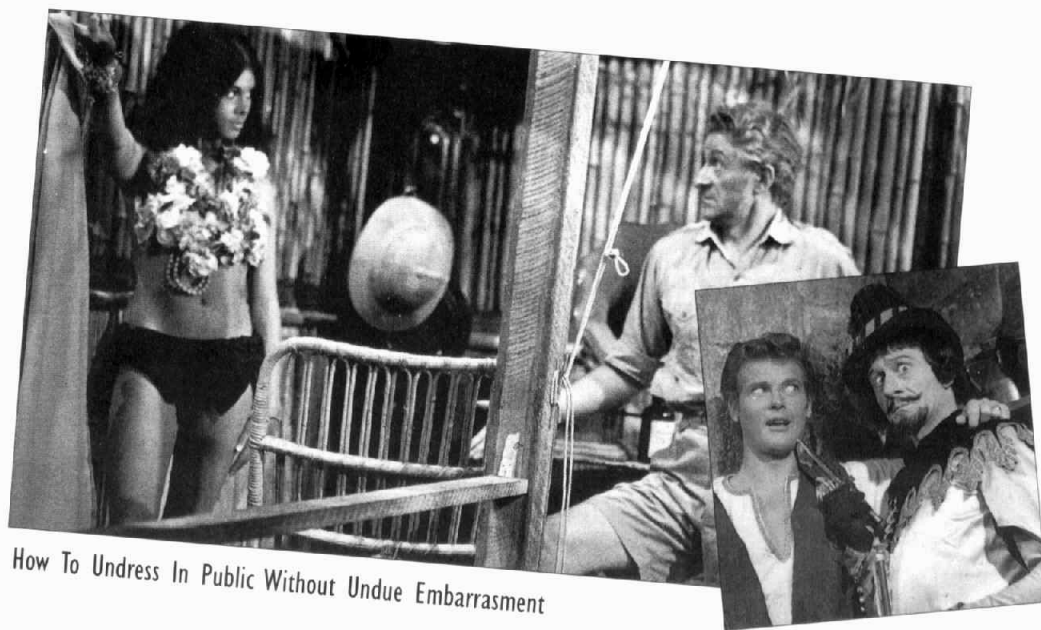


Carry On Cowboy

1980 – 1981 *Worzel Gummidge* [Theatre (Musical)]
 1980 *Worzel's Christmas Special: A Cup 'o Tea an' a Slice 'o Cake* (Southern) [TV]
 1980 Sharwood's [TV Advert]
 1981 *Worzel Gummidge Original Cast Recording* (MMT) [Audio (LP)]
 1981 – 1982 *Worzel Gummidge* [Theatre (Musical)]
 1982 *The Curious Case of Santa Claus* (C4 TV film) [TV]
 1982 – 1983 *Worzel Gummidge* [Theatre (Musical)]
 1983 *Doctor Who: The Five Doctors* (BBC) [TV]
 1983 *Omnibus: Whistler* (BBC) [TV]
 1983 *The Boys In Blue* (Elstree/Rank) [Film]
 1984 *Aladdin and his Lamp* [Audio (?)]
 1984 *Moon Boots and Dinner Suits* Autobiography (Elm Tree Books) [General]
 1984 *The Magic Man* [Theatre]
 1984 – 1986 *SuperTed* (S4C/Sirriol Animations) [TV (Voice Over)]
 1984 *SuperTed Road Safety* [TV (Advert)]
 1985 3-2-1 (Yorkshire) [TV (Guest)]
 1985 *Give Us A Clue* (Thames) [TV (Guest)]
 1985 *Have You Ever Heard Of The Milky Way* [Film]
 1985 *The Little Green Man* (Central/Pentagon Productions) [TV (Voice Over)]
 1985 Payless DIY Advertising Poster Campaign [General]
 1985 – 1986 *SuperTed and the Comet of the Spooks* [Theatre]
 1986 *Myth Makers 7: Wendy Padbury* (Reeltime Pictures) [Video]
 1987 New Zealand Telecom (Unscreened) [TV Advert]
 1987 – 1989 *Worzel Gummidge Down Under* (Toti Productions) [TV]
 1988 *Children's Christmas Festival*, Albert Hall [Variety]
 1988 *Children in Need* (BBC) [TV (Guest)]
 1988 Christmas Concert: The Academy of St. Nicolas [Variety]
 1988 *Namesakes Quiz Book* (Sphere Books) [General]
 1988 – 1989 *Starwatch* (Promo film for unmade TV pilot) [Video]
 1989 *Doctor Who: The Ultimate Adventure* [Theatre (Musical)]
 1989 *Myth Makers 15: Jon Pertwee* (Reeltime Pictures) [Video]

1989 – 1990 *Dick Whittington* [Theatre (Panto)]
 1990 *Jon Pertwee In Person* (Silver Fist) [Audio (Cassette)]
 1990 *The Further Adventures of SuperTed* (S4C/Hanna Barbera) [TV]
 1990 – 1991 *Aladdin* [Theatre (Panto)]
 1991 *Doctor Who: The Pertwee Years* (BBC) [Video (Presenter)]
 1991 *Doctor Who: The Troughton Years* (BBC) [Video (Presenter)]
 1991 *Playback: The Navy Lark* (BBC) [Radio (Presenter)]
 1991 *The Adventures of Superman* (BBC) [Audio (Cassette)]
 1991 *The Conjuror's Game* (BBC) [Radio (Reading)]
 1991 – 1992 *Aladdin* [Theatre (Panto)]
 1992 A Gala Charity Evening in Air of the Variety Club of Great Britain [Variety]
 1992 *Carry On Columbus* (Island World/Comedy House/Peter Rogers Prod.) [Film]
 1992 *Ready Brek* [TV Advert (Voice Over)]
 1992 *Rear Window: Dramatisation of The Red Towers of Granada* (C4) [TV]
 1992 *Virtual Murder: A Torch For Silverado* (BBC) [TV]
 1992 – 1993 *Scrooge: The Musical* [Theatre (Musical)]
 1992 – 1994 *The Navy Lark 1-5* (BBC) [Audio (Cassette)]
 1993 *An Evening with Jon Pertwee* (One Man Show) [Variety]
 1993 *Doctor Who: Dimensions in Time* (BBC) [TV]
 1993 *Doctor Who: The Paradise Of Death* (BBC) [Audio (Cassette)]
 1993 *Doctor Who: The Paradise Of Death* (BBC) [Radio]
 1993 *Doctor Who: The Tomb of the Cybermen* (BBC) [Audio (Cassette)]
 1993 *Return to Devil's End* (Reeltime Pictures) [Video]
 1993 *The Airzone Solution* (BBV) [Film (Video)]
 1993 – 1994 *Scrooge: The Musical* [Theatre (Musical)]
 1994 *Harry Hill's Fruit Corner: Doctor Who and the Evil Master* (BBC R4) [Radio]

1994 *Short and Curlies: Cloud Cuckoo* [TV]
 1991 *The Adventures of Superman* (BBC) [Radio]
 1994 *Stranger Than Fiction* (BBV) [Video]
 1994 *The Zero Imperative* (BBV) [Film (Video)]
 1994 VW Golf Estate Advertising Campaign [General]
 1994 *Young Indiana Jones* (Amblin) [TV]
 1994 – 1996 *'Who' is Jon Pertwee* (One Man Show) [Variety]
 1994 (t.1996) *Doctor Who: The Ghosts Of N-Space* (BBC) [Radio]
 1994 *Voices for The Time Wizard, All-Electric Puppet Theatre* [Theatre]
 1995 *Doctor Who: The Curse of Peladon* (BBC) [Audio (Cassette)]
 1995 *Doctor Who: Planet of the Daleks* (BBC) [Audio (Cassette)]
 1995 *For The Love of Roy* (Roy Castle Memorial Show) [Theatre]
 1995 *Narration on The Pharos Project* (Jump Cut) [Audio (CD)]
 1995 *Starburst video #1* (Visual Imagination) [Video (Presenter)]
 1995 *The Skivers* (BBC) [Radio]
 1995 *Tony's Coffee Morning* (Pilot) (BBC) [Radio]
 1995 *Voices for computer game based on Terry Pratchett's Discworld novels* (TWG) [General]
 1996 *Doctor Who: The Ghosts Of N-Space* (BBC) [Audio (Cassette)]
 1996 *A Short History of Time* (BBC) [Radio (Presenter)]
 1996 *An Evening of Music and Comedy* (One Man Show) [Variety]
 1996 *Food File* (C4) [TV (Guest Presenter)]
 1996 *An Evening With The Doctor* (Listen With Pleasure/EMI Records) [Audio (Cassette)]
 1996 *Starburst video #3* (Visual Imagination) [Video]
 1996 *Vodaphone* [TV Advert]
 1996 *I Am The Doctor* Autobiography (Virgin Publishing) [General]



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I AM THE DOCTOR

A NOSTALGIC TRIP BACK IN TIME
WITH THE DOCTOR HIMSELF AS
YOUR GUIDE



Jon with his co-stars
Leslie Phillips and
Stephen Murray in
The Navy Lark.

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Jon and his predecessor as the Doctor, Patrick Troughton, at an American *Doctor Who* convention.



Jon with his scarecrow alter ego Worzel Gummidge.

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